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THE
British Parnassus:

Or, A Compleat
Common-Place-Book
OF

24
ENGLISH POETRY:
CONTAINING
The most genuine, instructive, diverting
and sublime THOUGHTS.

VIZ.

Allegories, Comparisons, Similitudes, Aphorisms moral and political, Characters and Descriptions of Persons, Passions, Places and Things, that are in the WORKS of our most celebrated POETS.

ALPHABETICALLY digested, and brought down to the present Time.

To which is prefix'd,

A DICTIONARY of RHYMES;
more copious than any hitherto extant.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

By EDW. BYSSHE Gent.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta,
Aurea, perpetua semper dignissima vita.* Lucr.

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VOL. II.

L.

L A M B.

THE Lambs, with various Turns, (Creech. Lucr.
 Play o'er the Field, and try their tender Horns.
 So spotless Lambs, which for their Mothers bleat,
 Wake hungry Lions, and become their Meat. Wall.
 So safe are Lambs within the Lion's Pow'r,
 Ungrip'd and play'd with, till fierce Hunger calls;
 Then Nature shews it self: The close-hid Nails
 Are Retch'd and open'd to the panting Prey. Dryd.K.Arth.

L A M E N T I N G the Dead.

It was a dismal and a fearful Night,
 Scarce could the Moon drive on th' unwilling Light,
 When Sleep, Death's Image, left my troubled Breast,
 By something, liker Death, possess'd.

Y

My

My Eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my Soul hung the dull Weight
Of some intolerable Fate.

My sweet Companion, and my gentle Peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my Life to moan?
Oh thou hast left me all alone!

Thy Soul and Body, when Death's Agony
Besieg'd around thy noble Heart,
Did not with more Reluctance part,
Than I my dearest Friend, do part from thee.
Life and this World henceforth will tedious be.
Silent and sad I walk about all Day,

As sullen Ghosts stalk speechless by,
Where their hid Treasures lie:

Alas! My Treasure's gone, why do I stay?
Henceforth, ye gentle Trees, for ever fade,
Or your sad Branches thicker join,
And into dark som Shades combine,
Dark as the Grave, wherein my Friend is laid.
Henceforth, no learned Youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful Birds & your Boughs they bring;
No tuneful Birds play with their wonted Chear,
And call the learned Youths to hear;
No whistling Winds thro' the glad Branches fly,
But all, with sad Solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,

Mute as the Grave wherein my Friend does lie.
Hence now, my Muse, thou canst not me delight;
Be this my latest Verse,

With which I now adorn his Herse,
And this my Grief without thy Help shall write.
Had I a Wreath of Bays about my Brow,
I should condemn that flourishing Honour now;
Condemn it to the Fire, and joy to hear

It rage. and crackle there:

Instead of Bays, crown with sad Cypress me,
Cypress, which Tombs does beautify.
Not Phœbus griev'd so much, as I,

For him who first was made that mournful Tree. Cowl.
Best Friend! Could my unbounded Grief but rate,
With due Proportion, thy too cruel Fate;
Could I some happy Miracle bring forth,
Great as my Wishes, and thy greater Worth,
All Helicon should soon be thine,
And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine;

The learned Sisters all transform'd shou'd be,
No longer Nine, but one Melpomene;
Each shou'd into a Niobe relent,
At once the Mourner, and thy Monument:

Each should become

Like the fam'd Memnon's speaking Tomb,
To sing thy well-run'd Praise;

Nor should we fear their being dumb,

Thou still would'st make them vocal with thy Lays.

O that I cou'd distil my vital Juice in Tears!

Or waste my Soul in sobbing Airs!

Were I all Eyes

To flow in liquid Elegies!

That ev'ry Limb might grieve,

And dying Sorrows still retrieve!

My Life shou'd be but one long mourning Day,

And, like moist Vapours, melt in Tears away. Oldh.

—— But he sleeps happy,

I must wake for ever. ——— This Object, this,

This Face of fatal Beauty ———

Will stretch my Lids with vast eternal Tears:

Here lies my Fate, ———

And all my Victories for ever folded up:

My Banners all in this dear Body lost;

My Standard's Triumph's gone! ———

O when shall I be mad: Give Orders to

The Army, that they break their Shields, Swords, Spears,

Pound their bright Armour into dust! Away!

Is there not Cause to put the World in Mourning?

Tear all your Robes: He dies that is not naked

Down to the Waist, all like the Sons of Sorrow:

Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Sky:

Beat down the Battlements of ev'ry City:

And, for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,

Root up those Bowers, and pave them all with Gold:

Draw dry the Ganges; make the Indies Poor:

To build her Tomb, no Shrines nor Altars spare,

But strip the shining Gods to make it rare. Lee Alex.

Raptures of Grief be your Delight:

Thro' ev'ry Street lamenting go,

Strains of unruly Anguish show,

And howling Tempests raise of wild despairing Woe. Black.

The Face of Things is chang'd, and Athens now,

That laugh'd so late, becomes the Scene of Woe:

Marrons and Maids, both Sexes, ev'ry State,

With Tears lament the Knight's untimely Fate:

Not greater Grief in falling Troy was seen
 For Hector's Death: But Hector was not then:
 Old Men with Dust deform'd their hoary Hair:
 The Women beat their Breasts; their Cheeks they tear:
 Why would'st thou go, with one Consent they cry;
 When thou had'st Gold enough, and Emily?
 Theseus himself, who shou'd have chear'd the Grief
 Of others, wanted now the same Relief. Dryd. Chauc.
 (Pal. & Arc.

Stiff, cold, and pale! Where are thy Beauties now?
 Thy Blushes, that have warm'd so many Hearts?
 All Hearts, that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,
 Sigh till you break; and all ye Eyes, that languish'd
 In my Lavinia's Brightness, weep with me, (Mar.
 *Till Grief grow gen'ral, and the World's in Tears. Otway. C.

And now, extended on this wither'd Moss,
 We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's Loss:
 Of Albion's Loss, and of Pastora's Death,
 Begin thy mournful Song, and raise thy tuneful Breath.

O could I sing in Verse of equal Strain
 With the Sicilian Bard, or Mantuan Swain;
 Or melting Words, or moving Numbers chuse,
 Sweet as the British Colin's mourning Muse,
 Could I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,
 And mourn like Stella for her Astrophel;
 Then might I raise my Voice, secure of Skill,
 And with melodious Woe the Valleys fill:
 The list'ning Echo on my Song should wait,
 And hollow Rocks Pastora's Name repeat;
 Each whistling Wind, and murmur'ing Stream should tell,
 How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Laurel crown'd,
 And high as Pan himself in Song renown'd,
 Yet would not all thy Art avail to show
 Verse worthy of her Name, or of our Woe:
 But such true Passion in thy Face appears,
 In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and gushing Tears;
 Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,
 As shall supply all Skill, if not exceed.
 Then leave this common Form of dumb Distress,
 Each vulgar Grief can Sighs and Tears express;
 In sweet complaining Notes thy Passion vent,
 And not in Sighs, but Words, explaining Sighs, lament.
 Wild be my Words, Menalcas, wild my Thought,
 Artless as Nature's Notes in Birds untaught;
 Boundless my Verse, and roving be my Strains,
 Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.

And

And thou, Thalia, darling of my Breast,
 By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comus' Feast,
 While in a Ring the jolly rural Throng
 Have sat, and smil'd to hear my chearful Song;
 Be gone, with all thy Mirth and sprightly Lays;
 My Pipe no longer now thy Pow'r obeys:
 Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep; and mourn,
 Thy springing Laurels all to Cypress turn;
 Wound with thy dismal Cries the tender Air,
 And beat thy snowy Breast, and rend thy yellow Hair;
 Far hence, in utmost Wilds thy Dwelling chuse,
 Be gone, Thalia; Sorrow is my Muse.

No more these Woods shall with her Sight be blest'd,
 Nor with her Feet these flow'ry Plains be press'd;
 No more the Winds shall with her Tresses play,
 And from her balmy Breath steal Sweets away;
 No more these Rivers chearfully shall pass,
 Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face,
 While on their Banks the wond'ring Flocks have stood,
 Greedy of Sight, and negligent of Food.
 No more the Nymphs shall with soft Tales delight
 Her Ears; no more with Dances please her Sight:
 Nor ever more shall Swain make Song of Mirth,
 To bless the joyous Day that gave her Birth:
 Lost is that Day, which had from her its Light;
 For ever lost with her, in endless Night;
 In endless Night, and Arms of Death she lies,
 Death in eternal Shades has shut Pastora's Eyes.
 Lament, ye Nymphs; and mourn, ye wretched Swains;
 Stray, all ye Flocks; and desert be, ye Plains;
 Sigh, all ye Winds; and weep, ye crystal Floods,
 Fade, all ye Flow'rs, and wither, all ye Woods.

And see! The Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,
 And heavy Mists obscure the burden'd Air;
 A suddain Damp o'er all the Plain is spread,
 Each Lilly folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head:
 On ev'ry Tree the Blossoms turn to Tears,
 And ev'ry Bough a weeping Moisture bears:
 Their Wings the feather'd airy People droop,
 And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces stoop.
 The Rocks are cleft, and new descending Rills
 Furrow the Brows of all th' impending Hills.
 The Water-Gods to Floods their Riv'lets turn,
 And each, with streaming Eyes, supplies his wanting Urn.

The Fauns forsake the Woods, the Nymphs the Grove,
 And round the Plain in sad Distractions rove;

In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of golden Hair.

With their sharp Nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy Beards, and bite with Grief the Ground.

Lo! Pan himself, beneath a blasted Oak,
Dejected lies, his Pipe in pieces broke.

See Pales weeping too, in wild Despair,
And to the piercing Winds her Bosom bare.

And see yond' fading Myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love; all bath'd in flowing Tears:
See, how she wrings her Hands, and beats her Breast,
And tears her useless Girdle from her Waste:
Hear the sad Murmurs of her sighing Doves,
For Grief they sigh, forgetful of their Loves.
Lo! Love himself with heavy Woes oppress!
See, how his Sorrows swell his tender Breast;
His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrows flings,
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his drooping Wings;
Then lays his Limbs upon the dying Grass,
And all with Tears bedews his beauteous Face;
With Tears, which from his folded Lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping Eyes.

All Nature mourns; the Floods and Rocks deplore,
And cry with me, Pastora is no more! Cong.

Mourn all ye Groves, in darker Shades be seen,
And Groans be heard, where gentle Winds have been:

Ye Albion Rivers, weep your Fountains dry;
And all ye Plants, your Moisture spend, and die:

Ye melancholy Flow'rs, which once were Men,
Lament, until you be transform'd again;

Let ev'ry Rose pale as the Lilly be,
And Winter Frost seize the Anemone:

But thou, O Hyacinth, more vig'rous grow,
In mournful Letters thy sad Glory show,

Inlarge thy Grief, and flourish in thy Woe.

Mourn, ye sweet Nightingales, in the thick Woods;
Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks and Springs,
Pine with sad Grief, and droop your sickly Wings;
In doleful Notes the heavy Loss bewail,
Such as you sing at your own Funeral.

Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now,
But pensive Herds, that for their Master low;
Straggling and comfortless about they rove,
Unmindful of their Pasture and their Love.

Each Flow'r now fades, and hangs its wither'd Head,
And scorns to thrive, or live now thou art dead.

The bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill;
 The painful Bees neglect their wonted Toil;
 Alas! What boots it now their Hives to store
 With the rich Spoils of ev'ry plunder'd Flow'r, (Mosch. }
 When thou, who wast all sweetness, art no more? Oldh. }

The Rivers too, as if they would deplore
 His Death, with Grief swell higher than before:
 The Flow'rs all weep in Tears of dreary Dew, (Bion.
 And by their drooping Heads their Sorrows shew. Oldh.

Under how hard a Law are mortals born!
 Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:
 What Heav'n sets highest, and seems most to prize,
 Is soon removed from our wond'ring Eyes. Wall.

O she is gone! Gone like a new-born Flow'r,
 That deck'd some Virgin Queen's delicious Bow'r;
 Torn from the stalk by some untimely Blast,
 And 'mongst the vilest Weeds and Rubbish cast:
 But Flow'rs return, and teeming Springs disclose
 The Lilly whiter, and more fresh the Rose:
 But no kind Season back her Charms can bring,
 And Floriana has no second Spring.

O she is set! Set like the falling Sun,
 Darkness is round us, and glad Day is gone!
 Alas! The Sun that's set again will rise,
 And gild with richer Beams the Morning Skies;
 But Beauty, tho' as bright as they it shines,
 When its short Glory to the West declines,
 Oh! There's no Hope of the returning Light,
 But all is long Oblivion, all eternal Night. Duke.

But, as thou dwell'st upon that Heav'nly Name,
 To Grief for ever sacred, as to Fame,
 Oh! Read it to thy self; in silence weep;
 And thy convulsive Sorrows inward keep,
 Lest Britain's Grief shou'd waken at the Sound;
 And Blood gush fresh from her eternal Wound. Prior.

Let Nature change, let Heav'n and Earth deplore:
 Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more!
 'Tis done! And Nature's various Charms decay:
 See, gloomy Clouds obscure the cheerful Day:
 Now hung with Pearls the dropping Trees appear,
 Their faded Honours scatter'd on her Bier.
 See, where on Earth the flow'ry Glories lie,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah! What avail the Beauties Nature wore?
 Fair Daphne's dead, and Beauty is no more!
 For her the Flocks refuse their verdant Food,
 Nor thirsty Heifers seek the gliding Flood.

The silver Swans her hapless Fate bemoan,
 In sadder Notes than when they sing their own.
 Echo no more the rural Song rebounds,
 Her Name alone the mournful Echo sounds;
 Her Name with Pleasure, once she taught the Shore:
 Now Daphne's dead, and Pleasure is no more!
 No grateful Dews descend from ev'ning Skies,
 Nor morning Odours from the Flow'rs arise.
 No rich Perfumes refresh the fruitful Field,
 Nor fragrant Herbs their native Incence yield.
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her Death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter Breath.
 Th' industrious Bees neglect their golden Store;
 Fair Daphne's dead, and Sweetness is no more?
 No more the mounting Larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall, list'ning in mid Air, suspend their Wings;
 No more the Nightingales repeat her Lays,
 Or, hush'd with Wonder, hearken from the Sprays:
 No more the Streams their Murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter Musick than their own to hear,
 But tell the Reeds, and tell the vocal Shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and Musick is no more!
 Her Fate is whisper'd by the gentle Breeze,
 And told in Sighs to all the trembling Trees:
 The trembling Trees, in ev'ry Plain and Wood
 Her Fate remurmur to the silver Flood:
 The silver Flood, so lately calm, appears
 Swell'd with new Passion, and o'erflows with Tears:
 The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death deplore:
 Daphne, our Grief! Our Glory now no more! Pope.

'Tis Folly, all that can be said,
 By living Mortals, of th' immortal Dead;
 And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain Tears we shed:
 'Tis as if we, who stay behind,

In Expectation of the Wind,
 Shou'd pity those who pass'd the Streight before,
 And touch the universal Shore:
 Oh happy Man, who art to sail no more! Cowl.

When envious Fates the Godlike Daphnis took,
 Our Guardian Gods the Fields and Plains forsook:
 Pales no longer swell'd the teeming Grain;
 Nor Phœbus fed his Oxen on the Plain:
 No fruitful Crop the sickly Fields return;
 But Oats and Darnel choak the rising Corn:
 And, where the Vales with Vi'lets once were crown'd,
 Now knotty Burs and Thorns disgrace the Ground. Dryd.

(Virg.
 But

}

But since our Arcite is with Honour dead,
 Why shou'd we mourn, that he so soon is freed;
 Or call untimely what the Gods decreed?
 With Grief as just, a Friend may be deplor'd,
 From a foul Pris'n to free Air restor'd:
 Ought he to thank his Kinsman or his Wife,
 Could Tears recal him into wretched Life?
 Their Sorrow hurts themselves: On him is lost:
 And, worse than both, offends his happy Ghost. Dryd.
 (Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

L A M P O O N.

—— Lampoon, the only Wit,
 That Men like Burglary commit:
 Wit falser than a Padder's Face;
 That all its Owner does betrays:
 Who therefore dares not trust it, when
 He's in his Calling to be seen. Hud.
 Libels, like spurious Brats, run up and down,
 Which their dull Parents are asham'd to own;
 But vent them still in others Names; like Whores;
 That lay their Bastards down at honest Doors. Otter.
 These Mushroom Libels silently retire;
 And, soon as born, with Decency expire. Garth.

L A N G U A G E.

—— His Speech,
 In Loftiness of Sound, was rich:
 A Babylonish Dialect,
 Which learned Pedants much affect:
 It was a particolour'd Dress
 Of patch'd and pyebald Languages;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin:
 It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
 As if he'd talk'd three Parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 They heard three Labourers of Babel;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A Leash of Languages at once:
 This he as volubly wou'd vent,
 As if his Stock wou'd ne'er be spent:
 And, truly, to support that Charge,
 He had Supplies as vast and large:

Y s

For

Dryd.
 Virg.
 But

For he cou'd coin or counterfeit
 New Words with little or no Wit;
 Words, so debas'd and hard, no Stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on:
 And, when with hasty Noise he spoke 'em,
 The Ignorant for Current took 'em.
 That, had the Orator, who once
 Did fill his Mouth with Pebble Stones,
 When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,
 He wou'd have us'd no other Ways. Hud.
 Besides, 'tis known he cou'd speak Greek,
 As naturally as Pigs squeak;
 That Latine was no more difficile,
 Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.
 Being rich in both, he never scant'd
 His Bounty unto such as wanted;
 But much of either wou'd afford
 To many, that had not one Word:
 For Hebrew Roots, altho' they're found
 To flourish most in barren Ground,
 He had such Plenty as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd:
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a Pros'lyte, but for Claps: Hud.

L A R K.

— Now hear the Lark;
 The Herald of the Morn; whose Notes do beat
 The vaulty Heav'ns, so high above our Heads,
 Making such sweet Divisions. — Shak. Rom. & Jul.

The Lark

That gives sweet Tidings of the Sun's Uprise. Shak. Tit. And.
 The Morning Larks their mounting Wings display;
 And cheer, with warbling Airs, the dusky Day. —
 The Morning Lark to mine accords his Note;
 And tunes to my Distress his warbling Throat. Cong.

L A U G H T E R.

For Laughter's a distorted Passion, born
 Of sudden Self-Esteem, and sudden Scorn:
 Which, when 'tis o'er, the Men, in Pleasure wise,
 Both him that mov'd it, and themselves despise. Steele.

— He, lolling on his Bed,
 From his deep Chest roars out a loud Applause, (& Cress.
 Tickling his Spleen, and laughing till he wheeze. Dr. Troil.
 Demo-

Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see Bawds carted thro' the Crowd,
Or Funerals with stately Pomp,
March slowly on in sullen Dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her Back,
As well as Sides, was like to crack. Hud.

L A U R E L.

Amid the Plain a Spreading Laurel stood;
The Grace and Ornament of all the Wood:
That pleasing Shade they sought: A soft Retreat
From sudden April Show'rs; a Shelter from the Heat;
Her leafy Arms with such Extent were spread;
So near the Clouds was her aspiring Head:
That Hosts of Birds, that wing the liquid Air,
Perch'd in the Boughs, had nightly Lodging there:
And Flocks of Sheep beneath the Shade from far
Might hear the rattling Hail, and wintry War:
From Heav'n's Inclemency here found Retreat,
Enjoy'd the Cool, and shunn'd the scorching Heat:
A hundred Knights might there at Ease abide,
And ev'ry Knight a Lady by his Side:
The Trunk it self such Odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan Breeze to these was common Breath.

(Dryd. Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf.

The laurell'd Chief were Men of mighty Fame. Dryd.

(Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf.

Victors their Temples wreathe with Leaves that still re-
For Deathless Laurel is the Victor's Due. (new:

The Laurel-Wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,

And still they Cæsar's Successors adorn:

One Leaf of this is Immortality,

And more of Worth, than all the World can buy. Dryd.

(Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf.

L A W.

Law is the sacred Child of Heav'n and Nature. Deni.

(App. & Virg.

Litigious Coifs infect the clam'rous Bar;

Prolong Disputes, and thrive by manag'd War.

He softens the harsh Rigour of the Laws;

Blunts their keen Edge, and cuts their Harpye Claws. Garth.

Know, when these Feuds, like those at Law, are past,

The Winners will be Losers at the Last. Garth.

L A T 2

L A Y - E L D E R.

Lay-Elder, Simeon to Levi,
 Whose little Finger is as heavy
 As Loins of Patriarchs: Prince-Prelate,
 Archbishop secular. This Zealot
 Is of a Mungrel, diverse Kind,
 Clerick before, and Lay behind:
 A lawless Linsy-woolsey Brother;
 Half of one Order, half another:
 A Creature of amphibious Nature;
 On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water;
 That always preys on Grace or Sin;
 A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
 This fierce Inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over Men's Belief,
 And Manners; can pronounce a Saint
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts
 Thro' coarsest Boulter others Gifts:
 For all Men live and judge amiss,
 Whose Talents jump not just with his.
 He'll lay on Gifts with Hands, and place
 On dullest Noddle Light and Grace:
 The Manufacture of the Kirk,
 Whose Pastors are but th' Handy-Work
 Of his mechanick Paws instilling
 Divinity in them by Feeling;
 From whence they start up chosen Vessels,
 Made by Contact, as Men get Meazles:
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th' other End the new-made Pope. Hud.

L E A N D E R.

What did the Youth, when Love's unerring Dart
 Transfix'd his Liver, and inflam'd his Heart?
 Alone, by Night, his war'ry Way he took;
 About him, and above, the Billows broke:
 The Sluices of the Sky were open spread;
 And rowling Thunder rattled o'er his Head:
 The raging Tempest call'd him back in vain;
 And ev'ry boding Omen of the Main:
 Nor cou'd his Kindred, nor the kindly Force
 Of weeping Parents, change his fatal Course:
 No, nor the dying Maid, who must deplore,
 His floating Carcass on the Sestian Shore. Dryd. Virg.
 L E A R N.

L E A R N I N G.

A little Learning is a dang'rous Thing :
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring :
 There shallow Draughts intoxicate the Brain ;
 And drinking largely sobers us again :
 Fir'd with the Charms fair Science does impart,
 In fearless Youth we tempt the Heights of Art ;
 While, from the bounded Level of our Mind,
 Short Views we take ; nor see the Lengths behind :
 But, more advanc'd, behold, with strange Surprise,
 New, distant Scenes of endless Science rise :
 So, pleas'd at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky :
 Th'eternal Snows appear already past ;
 And the first Clouds and Mountains seem the last :
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way :
 Th'increasing Prospect tires our wand'ring Eyes ;
 Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise. Pope.

Let idle Students on their Volumes pore,
 To cloud with Learning what was clear before. ———

Love seldom haunts the Breast where Learning lies ;
 And Venus sets where Mercury does rise :
 Those play the Scholars, who can't play the Men ;
 And use that Weapon, which they have, ——— their Pen.

Dryd. Chauc.

The Vulgar oft thro' Imitation err ;
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular :
 So much they scorn the Crowd, that if the Throng,
 By Chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
 So Schismatics the plain Believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much Wit. Pope.

Learning and Rome alike in Empire grew ;
 And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew :
 From the same Foes, at last, both felt their Doom,
 And the same Age saw Learning fall and Rome :
 With Tyranny then Superstition join'd ;
 As that the Body, this enslav'd the Mind :
 Much was believ'd, but little understood ;
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good :
 A second Deluge Learning thus o'er-run ;
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.
 At length, Erasmus, that great injur'd Name,
 The Glory of the Priesthood, and the Shame,

Stemm'd

Stemm'd the wild Torrent of a barb'rous Age,
 And drove those holy Vandals off the Stage.
 But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden Days,
 Starts from her Trance, and trims her wither'd Bays:
 Rome's antient Genius, o'er its Ruins spread,
 Shakes off the Dust, and rears his rev'rend Head:
 Then Sculpture and her Sister Arts revive;
 Stones leapt to Form, and Rocks began to live:
 With sweeter Notes each rising Temple rung;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung. Pope.

Mystic Learning.

For mystic Learning, wond'rous able
 In Magick, Talisman, and Cabal:
 Whose primitive Tradition reaches
 As far as Adam's first green Breeches:
 Deep-sighted in Intelligences.
 Ideas, Atoms, Influences;
 And much of Terra incognita,
 Th'intelligible World, could say:
 A deep occult Philosopher,
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are;
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
 And solid Lying much renown'd:
 He Anthroposophus and Flood,
 And Jacob Behmen understood:
 Knew many an Amulet and Charm;
 That would do neither Good nor Harm:
 He understood the Speech of Birds,
 As well as they themselves do Words:
 Could tell what subtlest Parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean:
 He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
 And keep them in a Glass, like Water:
 Of sov'raign Pow'r to make Men wise,
 For, drop'd in belear, thick-sighted Eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest Night;
 Like Owls, tho' purblind in the Light. Hud.

LETHE.

—— Near the Tritonian Lake,
 Where Lethe's Streams, from secret Springs below,
 Rise to the Light; where, heavily and slow,
 The silent, dull, forgetful Waters flow. Dryd. Virg.
 Where, just before the Confines of the Wood,
 The gliding Lethe leads her silent Flood. Dryd. Virg.

—— The

— The Souls, that throng this Flood,
Are those to whom, by Fate, are other Bodies ow'd:
In Lethe's Lake they long Oblivion taste;
Of future Life secure, forgetful of the past.

O Father, can it be, that Souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial Clime?
And that the gen'rous Mind, releas'd by Death,
Can covet lazy Limbs, and mortal Breath? Dryd. Virg.
(Spoken by Æneas to Anchises.

LEVIATHAN.

There huge Leviathan, of cumbrous Form,
Embroids the Sea in Sport, and breathes a Storm:
He sucks the briny Ocean at his Gills,
And his vast Maw with finny Nations fills:
Then laves the Clouds with salt ascending Rain,
And with his spouting Trunk refunds the Main. Trapp.

Him, haply slumbering on the Norway Foam,
The Pilot of some small Night-founder'd Skiff,
Deeming some Island, oft, as Seamen tell,
With fixed Anchor in his scaly Rind,
Moors by his Side under the Lee, while Night
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays. Milt. Par. Lost.

LIBERAL.

No Porter guards the Passage of your Door,
T'admit the Wealthy, and exclude the Poor:
For God, who gave the Riches, gave the Heart
To sanctifie the Whole, by giving Part.
So may your Stores and fruitful Fields increase;
And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless:
As Ceres sow'd, where-e'er her Chariot flew;
As Heav'n in Desarts rain'd the Bread of Dew;
So, free to many, to Relations most,
You feed with Manna your own Israel-Host. Dryd.

LIBERTINE.

While rosy Youth its perfect Bloom maintains,
Thoughtless of Age, and ignorant of Pains;
While from the Heart rich Streams with Vigour spring,
Bound thro' their Roads, and dance their vital Ring;
And Spirits, swift as Sunbeams thro' the Skies,
Dart thro' thy Nerves, and sparkle in thy Eyes;

While

While Nature with full Strength thy Sinews arms,
 Glows in thy Cheeks, and triumphs in her Charms,
 Indulge thy Instincts, and, intent on Ease,
 With ravishing Delight thy Senses please.
 Since no black Clouds dishonour now the Sky,
 No Winds, but balmy genial Zephyrs, fly,
 Eager embark, and to th'inviring Gale
 Thy Pendants loose, and spread thy filken Sail;
 Sportive advance on Pleasures wanton Tide,
 Thro' flow'ry Scenes, diffus'd on ev'ry Side.
 See, how the Hours their painted Wings display,
 And draw, like harness'd Doves, the smiling Day!
 Shall this glad Spring, when active Ferments climb,
 These Months, the fairest Progeny of Time,
 The brightest Parts in all Duration's Train,
 Ask thee to seize thy Bliss, and ask in vain?
 While wanton Ferments swell thy glowing Veins,
 To the warm Passion give the slacken'd Reins:
 Thy gazing Eyes with blooming Beauty feast,
 Receive its Darts, and hug it in thy Breast:
 From Fair to Fair with gay Inconstance rove,
 Taste ev'ry Sweet, and cloy thy Soul with Love. *Blac.*

The Forms of Decency let Age debate,
 And Virtue's Rules by their cold Morals state:
 Their ebbing Joys give Leisure to inquire,
 And blame those noble Flights our Youth inspire:
 Where kindly Nature summons, let us go;
 Our sprightly Years no Bounds in Love should know;
 Should feel no Check of Guilt, and fear no Ill:
 Lovers and Gods act all Things at their Will. *Harv. Ovid.*

———— There will be Time enough
 For Pray'r and Fasting, and religious Vows:
 I hate to walk a lazy Life away;
 Let's run the Race, which Fate has set before us,
 And post to the dark Goal. *Lee. Theod.*

———— 'Tis Time enough,
 To whine and mortify thy self with Penance,
 When the decaying Sense is pall'd with Pleasure,
 And weary Nature tires in her last Stage:
 Then weep and tell thy Beads, when aching Rheums
 Have stain'd the Lustre of thy starry Eyes,
 And failing Palsies shake thy wither'd Hand. *(Shore.)*
 The present Moments claim more generous Use. *Rowe. J.*

Fly, fly, Varanes, fly this sacred Place,
 Where Virtue and Religion are profess'd:
 This City will not harbour Infidels,
 Traitors to Chastity, licentious Princes:

Fly to imperial Libertines abroad :
 In foreign Courts thou'lt find a thousand Beauties,
 That will comply for Gold ; for Gold they'll weep,
 For Gold be fond, as Athenais was,
 And charm thee still as if they lov'd indeed :
 Thou'lt find enough Companions too for Riot,
 Luxuriant all, and royal as thy self,
 Tho' thy loud Vices should resound to Heav'n. Lee. Theod.

L I B E R T Y.

A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty
 Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage. Add. Cato.
 ———— What is Life ?

'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh Air
 From time to time ; or gaze upon the Sun :
 'Tis to be free : When Liberty is gone,
 Life grows insipid, and has lost its Relish. Add. Cato.
 ———— Ev'n Beasts disdain

The Den's Confinement, and the slavish Chain ;
 And roar to get their Liberty again. Creech. Lucr. }

Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
 The gen'rous Plan of Pow'r, deliver'd down,
 From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers ;
 So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood !
 O let it never perish in your Hands ;
 But piously transmit it to your Children.
 Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,
 And make our Lives in thy Possession happy ;
 Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence. Add. Cato.

More Liberty begets Desire of more :
 The Hunger still increases with the Store. Dr. Hind. & Pant.

L I B R A R Y.

Hail Learning's Pantheon ! Hail the sacred Ark,
 Where all the World of Science does embark !
 Which ever shalt withstand, and hast so long withstood
 Insatiate Times devouring Flood.

Hail Bank of all past Ages, where they lie
 Tenrich, with Interest, Posterity !

Hail Wit's illustrious Galaxy !
 Where thousand Lights into one Brightness spread !
 Hail living Univerity of the Dead !

Unconfus'd Babel of all Tongues, which e'er
 The mighty Linguist, Fame, or Time, the mighty Traveller,
 That could speak, or this could hear.

Ma-

Majestick Monument and Pyramid,
 Where still the Shapes of parted Souls abide! Cowl.
 I' th' Library a few choice Authours stood,
 Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small Store was good.
 Writing, Man's Spiritual Physick, was not then
 It self, as now, grown a Disease of Men:
 Learning, young Virgin, but few Suitors knew;
 The common Prostitute the lately grew,
 And with her spurious Brood loads now the Press;
 Laborious Effects of Idleness! Cowl. David.

Poetick LICENCE.

The Privilege, that antient Poets claim,
 Now turn'd to Licence by too just a Name,
 Belongs to none but an establish'd Fame,
 Which scorns to take it. ———
 Absurd Expressions, crude, abortive Thoughts,
 All the lewd Legion of exploded Faults,
 Base Fugitives, to this Asylum flee,
 And sacred Laws with Insolence despise:
 Not thus our Heroes of the former Days
 Deserv'd, and gain'd, their never fading Bays!
 For I mistake, or far the greater Part,
 Of what some call Neglect, was study'd Art.
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a Line,
 'Tis like a Warning-Piece, which gives the Sign
 To wake your Fancy, and prepare your Sight,
 To reach the nobler Height of some unusual Flight.
 I lose my Patience, when, with sawcy Pride,
 And untun'd Ears, I hear his Numbers try'd,
 Reverse of Nature! Shall such Copies then
 Arraign th' Originals of Maro's Pen?
 And the rude Notions of pedantick Schools
 Blaspheme the sacred Founder of our Rules?
 The Delicacy of the nicest Ear
 Finds nothing harsh, or out of Order there:
 Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
 The Sound is still a Comment on the Sense. Rost.
 Some Beauties, yet, no Precepts can declare;
 For there's a Happiness as well as Care:
 Musick resembles Poetry; in each
 Are nameless Graces, which no Methods teach,
 And which a Master-Hand alone can reach.
 If, where the Rules not far enough extend,
 For Rules were made but to promote their End,
 Some lucky Licence answers to the Fall
 Th' Intent propos'd, that Licence is a Rule.

Thus

Thus Pegasus, a nearer Way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common Track :
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend ;
 And rise to Faults true Criticks dare not mend ;
 From vulgar Bounds with brave Disorder part,
 And snatch a Glance beyond the Reach of Art,
 Which, without passing thro' the Judgment, gains
 The Heart, and all its Ends at once attains.
 In Prospects, thus, some Objects please our Eyes,
 Which out of Nature's common Order rise ;
 The shapeless Rock, or hanging Precipice.
 But Care in Poetry must still be had ;
 It asks Discretion, ev'n in running mad.
 And tho' the Antients thus their Rules invade,
 As Kings dispense with Laws themselves have made,
 Moderns beware : Or, if you must offend
 Against the Precept, ne'er transgress its End :
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by Need ;
 And have, at least, their Precedent to plead.
 I know there are, to whose presumptuous Thoughts
 Those freer Beauties, ev'n in them, seem Faults.
 Some Figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their Light, or Place,
 Due Distance reconciles to Form and Grace :
 A prudent Chief not always must display
 His Pow'rs in equal Ranks, and fair Array ;
 But with th' Occasion and the Place comply,
 Conceal his Force, nay, sometimes seem to fly :
 Those oft are Stratagems, which Errours seem ;
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream, Pope.

L I F E.

The Life of Man has a determin'd State,
 Fix'd by divine irrevocable Fate. Blac. Job.
 The Date of mortal Life is finish'd soon ;
 Swift is the Race, and short the Time to run. —
 Life to a River's Course may justly be compar'd :
 Sometimes, within its Bed,
 Without an angry Curl or Wave,
 From the Spring's Head,
 It gently glides to th' Ocean, its Grave :
 Then, unawares, upon a suddain Rain,
 It madly overflows the neighb'ring Plain :
 It ploughs up beauteous Ranks
 Of Trees that shaded and adorn'd its Banks,

Over.

Overturns Houses, Bridges, Rocks,
 Drowns Shepherds and their Flocks :
 Horrour and Death range all the Valley o'er ;
 The Forests tremble, and the Mountains roar. Pope. Hor.
 From our first drawing vital Breath,
 From our first starting from the Womb,
 Until we reach the destin'd Tomb,
 We all are posting to the dark Goal of Death :
 Life, like a Cloud, that fleets before the Wind,
 No Mark, no kind Impression, leaves behind :
 'Tis scatter'd, like the Winds that blow,
 Boist'rous as them, full as inconstant too : (Yald.
 They know not whence they come, nor where they go.
 Thus we toil out a restless Age :
 Each his laborious Part must have,
 Down from the Monarch to the Slave, (Yald.
 Act o'er this Farce of Life, then drop beneath the Stage.
 Then will penurious Heav'n no more allow ?
 No more on its own Darling, Man, bestow ?
 Is it for this he Lord of all appears,
 And his great Maker's Image bears ?
 To toil beneath a wretched State,
 Oppress'd with Miseries of Fate :
 Beneath his painful Burthen groan,
 And, in this beaten Road of Life, drudge on ?
 Amidst our Labours we possess
 No kind Allays of Happiness ;
 No soft'ning Joys can call our own,
 To make this bitter Drug go down ;
 Whilst Death an easie Conquest gains,
 And the insatiate Grave in endless Triumph reigns. Yald.
 O impotent Estate of human Life,
 Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal Strife :
 Where fleeting Joy does lasting Doubt inspire ;
 And most we question, what we most desire.
 Among thy various Gifts, great Heav'n, bestow,
 Our Cup of Love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
 Bitter Ingredients in ; nor pall the Draught
 With nauseous Grief : for our ill-judging Thought
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable Taste ;
 Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last. Prior.

L I G H T.

Fairest, as well as first, of Things,
 From whom all Joy, all Beauty springs,
 O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
 Who uses thee for his Empyrean Robe. Rosc.

How

——— How does the Light display
 Its radiant Wings, and spread the dawning Day?
 Who the rich Metal bears; and then, with Care, (Job.
 Unfolds the golden Leaves to gild the Fields of Air? Blac.
 Behold the Light, emitted from the Sun,
 While by its spreading Radiance it reveals
 All Nature's Face, it self it self conceals.
 How soon th'effulgent Emanations fly
 Thro' the blue Gulph of interposing Sky!
 How soon their Lustre all the Region fills,
 Smiles on the Valleys, and adorns the Hills! Blac! Creat.

L I G H T N I N G.

——— Swift Lightning flies,
 Singing with fiery Wings the wounded Skies. Creech. Lucr.
 And Sheets of Lightning blast the standing Field. Dryd.
 ——— Swift Lightning flies,
 Now here, now there, betwixt the parted Skies:
 And, fighting thro' the Clouds, its Place of Birth,
 The broken sulph'rous Flame descends to Earth. Cr. Lucr.
 The Rains pour down, the Lightnings play,
 And on their Wings vindictive Thunder bear. Broome.
 ——— The Noise moves slow, the winged Light
 Flies swiftly on, and strikes the distant Sight:
 Tho' both arise at once, that moves the Eyes,
 Before the slow-tongu'd Thunder speaks and dies. Cr. Lucr.
 'Tis like the Lightning, which does cease to be,
 Ere one can say, it is. ——— Otw. C. Mar.
 The forky Lightning flash'd along the Sky. Dryd. Virg.

L I O N.

A Lion so, with self-provoking Smart,
 His rebel Tail scourging his nobler Part,
 Calls up his Courage; then begins to roar,
 And charge the Foes, who thought him mad before. Wall.
 So when the Pride and Terrour of the Wood,
 A Lion, prick'd with Rage, and want of Food,
 Espies out from afar a well-fed Beast,
 And bristles up, preparing for the Feast;
 If that by Swiftnefs 'scapes his gaping Jaws,
 His bloody Eyes he hurls round, his sharp Paws
 Tear up the Ground; then runs he wild about,
 Lashing his angry Tail, and roaring out:
 Beasts creep into their Dens, and tremble there;
 Trees, tho' no Wind be stirring, shake with Fear:

Silence

Silence and Horror fill the Place around,
Echo it self scarce dares repeat the Sound. Cowl. David.

So press'd with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow,
Descends a Lion on the Flocks below ;
So stalks the lordly Salvage o'er the Plain,
In sullen Majesty, and stern Disdain:
In vain loud Mastives bay him from afar,
And Shepherds gaul him with an iron War ;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his Way,
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prey. Pope. Hom.

So the gaul'd Lion, smarting with his Wound,
Threatens his Foes, and makes the Forest sound :
With his strong Teeth he bites the bloody Dart,
And tears his Side with more provoking Smart :
'Till, having spent his Voice in fruitless Cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud Heart and dies. Lansd.

Thus an old Lion struggles with his Prey,
Which, when all torn, his flaming Eyes survey,
The royal Savage scorns the easy Prize,
And calls his young Ones forth with dreadful Cries,
He gathers round him all the cruel Brood ;
Bids them fall on, and fleshes them with Blood. Lee. Glor.

————— The Lion's Whelps
In tim'rous Deer still hantel their young Paws ;
And leave the rugged Bear for firmer Claws. Cowl. Dav.

See the dread King and Terrour of the Wood !
Stung with keen Hunger, from his Den he comes,
Ranges the Plains, and o'er the Forest roams ;
In sullen Majesty he stalks away,
And Tigers tremble while he seeks his Prey. Broome.

So the fell Lion, in the lonely Glade,
His Side still smarting with the Hunter's Spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, yet no way dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new War ;
In sullen Fury traverses the Plain,
To find the ven'rous Foe, and bartel him again. Prior.

The famish'd Lion thus with Hunger bold,
O'er-leaps the Fences of the nightly Fold ;
The peaceful Flock he tears with cruel Paws ;
Wrapt up in silent Fear they lie, and pant beneath his
(Jaws. Laud. Virg.

As when a Lion, at the Fall of Day,
Rouz'd with fierce Hunger up to hunt his Prey,
Stretches his Limbs out, yawns, and tries his Paws,
And for sure Death prepares his cruel Jaws :
Then scowrs the Hills ; ranges the Forests o'er,
And thunders thro' the Desert with his hideous Roar :

The Winds, all hush'd, sit trembling on the Trees,
 And scarcely whisper out a gentle Breeze :
 Wolves dare not howl ; but, grinning, softly creep ;
 And stretch'd out Leopards feign themselves asleep :
 Th' affrighted Herds close in their Covert lie,
 And, to escape his Rage, with Terrour die. Blac. P. Arth.

As when a Lion, that with Fury ran,
 To seize by Night some weary Caravan,
 Repuls'd by Fires, and of his Prey beguil'd,
 With hideous Roarings raves at his Defeat, (P. Arth.
 Oft stands, looks back, and makes a sour Retreat. Blac.

So when a tawny Lion, from the Side
 Of some high Lybian Mountain has descry'd
 A spotted Leopard, or a foaming Boar,
 To rowze his Courage he begins to roar ;
 He shakes his hideous Sides ; his Bristles rise ;
 And fiercely round he rowls his fiery Eyes :
 Again he roars ; his Paws the Mountain tear ;
 A fearful Preface to th' ensuing War. Blac. P. Arth.

As when a Lion, on Numidian Plains,
 Is compass'd round by Dogs and clam'rous Swains,
 He from his Eyes Defiance casts around,
 Roars out, and proudly traverses the Ground :
 They stand aloof, and missive Weapons throw ;
 But none dare grapple with the noble Foe. Blac. Eliza.

Thus Lions to their Keepers couch and fawn,
 And disobey their Hunger ——— Dryd. Cleom.
 ——— It breeds Contempt,
 For Herds to listen, and presume to pry,
 When the hurt Lion groans within his Den. Dryd. D. Seb.
 Like a caught Lion, raging in the Snare,
 He plunges in his Passion, spends his Force, (Mithr.
 And struggles with the Toil that holds him faster. Lee.

Lion kill'd by Lyfimachus.

The Prince in a lone Court was plac'd,
 Unarm'd, all but his Hands, on which he wore
 A Pair of Gauntlets. ———
 At last the Door of an old Lion's Den
 Being drawn up, the horrid Beast appear'd :
 The Flames, which from his Eyes shot glaring red,
 Made the Sun start, as the Spectators thought,
 And round them cast a Day of Blood and Dea'h :
 The Prince walk'd forward : the large Beast descry'd
 His Prey ; and, with a Roar that made us pale,
 Flew fiercely on him ; but Lyfimachus
 Starting aside, avoided his first Shock,

With

With a slight Hurt ; and, as the Lion turn'd
 Thrust Gauntlet, Arm and all, into his Throat :
 Then, with Herculean Force, tore forth by th' Roots
 The foaming bloody Tongue ; and while the Savage,
 Faint with the Loss, sunk to the blushing Earth,
 To plough it with his Teeth, your conqu'ring Soldier
 Leapt on his Back, and dash'd his Skull to ~~pieces~~. Lee. Alex.

LOADSTONE.

How is the Loadstone, Nature's subtile Pride,
 By the rude Iron woo'd, and made a Bride ?
 How was the Weapon wounded ? What hid Flame
 The strong and conqu'ring Metal overcame ?
 Love, this World's Grace, exalts his nat'ral State ; (David.
 He feels thee, Love, and feels no more his Weight. Cowl.

LODONA, chang'd into the River Loddon.

Lodona's Fate, in long Oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing ; and what she sings shall last.
 Here, as old Bards have sung, Diana stray'd,
 Bath'd in the Springs, or sought the cooling Shade !
 Here, arm'd with silver Bows, in early Dawn,
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy Lawn :
 Above the rest a rural Nymph was fam'd,
 Thy Offspring, Thames ; the fair Lodona nam'd :
 Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be known,
 But by the Crescent, and the golden Zone !
 She scorn'd the Praise of Beauty, and the Care :
 A Belt her Waist, a Fillet binds her Hair :
 A painted Quiver on her Shoulder sounds ;
 And with her Dart the flying Deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as, eager of the Chace, the Maid
 Beyond the Forests verdant Limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd ; and, furious with Desire,
 Pursu'd her Flight ; her Flight increas'd his Fire :
 Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,
 When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky :
 Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,
 When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling Doves ;
 As from the God with fearful Speed she flew ;
 As did the God with equal Speed pursue :
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the Nymph appears ;
 Now close behind his sounding Steps she hears ;
 And now his Shadow reach'd her as she run ;
 His Shadow, lengthen'd by the setting Sun :

And now his shorter Breath with sultry Air
 Pants on her Neck, and fans her parting Hair:
 In vain on Father Thames she calls for Aid;
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd Maid.
 Faint, breathless; thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
 Ah! Cynthia, ah! tho' banish'd from thy Train,
 Let me, O let me, to the Shades repair;
 My native Shades; there weep, and murmur there,
 She said: and, melting as in Tears she lay,
 In a soft, silver Stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver Stream her Virgin Coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps:
 Still bears the Name the hapless Virgin bore,
 And bathes the Forest where she rang'd before:
 In her chaste Current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial Tears augments the Waves:
 Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies
 The headlong Mountains, and the downward Skies;
 The wat'ry Landskip of the pendant Woods;
 And absent Trees, that tremble in the Floods:
 In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are seen;
 And floating Forests paint the Waves with Green:
 Thro' the fair Scene roll slow the ling'ring Streams;
 Then, foaming, pour along, and rush into the Thames. Pope.

LOGICK.

He was in Logick a great Critick,
 Profoundly skill'd in Analytick:
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A Hair 'twixt South and South-West Side:
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change Hands, and still confute:
 He'd undertake to prove by Force
 Of Argument, a Man's no Horse:
 He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
 And that a Lord may be an Owl;
 A Calf an Alderman, a Goose a Justice,
 And Rooks Committee-Men and Trustees:
 He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
 And pay with Ratiocination.
 All this, by Syllogism true
 In Mood and Figure, he would do. Hud.

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Z.

L O O

L O N G I N U S.

The Muses sure Longinus did inspire,
 And bless'd their Critick with a Poet's Fire:
 An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his Trust,
 With Warmth gives Sentence, yet is always just:
 Whose own Example strengthens all his Laws,
 And is himself the great Sublime he draws. Pope.

L O O K S.

A chearful Sweetness in his Looks he has,
 And Innocence unartful in his Face:
 A modest Blush he wears, not form'd by Art, (Juv.
 Free from Deceit his Face, and full as free his Heart. Cong.
 His Presence bears the Shew of manly Virtue. Orw. Ven. Pr.
 Such Beauty, as great Strength thinks no Disgrace,
 Smil'd in the manly Features of his Face.
 His large black Eyes, fill'd with a sprightly Light,
 Shot forth such lively and illustrious Night,
 As the Sun-beams, on Jet reflecting, shew:
 His Hair, as black, in long curl'd Waves did flow.
 His tall, strait Body amidst Thousands stood,
 Like some fair Pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler Wood.
 (Cowl. David.

Ev'n in his Port, his Habit, and his Face,
 The mild and great, the Priest and Prince had Place.
 (Cowl. David. Spoken of Abraham:

—— A Look so sweet,
 As might disarm ev'n Death. — Den. Iphig.
 See, what a Grace was seated on his Brow!
 Hyperion's Curls, the Front of Jove himself;
 An Eye, like Mars, to threaten or command:
 A Station, like the Herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a Heav'n-kissing Hill:
 A Combination, and a Form indeed,
 Where ev'ry God did seem to set his Seal,
 To give the World Assurance of a Man. Shak. Haml.
 Read o'er the Volume of his lovely Face,
 And find Delight writ there with Beauties Pen:
 Examine ev'ry sev'ral Lineament,
 And, what obscur'd in this fair Volume lies, (Jul.
 Find written in the Margin of his Eyes. Shak. Rom. &
 He has, I know not what,
 Of Greatness in his Looks, and of high Fate,
 That almost awes me. — Dryd. Mar. A-la-Mode.

See where she comes with that high Air and Mien, (Love.
Which marks, in Bonds, the Greatness of a Queen. Dr. Tyr.

—— The beauteous Face

With manly Fierceness mingled female Grace. Dryd. Ovid.

Had'st thou thy self been by, and but beheld him,
Thou would'st have thought, such was his Majesty,
That the Gods lighten'd from his awful Eyes,
And thunder'd from his Tongue. — Lee. L. J. Brut.

He seem'd as he were only born for Love:

Whate'er he did was done with so much Ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His Motions all accompany'd with Grace;
And Paradise was open'd in his Face. Dr. Abf. & Ach.

Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose;
Quick as her Eyes; and as unfix'd as those:
Bright as the Sun her Eyes the Gazers strike;
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike:
Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride,
Might hide her Faults, if Belles had Faults to hide.
If to her Share some female Errours fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forget them all. Pope.

How were his Eyes with pleasing Wonder fixt,
To see such Fire with so much Sweetness mixt!
Such easy Greatness, such a graceful Port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the Camp or Court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,
And Nereus shone but in the second Place:
Thus the great Father of Almighty Rome,
Divinely flush'd with an immortal Bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant Breath bestow'd,
In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd. Add.

—— A venerable Aspect!

Age sits with decent Grace upon his Visage,
And worthily becomes his Silver Locks:
He wears the Marks of many Years well spent, (J. Shore.
Of Virtue, Truth well try'd, and wise Experience. Rowe.

—— In his Looks appears

A wild distracted Fierceness: I can read
Some dreadful Purpose in his Face. —

Sometimes his Anger breaks thro' all Disguises,
And spares nor Gods, nor Men: and then he seems
Jealous of all the World; suspects, and starts,
And looks behind him. — Denh. Sophy.

My Heart quakes in me: in your settled Face,
And clouded Brow, methinks I see my Fate. Otw. Orph.

Read'st thou not something in my Face, that speaks
Wonderful Change and Horror from within me. Otw. Orph.

Methinks I read Distraction in thy Face. *Otw. Ven. Pref.*
 Her Looks grow black, as a tempestuous Wind; *(Emp.)*
 Some raging Thoughts are rousing in her Mind. *Dryd. Ind.*
 Ne'er think to fright me with your mighty Looks:
 Know I dare stem that Tempest in your Brow,
 And dash it back upon you. — *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

What brutal Mischief sits upon his Brow!
 He may be honest, but he looks Damnation. *Dryd. D. Seb.*

— See, the King reddens:
 The Fear, which seiz'd him at Alphonso's Sight,
 And left his Face forsaken of his Blood,
 Is vanish'd now: —

And a new Tide returns upon his Cheeks; *(Trium.)*
 And Rage and Vengeance sparkle in his Eyes. *Dryd. Love*

— Many a Look they cast
 Backward in sullen Message from the Heart. *D'Aven. Gond.*
 His Brow was overcast with black Revenge. *D'Av. Gond.*

— By Jupiter, he looks *(Gress.)*
 So terrible, I am half afraid to praise him. *Shak. Troil. &*

See where he comes, all pensive and alone: *(Gran. p. 2.)*
 A gloomy Fury has o'erspread his Face. *Dryd. Conq. of*

Why dost thou shake my Joys with that stern Look?

Speak; for to me thy Face is as the Heav'ns,
 And, when thou smilest, I cannot fear a Storm:

But now thy gather'd Brows prognosticate
 Ill Weather: Lightning sparkles from thy Eyes:

Speak too, tho' Thunder follow. *Lee. Cæs. Borg.*

— On your Brow,
 A thousand Deaths sit menacing my Soul. *Lee. Mass. of Par.*

What lofty Looks th'unrival'd Monarch bears!

How all the Tyrant in his Face appears!

What sullen Fury clouds his scornful Brow! *(Stat.)*

Gods! how his Looks with threat'ning Ardour glow! *Pope.*

— He mounted to his Seat,
 With the stern Visage of some savage Lion,
 Just reeking from the Slaughter of a Bull. *Oldisw. Hom.*

So fiery fierce, that they, who see him nearly, *(Theod.)*
 May see his haughty Soul still mounting in his Face. *Lee.*

Then on the Crowd he cast a furious Look,
 And wither'd all their Strength before he strook.

— *Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.*
 He said, and turning short, with speedy Pace, *(Virg.)*

Cast back a scornful Glance, and quits the Place. *Dryd.*

Each Vassal has a wild distracted Face,
 And looks as full of Business as a Blockhead

In Times of Danger. — *Otw. Orph.*

Why dwells that busy Cloud upon thy Face. *Otw. V. Pref.*

At this deep Sidrophel look'd wife,
 And, staring round with Owl-like Eyes,
 He put his face into a Posture
 Of Sapience, and began to bluster:
 For having three times shook his Head,
 To stir his Wit up, thus he said. Hud.
 Yet Sorrow on his Brow majestick sits,
 And shews that from no common Cause it springs:
 His Mien seems earnest, and his Looks profound,
 Like one upon important Bus'ness bent. Den. Iphig.
 Mark but how terrible his Eyes appear!
 And yet there's something roughly noble there,
 Which, in unfashion'd Nature looks divine. (Gran. p. 1.)
 And, like a Gem, does in the Quarry shine. Dr. Cong. of
 ——— He looks
 As if some mighty Secret work'd within him,
 And labour'd for a Ventr. Lee. Theod.
 ——— An awful Gloom
 Spreads o'er his Face, and gnawing Cares of Love
 Indent his furrow'd Brows. ——— Hig. Gen. Cong.
 Thou hast a grim Appearance; and thy Face
 Bears a Command in't: tho' thy Tackle's torn,
 Thou shew'st a noble Vessel. ——— Shak. & Tate. Coriol.
 Spoken of. Coriolanus in a mean Habit.
 A gloomy Cloud hung hovering o'er his Brow,
 With melancholy Looks dejected low. Land. Virg.
 ——— They came with Looks
 Down-cast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some Glimpse of Joy, to have found their Chief
 Not in Despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In Loss it self; which on his Count'nance cast
 Like doubtful Hue. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.
 He sternly look'd, as hatching in his Breast
 Some deep Design. ——— Dryd. Bacc. Theod. & Hon.
 ——— He roul'd around
 His Eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the Ground:
 Intent he seem'd; and anxious in his Breast:
 As pond'ring future Things of wond'rous Weight, (Virg.)
 On which he mus'd within his thoughtful Mind. Dryd.
 ——— For his late Disgrace,
 His conscious Virtue rages in his Face. Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.
 ——— What Disorder,
 What sad Fate's that, that bodes upon your Brow;
 I see your Face ———
 Pale as the Cherubims at Adam's Fall. Dryd. D. of Guise!

—— He wears Affliction in his Aspect,
And the black Cloud, that lowers upon his Brow, (Iphig.
Seems to declare strange Wretchedness of Sorrow. Den.

A graceful Sorrow in her Looks she bears,
Lovely with Grief, and beautiful in Tears. Yald. Strad.

Methought I saw Love, Anger and Despair,
All combating at once upon her Face. Dryd. M. Queen.

Why are those graceful Sorrows on that Brow?

Why frown those Looks, by Nature form'd to smile?

Hig. Gen. Conq.

I have observ'd of late thy Looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy Care and Discontent. Add. Cato.

Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those Looks,

That wont to be more chearful and serene, (Loft.
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the World. Milt. Par.

Lift up thy Eyes, and let them shine once more,
Bright as the Morning Sun above the Mists:

My Form alas! has long forgot to please:

The Scene of Beauty and Delight is chang'd:

No Roses bloom upon my fading Cheeks,

No laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes;

But haggard Grief, lean-looking fallow Care.

And pining Discontent, a rueful Train,

Dwell on my Brow, all hideous and forlorn. Rowe. J. Shore.

Behold my Looks; and, could my Thoughts be seen,

Thou might'st behold the Pain that cleaves my Breast within.

Trapp. Ovid.

Whom would not that majestick Mien deceive?

And his Friend's God-like Eyes that look Divinity?

Why should the sacred Character of Virtue

Shine on a Villain's Countenance? Ye Pow'rs!

Why fix'd you not a Brand on Treason's Front, (Iphig.

That we might know t'avoid perfidious Mortals. Den.

O Serpent Heart, hid with a flow'ring Face!

Did ever Dragon keep so fair a Cave?

O despis'd Substance of divinest Show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st!

O Nature, what had'st thou to do in Hell,

When thou did'st bower the Spirit of a Fiend

In mortal Paradise of such sweet Flesh?

Was ever Book, containing such vile Matter,

So fairly bound? Oh that Deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Palace! Shak. Rom. & Jul.

All thy Deformity of Mind breaks out

Upon thy cruel Face, and blasts my Eyes. Den. Ap. & Virg.

Looks, which, tho' silent, told the inward Smart,

And Flame, her Eyes had kindled in his Heart. Russ. Mus.

I guess

I guess you're pleas'd by a malicious Joy,
 Whose red and fiery Beams cast thro' your Visage
 A glowing Pleasure: sure you smile Revenge. Dr. OEdip.
 Her Looks the Emblems of her Thoughts appear,
 Vary'd with Rage, with Pity and Despair. Yald. Strada.
 Confus'd her Look, while Shame and Guilt apace
 Shifted the whole Complexion of her Face. Bowles. Theoc.
 But what art thou, whose heavy Looks foretel, (p. 3.
 Some dreadful Story hanging on thy Tongue? Shak. Hen. 6.
 But fullen Discontent sat lowering in her Face. Dr. Hom.
 What means this wild Confusion in thy Looks,
 As if thou wert at Variance with thy self;
 Madness and Reason combating within thee; (Fair Pen.
 And thou wert doubtful which should get the better. Rowe.
 Wild was his Aspect; sad as Death his Air;
 And on his Brows sat Horror and Despair. Blac. K. Arth.
 There is no Art -
 To find the Mind's Construction in the Face. Shak. Macb.
 For Nature forms and softens us within,
 And writes our Fortune's Changes in our Face.
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous Rage transports,
 And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul. Rosc. Hor.
 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,
 Or carry Smiles and Sunshine in my Face,
 When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart. Add. Cato.

L O V E.

Love is that Passion, which refines the Soul;
 First made Men Heros, and those Heros Gods:
 Its genial Fires inform the sluggish Mass;
 The rugged soften, and the tim'rous warm,
 Give Wit to Fools, and Manners to the Clown:
 The rest of Life is an ignoble Calm;
 The Soul, unmov'd by Love's inspiring Breath,
 Like lazy Waters, stagnates and corrupts. Hig. Gen. Con.
 Love soothes the Mind,
 And smooths the rugged Breasts of human Kind. Dr. Ovid.
 Love soothes the Gentle, but the Fierce reclaims;
 He fires their Breasts, and fills their Souls with Flames.
 (Creech. Ovid.
 Love is the strongest Pow'r, that lords it o'er the Mind.
 (Rowe. Tamerl.
 Love's a Disease, Beauties Infection spreads:
 It enters at the Eyes; (& Cleop.
 And to the Heart, like subtile Lightning, flies. Sedl. Ant.
 O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish;
 When we love, and when we languish! Wishes

Wishes rising!

Thoughts surprizing!

Pleasures courting!

Charms transporting!

Fansy viewing

Joys ensuing!

O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish! Add. Ros.

Love, like a Meteor, shews a short liv'd Blaze;

Or treads, thro' various Skies, a wand'ring Maze;

Begot by Fansy, and by Fansy led;

Here in a Moment; in a Moment fled:

But, fix'd by Obligations, it will last;

For Gratitude's the Charm that binds it fast.

O Love! thou Bane of the most gen'rous Souls

Thou doubtful Pleasure; and thou certain Pain!

What Magick's thine, that melts the hardest Hearts?

That fools the wisest Minds? ——— Land. Her. Love.

O Love! How hard a Fate is thine!

Obtain'd with Trouble, and with Pain preserv'd;

Never at rest. ——— Land. Her. Love.

Love is a blind and foolish Passion;

Pleas'd and disgust'd with it knows not what. Add. Cato.

When Love's well tim'd, 'tis not a Fault to love:

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,

Sink in the soft Captivity together. Add. Cato.

O shun that Passion as thou wouldst thy Bane:

The deadliest Foe to human Happiness,

That poisons all our Joys; destroys our Quiet:

Love like a beauteous Field at first appears;

Whose pleasing Verdure ravishes the Sight;

But all, within the hollow treacherous Ground,

Is nought, but Caverns of Perdition. Hig. Gen. Cong.

Sorrow and joy in Love alternate reign;

Sweet is the Bliss; distracting is the Pain. Smith. Phad.

True Love is never happy but by Halves;

An April Sun-shine that by Fits appears;

It smiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years. Dr. K. Arth.

O Love! Creator Love!

Parent of Heav'n and Earth!

Delight of Gods above!

To thee all Nature owes her Birth:

All that in ambient Air does move

Or teems on fertile Fields below,

Or sparkles in the Skies above,

Or does in rouling Waters flow, (Brit. Ench.

Springs from the Seed which thou dost sow. L.

For Love it was, that first created Light,
 Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night
 From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new Grace
 On Things, dispos'd of to their proper Place;
 Some to rest here, and some to shine above:
 Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th' Effects of Love. Wall.
 To Providence and Chance commit the rest. (Gran. p. 1.
 Let us but love enough, and we are bless'd. Dryd. Conq. of

Love, that's the World's Preservative,
 That keeps all Souls of Things alive:
 Controuls the mighty Pow'r of Fate;
 And gives Mankind a longer Date:
 The Life of Nature, that restores
 As fast as Time and Death devours:
 To whose free Gift the World does owe
 Not only Earth but Heaven too:
 For Love's the only Trade, that's driven,
 The Interest of State, in Heaven:
 Which nothing but the Soul of Man
 Is capable to entertain:
 For what can Earth produce but Love,
 To represent the Joys above?
 Or who but Lovers can converse,
 Like Angels, by the Eye-discourse?
 Address and complement by Vision,
 Make Love, and court by Intuition?
 And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,
 As those celestial Ministers? Hud.

We of our selves can neither love nor hate: (in a Tub.
 Heav'n still reserves the Pow'r to guide our Fate. Eth. Love

The Heart which is our Passion's Sear,
 Whether we will or no, does bear;
 And yet we may suppress our Breath:
 This lets us see, that Life and Death
 Are in our Pow'r; but Love and Hate
 Depend not on our Will, but Fate. Wall.

And Oh! in vain from Fate we fly:
 For, first or last, as all must die,
 So 'tis as much decreed above,
 That, first or last, we all must love. Lianfd.

There is a Fate in Love as well as War; (Tub.
 Some, tho' less careful, more successful are. Eth. Love in a
 Love's Force is shewn in Countries cak'd with Ice,
 Where the pale Pole-star in the North of Heav'n,
 sits high, and on the frory Winter broods,
 Ev'n there Love reigns: ————
 There the proud God, disdaining Winter's Bounds,

O'erleaps the Fences of eternal Snow,
 And with his Warmth supplies the distant Sun. Dr. K. Arth.
 But, ah! what Toil can stubborn Love abate?
 Should we to drink the frozen Hebrus go;
 Or shiver in the cold Sythonian Snow:
 Or to the sultry Ethiops Clime remove,
 Parch'd all below, and burning all above;
 Ev'n there would Love o'ercome: then let us yield to }
 (Love. Staff. Virg.)

Love is a Subject to himself alone;
 And knows no other Empire than his own. Lanfd. Br. Ench.
 'Tis dangerous to resist the Pow'r of Love:
 The Gods obey him, and he's King above. Otw. Ovid.
 Love is the noblest Frailty of the Mind. Dr. Ind. Emp.

Love is a Passion,
 Which kindles Honour into noble Acts. Dryd. Riv. Lad.

Fond Love his Darts at Random throws;

And nothing springs from what he sows:

From Foes discharg'd, as often meet

The shining Points of Arrows fleet,

In the wide Air creating Fire,

As Souls that join in one Desire:

Love made the lovely Venus burn

In vain; and for the cold Youth mourn,

Who the Pursuit of churlish Beasts

Prefer'd to sleeping on her Breasts:

So have I seen the lost Clouds pour

Into the Sea a useless Show'r;

And the vex'd Sailors curse the Rain,

For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain. Wall.

Love is a Fire that burns and sparkles

In Men, as nat'rally as in Charcoals;

Which sooty Chymists stop in Holes,

When out of Wood they extract Coals:

So Lovers should their Passion choak,

That, tho' they burn, they make not smoke. Hud.

O artless Love, where the Soul moves the Tongue,
 And only Nature speaks what Nature thinks. Dr. K. Arth.

Loves Passions are like Parables,

By which Men still mean something else. Hud.

For as the Law of Arms approves

All ways to Conquest, so should Love's:

And not be ty'd to true or false,

But make that justest which prevails. Hud.

My Love disdains the Laws;
 And, like a King, by Conquest gains his Cause:

When

Where Arms take place, all other Pleas are vain ;
 Love taught me Force, and Force shall Love maintain ;
 For, from the first when Love had fir'd my Mind, (& Iph.
 Resolv'd, I left the Care of Life behind. Dr. Bocc. Cym.

Love is the brightest Jewel of a Crown ;
 It fires Ambition, and adorns Renown. Lee. Sophon.

With Glory and with Love at once I burn ;
 I feel th' inspiring Heat and absent God return. Dr. Auren.

Small Hope attends my mighty Care,
 But of all Passions Love does last despair. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Time, Ways, and Means of meeting were deny'd ;
 But all those Wants ingenious Love supply'd :

Th' inventive God, who never fails his Part,
 Inspires the Wit, when once he warms the Heart. Dryd.
 (Bocc. Sig. & Guif.)

Love is the Frailty of heroick Minds ;
 And, where great Virtues are, our Pardon finds. Wall.

Love should forgive the Faults that Love has made.

(Dryd. Auren.)

But Love, neglected, will convert to Rage. Dr. Auren.

Love is the only Coin to Heav'n will go. (Tyr. Love.)

Love, like the Pow'r which we adore, is one. Dryd.

Why have not they most Pow'r to move,

Whose Bosoms burn with purest Love ? Add. Ros.

A Love so pure,

As will the Test of Heav'n it self endure :

A Love, which never knew a hot Desire ;

But flam'd as harmless as a Lambent Fire :

A Love, which pure from Soul to Soul might pass,

As Light transmitted thro' a cristal Glass. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

We lov'd without transgressing Virtues Bounds ;

We fix'd the Limits of our tender'st Thoughts ;

Came to the Verge of Honour, and there stopt :

We warm'd us by the Fire, but were not scorch'd :

If this be Sin, Angels might love with more ;

And mingle Rays of Minds less pure than ours :

Our Souls enjoy'd ; but, to their holy Feasts,

Bodies, on both sides, were forbidden Guests. Dr. Lov. Tri.

Not so divine a Flame, since deathless Gods

Forbore to visit the defil'd Abodes

Of Men, in any mortal Breast did burn ;

Nor shall, till Piety and they return. Wall.

I know thee, Love, on Mountains thou wert bred ;

And Thracian Rocks thy infant Fury fed ;

Hard-soul'd, and not of human Progeny ;

Love taught the cruel Mother to embrace

Her Hands in Blood : 'twas Love her Children slew :

Was

Was she more cruel, or more impious he? (Virg.)
 An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother she. Staff.
 Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,
 Pierce Winds to Blossoms prove;
 To careless Seamen hidden Rocks
 To human Quiet Love:
 How faithless is the Lover's Joy!
 How constant is his Care!
 The Kind with Falsehood still destroy,
 The Cruel with Despair. Ether.
 ——— For Love, all Strife,
 All rapid, is the Hurricane of Life. Dr. Cong. of Gran. p.1.
 Delphis, who gave, alone can cure, the Wound:
 No Remedy for Love, but Love, is found. Dryd. Theoc.
 Believe me Prince, tho' hard to conquer Love,
 'Tis easy to direct, and break its Force:
 Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress
 Light up another Flame, and put out this. Add. Caro.
 If it be hopeless Love, use gen'rous Means;
 And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound:
 Take in a new Infection to the Heart;
 And the rank Poison of the old will die. Otway. C. Mar.
 All Love may be expell'd by other Love,
 As Poisons are by Poisons. ——— Dryd. All for Love.
 Love's an ignoble Joy, below your Care:
 Glory shall make Amends with Fame in War,
 Honour's the noblest Chace; pursue that Game;
 And recompence the Loss of Love with Fame:
 If still against such Aids your Love prevails,
 Yet Absence is a Cure, that seldom fails. Lansd. Br. Ench.
 ——— Let Honour go or stay (E. Cress,
 There's more Religion in my Love than Fame. Dr. Troil.
 And Love, once pass'd, is at the best forgotten,
 But oftner sours to Hate. ——— Dryd. Span. Fryar.

LOVER and MISTRESS.

I cannot bear
 To owe the Sweets of Love, which I have tasted,
 To the submissive Duty of a Wife:
 I would owe nothing to a Name so dull
 As Husband is, but to a Lover all.
 My Tenderness
 Surpasses that of Husbands for their Wives.
 O that you lov'd like me! then you would find
 A thousand thousand Niceties in Love:
 The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal:

But

But Love, refin'd, will fancy to it self
 Millions of gentle Cares, and sweet Disquiets:
 The being happy is not half the Joy;
 The manner of the Happiness is all!
 In me, my charming Mistress, you behold
 A Lover, that disdains a lawful Title;
 Such as of Monarchs to successive Thrones:
 The gen'rous Lover holds by Force of Arms,
 And claims his Crown by Conquest. —

The very Name of Wife and Marriage
 Is Poyson to the dearest Sweets of Love:
 To please my Niceness you must separate
 The Lover from his mortal Foe, the Husband:
 Give to the yawning Husband your cold Virtue;
 But all your vig'rous Warmth, your melting Sighs,
 Your am'rous Murmurs, be your Lover's Part. — Dr. Ample.
 In her, who to a Husband is so kind,
 What Raptures might a Lover hope to find! Roch. Valen.

LOVE and REASON.

Reason and Love rend my divided my Soul:
 Love to his Tune my jarring Heart would bring;
 But Reason overwinds and cracks the String. Dr. D. of Guif.

I love the Man my Reason bids me hate:
 The War's begun; the War of Love and Virtue;
 And I am fixt to conquer or to die:
 Thou know'st the Strugglings of my wounded Soul;
 Hast seen me strive against this lawless Passion,
 Till I have lain like Slaves upon the Rack;
 My Veins half burst, my weary Eye-balls fixt;
 My Brows all cover'd with big Drops of Sweat,
 Which struggling Grief wrung from my tortur'd Brain. —

(Lee. P. of Cleye.
 How weak is Prudence, when oppos'd to Love! Hig.
 (Gen. Cong.

Small Passions often make our Reason yield:
 When Love invades it well may quit the Field. —

Did I not labour, strive, all seeing Powers!
 Did I not weep and pray, implore your Aid;
 Turn Clouds of Incense on your loaded Altars?
 O I call'd Heav'n and Earth to my Assistance;
 All the ambitious Fame of Thirst and Empire;
 And all the honest Pride of conscious Virtue;
 Struggled; rav'd: The new-born Passion reign'd
 Almighty in its Birth. — Smith. Phad. & Hip.

Now, Marcus, now, thy Virtue's on the Proof;
 Put forth thy utmost Strength; work ev'ry Nerve,
 To

To quell the Tyrant, Love; and guard thy Heart.
On this weak side, where most our Nature fails. Add. Cato.

Bid me for Honour plunge into a War;
Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death;
Then shalt thou see, that Marcus is not slow
To follow Glory; and confess his Father:

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high Ambition, and a Thirst of Greatness:

'Tis second Life: it grows into the Soul;
Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Pulse:

I feel it here: my Resolution melts. Add. Cato.

Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to
The very Brink of Glory? where, alas!

I look and tremble at the vast Descent;
And yet ev'n there, to the vast bottom down

My rash Advent'rer Love would have me leap,
And grasp my Athenais with my Ruin. Lee. Theod.

Do you yet love the Cause of all your Woes?
Or is she grown, as sure she ought to be,

More odious to your Sight, than Toads and Adders. Dr. Sp.

O there's the utmost Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love. Dr. Sp. Fryar.

O that a Face should thus bewitch a Soul,
And ruin all that's great and reasonable!

Not so he lov'd, when he at Iffus fought;
And join'd in mighty Duel great Darius;

Whom, from his Chariot, flaming all with Gems,
He hurl'd to Earth, and crush'd th' imperial Crown;

Nor could the Gods defend their Images,
Which with the gawdy Coach lay overturn'd:

'Twas not the shaft of Love, that did the Fear:
Cupid had nothing there to do: but now

Two Wives he takes; two Rival Queens disturb
The Court; and, while each Hand does Beauty hold,

Where is there Room for Glory?-- Lee. Alex. Spoken of Alex.

O what a Traitor is my Love,
That thus unthrones me!

I see the Errours, that I would avoid,
And have my Reason still, but not the use of't:

It hangs about me, like a wither'd Limb,
Bound up, and numb'd by some Diseases Frost;

The Form the same; but all the Use is lost. How. Vell.

Talk not of Reason: What, but Love, is Reason?
For what, but Love, is Happiness?

Love first appears with Reason in the Soul;
And, by degrees, with Reason it decays. Den. Rin. & Arm.

Spight of the high-wrought Tempest in my Soul;
Spight

Spight of the Pangs which Jealousie has cost me ;
 This haughty Woman reigns within my Breast :
 In vain I strive to put her from my Thoughts ;
 To drive her out with Empire and Revenge ;
 Still she comes back like a retiring Tide,
 That ebbs a while, but strait returns again,
 And swells above the Beach. — Rowe. Tamerl.

So weakly Reason too resists Desire ; (Circe.
 And, like small Show'rs, only augments the Fire. D'Aven.

With folded Arms and down cast Eyes he stands ;
 The Marks and Emblems of a Woman's Fool ! Otw. C. Mar.

O he is lost in a fond Maze of Love ;
 The idle Truantry of callow Boys !

I'd rather trust my Fortunes with a Daw,
 That hops at ev'ry Butterfly he sees ;

Than have to do in Honour with a Man,
 That sells his Virtue for a Woman's Smiles. Otw. Orph.

Curse on this Love, this little Scare-crow, Love,
 That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath.

Out of their feeble Senses. — Otw. Orph.

All-pow'rful Love, what Changes canst thou cause !
 In human Hearts, subjected to thy Laws ! Dryd. Virg.

O Lucia, Language is too faint to shew
 His Rage of Love ; it preys upon his Life :

He pines ; he sickens ; he despairs ; he dies ;

His Passions and his Virtues he confus'd ;
 And mix'd together in so wild a Tumult,

That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him :
 Heav'n's : Would one think 'twere possible for Love,

To make such Ravage in a noble Soul ! Add. Cato.

O Love ! Thou Bane of an unhappy Maid !
 Still art thou busy at my panting Heart ;

Still dost thou melt my Soul with thy soft Images,
 And make my Ruin pleasing : Fondly I try

By Gales of Sighs, and Floods of streaming Tears,
 To vent my Sorrows and assuage my Passions :

Still new Supplies renew th' exhausted Stores.
 Love reigns my Tyrant : to himself alone

He vindicates the Empire of my Breast,
 And banishes all Thoughts of Joy for ever. Rowe. Am. Step.

Alas ! Thou know'st not what it is to love,
 A Grove of Pikes, —

Whose polish'd Steel from far severely shines,
 Is not so dreadful as this beauteous Queen :

When we behold an Angel, not to fear
 Is to be impudent. — Dryd. Span. Fryar.

Early, thou know'st, last Night I went to rest :
 But

But long, my Friend, ere Slumber clos'd my Eyes :
 Long was the Combat fought 'twixt Love and Glory :
 The Fever of my Passion eat me up ;
 My Pangs grew stronger, and my Rack was doubled :
 My Bed was all afloat with the cold Drops,
 That mortal Pain wrung from my lab'ring Limbs :
 My Groans more deep than others dying Gasps. *Lee. Theoc.*

Alas! Beliza, thou hast never known
 The fatal Pow'r of a resistless Love :
 Like that avenging Guilt, which haunts the Impious ;
 In vain we strive by flying to avoid it :
 In Courts and Temples it pursues us still,
 And in the loudest Clamours will be heard :
 It grows a Part of us ; lives in our Blood ;
 And ev'ry beating Pulse proclaims its Force. *Rowe. Ann. Step.*

———— I could as soon
 Stop a Spring-Tide, blown in, with my bare Hand,
 As this impetuous Love. ——— *Dryd. D. Seb.*

Believe me, my Beliza, I am grown
 So fond of the Delusion, that has charm'd me,
 I hate th' officious Hand, that offers Cure. *Rowe. Amb. Step.*

———— Then, O my Friend,
 Tear not those Wounds, which thou should'st rather heal,
 Advice to wretched Lovers is the same
 As Drops of Water, cast on conqu'ring Flames :
 They add new Fury to their native Rage. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

Falling in LOVE.

I saw, and was undone ; a subtle Fire
 Ran thro' my Veins, and kindled hot Desire. *(Theoc. Bowles.)*

How fast I languish, and how soon I love !
 Armies, when they begin to disobey,
 And fearful grow, melt not so fast away
 Before the Foe, who pushes on the Day. *D'Aven. Circe.*

The fatal Dart a ready Passage found,
 And deep within his Heart infix'd the Wound :
 Th' inevitable Charms of Emily
 Scarce had been seen ; but, seiz'd with sudden Smart,
 Stung to the Quick, he felt it at his Heart :
 Struck blind with overpowering Light he stood ;
 Then started back, amaz'd ; and cry'd aloud :
 O, when my mortal Anguish caus'd my Cry,
 That Moment I was hurt thro' either Eye :
 Pierc'd with a Random Shaft I fain away ;
 And perish with insensible Decay :
 A Glance from some new Goddess gave the Wound,
 Whom, like Acton, unaware I found :

Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by Chance:
Poison is in her Eyes, and Death in ev'ry Glance:
Or, I must ask; nor ask alone; but move
Her Mind to Mercy, or must die for Love. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.
Speechless the Hero, and astonish'd stood;
And found an unknown Temper in his Blood:
A painful Pleasure seiz'd his beating Heart;
And in his Breast he felt and lov'd the Smart:
The wand'ring Flame creeps thro' his wounded Veins;
And all the Springs of Life the soft Contagion gains. Blac.
(P. Arth.

O he devours her Beauties with his Eyes;
While thro' his glowing Veins th' Infection flies:
Swifter than Lightning to his Breast it came;
Like that, a fair, but a destructive, Flame. Yald. Strada.
His Godlike Features, and his heav'nly Hue;
And all his Beauties were expos'd to View:
His naked Limbs the Nymph with Rapture spies;
While hotter Passions in her Bosom rise;
Rush in her Cheeks, and sparkle in her Eyes.
He longs, she burns, to clasp him in her Arms
And, looks, and sighs; and kindles at his Charms. Add. Ov.
The Lover gaz'd; and, burning with Desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed his Fire. Dryd. Virg.

When first I saw the Prince,
felt a pleasing Motion at my Heart:
short breathing Sighs heav'd in my panting Breast;
The mounting Blood flush'd in my glowing Face,
and dy'd my Cheeks with more than usual Blushes:
I thought him sure the Wonder of his Kind;
and wish'd my Fate had giv'n me such a Brother;
I yet knew not that I lov'd; but thought, that all,
like me, beheld, and bless'd him for his Excellence.

Would I had been a Man:
With Honour then I might have sought his Friendship:
Perhaps, from long Experience of my Faith,
He might have lov'd me better than the rest:
amidst the Dangers of the horrid War;
Still had I been the nearest to his Side;
In Courts and Triumphs still had shar'd his Joys:
Or, when the sportful Chace had call'd us forth,
Together we had cheer'd our foaming Steeds;
Together press'd the Savage o'er the Plain,
And, when o'er labour'd with the pleasing Toil, (Am. Step.)
Stretch'd on the verdant Soil, had slept together. Rowe.

But then, Hippolitus!
Gods! How he look'd and mov'd when he approach'd me!
Dread-

Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely;
 His kindling Cheeks with purple Beauties glow'd;
 His lovely sparkling Eyes shot martial Fires:
 O' Godlike Form! O' extasy of Transport!
 My Breath grew short; my beating Heart sprung upward,
 And leap'd and bounded in my heaving Bosom:
 Gods! How I shook! What boiling Heat inflam'd
 My panting Breast! That Night with Love I sicken'd:
 Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming Visits:
 Then wou'd he talk with such a heav'nly Grace;
 Look with such dear Compassion on my Pains;
 That I cou'd wish to be so sick for ever:
 My Ears, my greedy Eyes, my thirsty Soul,
 Drunk gorging in the dear delicious Poison;
 'Till I was lost, quite lost in impious Love: (Phæd. & Hip.)
 The God of Love, ev'n the whole God possess'd me. Smith.
 Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a Pain,
 Emma, beyond what Woman knows to feign?
 Has thy uncertain Bosom ever strove
 With the first Tumults of a real Love?
 Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest'd his Sway;
 By Turns averse, and joyful to obey?
 Thy Virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
 As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
 And wept the Potent God's resistless Dart,
 His killing Pleasure, his extatick Smart,
 And heav'nly Poison thrilling thro' thy Heart? Prior.
 If Love, alas! be Pain, the Pain I bear,
 No Thought can figure, and no Tongue declare:
 Ne'er faithful Woman felt, nor false one feign'd:
 The Flames which long have in my Bosom reign'd:
 The God of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all his Rage, and Dread, and Grief, and Care.
 His Complement of Stores, and total War. Prior.
 Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Breast;
 Attended on his Throne by all his Guards
 Of furious Wishes, Fears, and nice Suspitions. Orw. C. Mar.
 ----- I'm all o'er Love:
 Nay, I am Love: Love shot, and shot so fast, (Gran. p. 1.)
 He shot himself into my Breast at last. Dryd. Conq.
 I burn, I burn, like kindled Fields of Corn,
 When by the driving Winds the Flames are borne. Scro. Or.
 For oh! I burn like Fires with Incence bright;
 Not holy Tapers shine with purer Light:
 Aeneas is my Thoughts perpetual Theme;
 Their daily Longing, and their nightly Dream:

My self, I cannot to my self restore;
Still I complain, and still I love him more. Dryd. Ovid.

I look'd and gaz'd, and never mis'd my Heart,
It fled so pleasingly away: But now
My Soul is all Lavinia's; now she's fix'd
Firm in my Heart, by secret Vows made there,
Th' indelible Records of faithful Love! Otw. C. Mar.

A mutual Warmth thro' both their Bosoms spread:
Fate gave the Signal; both at once began
The gentle Race, and with just Pace they ran:
Ev'n so, methinks, when two fair Tapers come,
From sev'ral Doors, ent'ring at once the Room,
With a swift Flight, that leaves the Eye behind,
Their am'rous Lights into one Light are join'd:
Nature herself were she to judge the Case,
Knew not which first began the kind Embrace. (Dav. Cowl.)

No Warning! of th' approaching Flame;
Swiftly, like suddain Death, it came:
Like Travellers, by Light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the Moment I beheld;
To what my Eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand Graces more:
And Fanfy blows into a Flame
The Spark that from her Beauty came:
And, th' Object thus improv'd by Thought,
By my own Image I am caught:
Pygmalion so, with fatal Art,
Polish'd the Form that stung his Heart. Lanfd. B. Ench.

For thus the Bedlam Train of Lovers use
To enhance the Value, and the Faults excuse:
And therefore 'tis no Wonder, if we see,
They doat on Dowdies and Deformity:
Ev'n what they cannot praise, they will not blame,
But veil with some extenuating Name:
The fallow Skin is for the swarthy put;
And Love can make a Slattern of a Slut:
If cat-ey'd, then a Pallas is their Love:
If freckled, she's a parti-colour'd Dove:
If little, then she's Life and Soul all o'er:
An Amazon, the large two-handed Whore:
The stammers? Oh what Grace in Lissing lies!
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise:
If loud, and with a Voice to drown a Quire,
Sharp-witted she must be, and full of Fire:
The lean consumptive Wench, with Coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid:
Th' o'ergrown, a goodly Ceres is express'd,

A Bedfellow for Bacchus at the least:
 Flat Nose the Name of Satyr never misses;
 And hanging blubber Lips, but pout for Kisses. Dr. Luer.
 ——— He walk'd about the Grove,
 And loudly sung his Roundelay of Love:
 But on the sudden stop'd, and silent stood,
 (As Lovers often muse, and change their Mood).
 Now high as Heav'n, and then as low as Hell,
 Now up, now down, as Buckers in a Well:
 For Venus, like her Day, will change her Chear, (& Arc.
 And seldom shall we see a Friday clear. Dryd. Chauc. Pal.
 Well cou'd I all my other Ills endure,
 But Love's a Malady without a Cure.
 Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery Dart:
 He fries within, and hisses at my Heart:
 Of such a Goddess no Time leaves Record, (Pal. & Arc.
 Who burn'd the Temple, where she was ador'd. Dryd. Chauc.

She had a thousand jadish Tricks,
 Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd Freak she had,
 As insolent as strange and mad:
 She could Love none, but only such
 As scorn'd and hated her as much:
 'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady;
 Not Love, if any lov'd her! Hey-day!
 So some Diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the Sound.
 He, that gets her by Heart, must say her
 The back Way, like a Witch's Prayer.
 Love in her Heart as idly burns
 As Fire in antique Roman Urns,
 To warm the Dead, and vainly light
 Those only, that see nothing by't.
 She had not Pow'r to entertain,
 And render Love for Love again:
 As no Man can draw in his Breath
 At once, and force out Air beneath. Hud.

When Day declines, and Feasts renew the Night,
 Still on his Face she feeds her famish'd Sight:
 She longs again to hear the Prince relate
 His own Adventures, and the Trojan Fate:
 He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain:
 For she still begs to hear it once again:
 The Hearer on the Speaker's Mouth depends;
 And thus the tragick Story never ends.
 Then, when they part, when Phœbe's paler Light
 Withdraws, and falling Stars to sleep invite,

he last remains, when ev'ry Guest is gone,
 ts on the Bed he press'd, and sighs alone:
 bsent, her absent Hero sees and hears;
 r in her Bosom young Alcanius bears;
 nd seeks the Father's Image in the Child;
 Love by Likeness might be so beguil'd. Dr. Virg.
 Th' unhappy Queen with Talk prolong'd the Night, (Virg.)
 nd drank large Draughts of Love with vast Delight. Dr.

Can I forget him? Drive him from my Soul?

O he will still be present to my Eyes;
 His Words will ever echo in my Ears;
 Still will he be the Torture of my Days;
 Lane of my Life, and Ruin of my Glory.

—— His fatal Form
 reigns in my Heart, and dwells before my Eyes!

To the Gods I pray, the very Vows,
 I make to Heav'n, are by my erring Tongue.

I spoke to Hippolitus: If I try to sleep,
 trait, in my drowzy Eyes, my restless Fanny (Phæd. & Hip.)
 brings back his fatal Form, and curses all my Slumbers. Smith.

My Cheeks no longer did their Colour boast:

My Food grew loathsome, and my Strength I lost!

Still, e'er I spoke, a Sigh wou'd stop my Tongue:

Short were my Slumbers, and my Nights were long:

I knew not from my Love those Grievs did grow;

Yet was, alas! The Thing I did not know. Dryd. Ovid.

As Wax dissolves, and Ice begins to run,

And trickle into Drops before the Sun:

So melts the Youth and languishes away;

His Beauty withers, and his Limbs decay. Add. Ovid.

Lucia, thou know'st not half the Love he bears thee:

Whene'er he speaks of thee, his Heart's in Flames:

He sends out all his Soul at ev'ry Word; (Cat.)

And thinks, and talks, and looks, like one transported. Add.

—— He greatly Loves thee,

His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions, all betray it:

But still the smother'd Fondness burns within him:

When most it swells, and labours for a Vent;

The Sense of Honour, and Desire of Fame,

Drive the big Passion back into his Heart. Add. Caro.

Alas! Thou talk'st like one who never felt

Th' impatient Throbs and Longings of a Soul,

That pants, and reaches after distant Good:

A Lover does not live by vulgar Time:

Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's Absence,

Life hangs upon me, and becomes a Burthen:

And yet, when I behold the charming Maid,

I'm

I'm ten times more undone; while Hope, and Fear,
And Grief, and Rage, and Love, rise up at once,
And with Variety of Pain distract me. Add. Cato.

Tell her thy Brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his Bloom;
That he forgets his Sleep, and loaths his Food;
That Youth, and Health, and War, are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious Days, and restless Nights,
And all the Torments, that thou see'st me suffer. Add. Cato.

Teach me to Love? ———

Teach Craft to Scots, and Thrift to Jews,
Teach Boldness to the Stews:

In Tyrants Courts teach subtle Flattery;

Teach Jesuits that have travell'd far, to lie:

Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,

Teach restless Fountains how to flow;

Teach the dull Earth fix'd to abide,

Teach Womankind Inconstancy and Pride:

But, prithee, teach not me to love.

'Tis I, who Love's Columbus am; 'tis I

Who must new Worlds in Love descry.

Me Times to come, I know it, shall

Love's last and greatest Prophet call:

But ah! What's that, if she refuse

To hear the wholesome Doctrines of my Muse?

If to my Share the Prophet's Fate must come,

Hereafter Fame, here Martyrdom? Cowl.

In Love with an Enemy.

To Love's no stranger than to live: A Tax
Impos'd on all by Nature; paid in kind,
Familiar as our Being ——— But is't not strange
To love an Enemy, whom yester Sun beheld
Must'ring her Charms, and rolling, as she pass'd
By ev'ry Squadron, her alluring Eyes,
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my Ruin?
The Shouts of Soldiers, and the Burst of Cannon,
Maintain ev'n still a deaf and murmur'ing Noise,
Nor is Heav'n yet recover'd of the Sound
Her Battel rous'd: Yet spite of me I love. Dr. D. Seb.

But Love with Malice: As an angry Cur
Snarls while he feeds; so will I seize, and stanch
The Hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
And leave the Scraps for Slaves. — Dryd. OEdip.

Thou love! That odious Mouth was never fram'd
To speak a Word so soft: ———

Name Death again; for that thou canst pronounce

With horrid Grace, becoming of a Tyrant :
 Love is for human Hearts, and not for thine,
 Where the brute Beast extinguishes the Man.

Insult nor:

Too soon, proud Beauty, I confess no Love :
 Yet 'tis below my Greatness to disown it.
 Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too :
 Would hunt thee bare-foot in the mid-day Sun,
 Thro' the parch'd Deserts, and the scorching Sands,
 To enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd to kill thee.
 Lay by thy Lion's Hide, vain Conqueror,
 And take the Distaff, for thy Soul's my Slave.

Yes I will wed thee,

In spite of thee, and of my self I will :
 For what? To people Africa with Monsters,
 Which that unnat'ral Mixture must produce?
 Serpent, I will engender Poison with thee;
 Min Hate with Hate; add Venome to the Birth :
 Our Offspring, like the Seed of Dragon's Teeth, (D.Seb.
 Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to Death. Dryd.

O Horror! Horror! After this Alliance,
 Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolves with Sheep;
 And ev'ry Creature couple with his Foe. Dryd. Span. Fryar.
 Now let the Lamb and Wolf no more be Foes;
 Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Rose:
 From Reeds and Thistles, Balm and Amber spring;
 And Owls and Daws provoke the Swan to sing,
 Let Tityrus in Woods with Orpheus vie,
 And soft Arion on the Waves descie. Staff. Virg.
 Let Griffins, Mares, and Eagles, Turtles, woo;
 And tender Fawns the rav'ning Dogs pursue. Cherw. Virg.

Protestations and Transports of Love.

I come,

Fly to my ador'd Castalio's Arms,
 My Wishes Lord! May ev'ry Morn begin
 Like this, and with our Days our Loves renew! Otw. Orph.
 Chamont's the dearest Thing I have on Earth! (Orph.
 Give me Chamont, and let the World forsake me. Otw.
 O I will throw my impatient Arms about her,
 In her soft Bosom sigh my Soul to Peace,
 Till thro' my panting Breast she finds the Way
 To mould my Heart, and make it what she will. Otw. Orph.
 I will not rest, till I have found Castalio,
 My Wishes Lord, comely as rising Day,
 Amidst ten thousand eminently known,
 Now's spring where-e'er he treads, his Eyes

Foun-

Fountains of Brightness, chearing all about him!
When will they shine on me! — Otw. Orph.

With what a graceful Tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest Vows!

Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweetness. (Caro)
Dwell ever on his Tongue and smooth his Thoughts. Add.

O, he was all made up of Love and Charms;
Whatever Maid cou'd wish, or Man admire;
Delight of ev'ry Eye! When he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladden'd all that saw him:

But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise. Add. Caro

O my Lavinia! If my Heart e'er stray,
Or any other Beauty ever charm me;

If I not live intirely only thine,
In that curst Moment when my Soul forsakes thee,

May I be hither brought a Captive bound,
T'adorn the Triumph of my basest Foe.

And if I live not faithful to the Lord
Of my first Vows, my dearest only Marius,

May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O Rome,

Till, flying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or some worse Fate destroy me,

And not a Tree vouchsafe a Leaf to hide me. Otw. C. Mar

May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down

This Vessel, which is all your own;

Or may the Heavens fall, and cover

These Reliques of your constant Lover. Hud.

Oh! Bid me leap, rather than go to Sylla,
From off the Battlements of any Tow'r;

Or walk in thievish Ways; or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: Chain me with roaring Bears,

Or hide me nightly in a Charnel-House:
Things that to hear but told have made me tremble;

And I'll go thro' it without Fear or Doubting,
To keep my Vows unspotted to my Love. Otw. C. Mar

And if you doubt this to be true,

I'll stake my self down against you;

And if I fail in Love or Troth,

Be you the Winner, and take both. Hud.

The Birds shall cease to tune their Ev'ning Song;
The Winds to breathe, the waving Woods to move,

And Streams to murmur, e're I cease to love. Pope.

Oh thou soft Dear! If ever I forsake thee,
At my last Hour may I despair of Mercy:

And may those Saints, that knew the Wrong I did thee,
 When at Heav'n's Gate I beg for Entrancè, answer,
 Remember what thou did'st to Fausta swear;
 Be gone, for ever leave this happy Sphere;
 For perjur'd Lovers have no Mansion here. Lee **Conf.**

O best Joy
 Of my abounding Soul! What shall I call thee?
 By Heav'n, thou art all Heav'n! All Paradise!
 My Soul's best Life, and my Heart's grasp'd Desire!
 Thou dearest of the World! The Mother in her throes,
 After the Rack, when hanging o'er her Babe,
 With bleeding Joys, wild Looks, and yearning Smiles,
 Loves not her Darling more than I love Crispus. Lee **Conf.**

So well I love him, that with him all Deaths
 I could endure; without him live no Life. Milt. **Par. Lost.**

I swear to you by Heav'n, by all Things sacred,
 By all that's great and lovely upon Earth,
 By him, by Guise, by all the blessed Moments
 Of that dear Life, which single I prefer
 To millions of my own, I love him more
 Than you love Glory, Vengeance and Ambition. Lee **Mafs. of**

For Oh! I love beyond all former Passion.
 Die for him! That's too little: I cou'd burn
 Piece-meal away; or bleed to Death by Drops:
 Be flea'd alive; then broke upon the Wheel:
 Yet, with a Smile, endure it all for Guise:
 And, when let loose from Torments, all one Wound,
 Run with my mangled Arms, and crush him dead. Lee

(**Mafs. of Par.**)
 Call then, my Lord, call forth your fierce Tormentors;
 Propose to Marguerite Flames and Wounds,
 And all the cruel Arts of thoughtful Fury:
 Or turn me forth a Beggar to the World,
 And make it Death for any to relieve me:

Set the mad Multitude, like Dogs, upon me,
 To tear, to worry me, like common Flesh;
 Or drag me to a Ditch, and leave me gasping:
 Yet with my last Sighs I will groan to Heav'n,
 'Tis easier this, than to be false to Guise. Lee **Mafs. of Par.**

O Mithridates, mighty as thou art,
 Before whose Throne Princes stand dumb as Death,
 With folded Arms, and their Eyes fix'd to Earth,
 Dishonour brand me, if I wou'd not chuse
 A private Life with her whom my Soul loves,
 Rather than live like thee, with all thy Titles,
 The King of Kings without her. — Lee **Mith.**

—— I swear upon this Sword; and oh!
 Be Witness, Heav'n, and all avenging Pow'rs,
 Of the true Love I give the Prince Ziphares:
 When I in Thought forsake my plighted Faith,
 Much less in Act, for Empire change my Love;
 May this keen Sword by my own Father's Hand
 Be guided to my Heart, rip Veins and Arteries:
 And cut my faithless Limbs from this hack'd Body,
 To feast the ravenous Birds and Beasts of Prey. Lee. Michr.

If thou, more fair, than the red Morning's Dawn,
 Sweeter than pearly Dews that scent the Lawn,
 Than blue-ey'd V'lets, or the Damask Rose,
 When in her hottest Fragrancy she glows,
 And the cool West her wafted Odours blows;
 If thou art not the Darling of my Soul,
 May Mountains, big with Curses on me roul: Lee. Glor.

—— By all those holy Vows,
 Which, if there be a Pow'r above, are binding,
 Or, if there be a Hell below, are fearful;
 May ev'ry Imprecation, which your Rage (& Cress.
 Can wish on me, take Place, if I am false. Dryd. Troil.

If e'er my Breast a guilty Flame receives,
 Or covets Joy, but what thy Presence gives:
 May ev'ry injur'd Pow'r assert thy Cause,
 And Love avenge his violated Laws:
 While cruel Beasts of Prey infest the Plain,
 And Tempests rage upon the faithless Main,
 Whilst Sighs and Tears shall list'ning Virgins move,
 So long, ye Pow'rs, will fond Neera love. Yald. Ovid.

Does the Poor suff'ring fair One Virtue love,
 Who drinks the Brook, and eats what Nature yields,
 Rather than feast in Courts with Loss of Honour?
 Do those, who on the Rack for Heav'n expire,
 Love Angels, and eternal Brightness there?

'Tis sure they do. — And oh! 'Tis full as sure,
 That Caesar Borgia dies for Bellamira. Lee. Cæs. Bor.

I love you too with such a holy Fire, (& Ar.
 As will not, cannot, but with Life, expire. Dryd. Chau. Pil.

And, if beyond this Life Desire can be, (Sig. & Guile
 Not Death it self shall set my Passion free. Dryd. Boc.

For Bliss, as thou hast Part, to me is Bliss;
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. Milt. Par. Lob.

So well I love, Words cannot speak how well:
 No pious Son e'er lov'd his Mother more,

Than I my dear Jocasta. — Dryd. OEd. Spoken by OEdip.

How I love Hector? Need I say I love him?

I am not but in him. — Dryd. Troil. & Cress.

For I attest fair Venus and her Son,
That I of all Mankind will love but thee alone. Prior.

My Thought shall fix, my latest Wish depend
On thee; Guide, Guardian, Kinsman, Father, Friend:
By all those sacred Names be Henry known
To Emma's Heart; and grateful let him own,
That she of all Mankind cou'd love but him alone. Prior. }
Fairest Collection of thy Sexes Charms,
Crown of my Love, and Honour of my Youth,
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal Truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his Life employ
And found his Glory in his Emma's Joy. Prior.

Let me be grateful still to Henry's Eyes:
Lost to the World, let me to him be known:
My Fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
That, leaving all Mankind, I love but him alone. Prior. }
Hear, solemn Jove, and conscious Venus, hear:
And thou, bright Maid, believe me while I swear;
No Time, no Change, no future Flame shall move,
The well-plac'd Basis of my lasting Love. Prior.

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Best Miracle of Love and Truth!
All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
My Love and Life long since are thine:
A real Joy I never knew,
'Till I believ'd thy Passion true:
A real Grief I ne'er can find,
'Till thou prove perjur'd or unkind:
Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
All we abhor, and all we tear,
Blest with thy Presence I can bear:
Thro' Waters and thro' Flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and Solace of thy Woe.
Had I a Wish that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear;
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And die to let it out again.
No: Venus shall my Witness be,
If Venus ever lov'd like me,
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms and this Retreat,
To be the Persian Monarch's Bride,
Part'ner of all his Pow'r and Pride;
Or rule in regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of Jove. Prior.

I have a Heart, but if it cou'd be false
To my first Vows, ever to love again;
A a 2
These

These honest Hands shou'd tear it from my Breast,
 And throw the Traytor from me. — South. Oroo.
 For Truth itself, and everlasting Love,
 Grow in this Breast, and Pleasure in these Arms. South. Oroo.
 — — — Here I reign.

In full Delights, in Joys to Pow'r unknown: (Oroon.
 Your Love my Empire, and your Heart my Throne. South.

There's not a God inhabits the bright Sphere,
 But for this Beauty wou'd all Heav'n forswear:
 Ev'n Jove wou'd try more Shapes her Love to win,
 And, in new Birds, and unknown Beasts, wou'd sin; Dryd.
 Tyr. Love.

I love you more than Love can wield the Matter;
 Dearer than Eye-sight, Space, and Liberty;
 Beyond what can be valu'd rich or rare:
 No less than Life, with Grace, Health, Beauty, Honour;
 As much as Child e'er lov'd, or Father found:
 A Love, that makes Breath poor, and Speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you. Shak. K. Lear.

While Amadis Oriana's Love possess'd,
 Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breast,
 Not Jove, the King of Gods, like Amadis, was bless'd. }

While t' Oriana Amadis was true,
 Nor wand'ring Flames to distant Climates drew;
 No Heav'n, but only Love, the pleas'd Oriana knew. }
 Tho' brave Constantius charms with ev'ry Art,
 That can entice a tender Virgin's Heart,
 Whether he shines for Glory or Delight,
 To tempt Ambition, or enchant the Sight,
 Were Amadis restor'd to my Esteem,
 I would reject a Deity for him.

Tho' false, as wat'ry Bubbles, blown by Wind,
 Fix'd in my Soul, and rooted in my Mind,
 I love Oriana, faithless and unkind: }
 O were she kind, and faithful as she's fair,
 For her alone I'd live, and die for her. Lansd. Brit. Ench.

Place me on Mountains of eternal Snow,
 Where all is Ice, all winter Winds that blow;
 Or cast me underneath the burning Line,

Where everlasting Sun does shine;
 Where all is scorch'd; whatever you decree,

Ye Gods! where-ever I shall be,
 Myra shall still be lov'd, and still ador'd by me. Lansd.

Empire and Victory, be all forsaken,
 All but Chruseis. Yes, ye partial Pow'rs,
 To Plagues, add Poverty, Disgrace, and Shame;
 Strip me of all my Dignities and Crowns;
 Not one of all your Curses will be felt,

While

Whilt I can keep this Blessing: Take, O take
Your Sceptres back, and give them to my Foes:
Give me but Life, and Love, and my Chruseis,
'Tis all I ask of Heav'n. ——— Lanfd. Her. Love.

The World's a worthless Sacrifice for her,
More worth than thousand Worlds. ———

The Gods, that with unnumber'd Eyes look down
From their high Firmament, all stuck with Lights,
See nothing half so glorious, or so bright.

Glory, that common Mistress of Mankind,
Courtied by all, but by so few possess'd,

For which so many Rivals hourly fall,
Early I saw, was tempted, and enjoy'd:

But Love has led me to new Realms of Bliss,
Where Pleasures blossom with eternal Spring;

Enjoyments made immortal by Desire,
And Joys flow in on Joys, and Rapture streams:

All other Sweets are visionary Bliss;
Nothing but Love substantial Extasy. Lanfd. Her. Love.

————— Let Chaos come,
Confusion seize on all, whene'er we part:

Int'rest, Ambition, Piety, Renown,
Pity and Reason, I have weigh'd them all; (Her. Love.

But, O how light, when thou art in the Scale. Lanfd.

————— Love pleads for me.
And Love's enough: What Argument so strong?

Absent or present, thou art still the same;
My Faith's the same: What, tho' the Hunter flies,

The stricken Stag bleeds on. ———

Th' Impression that thou leav'st upon my Soul,
Lies there so deep, so lively, and so full,

That Memory recalls no other Thought,
But only Love; and only Love of thee. Lanfd. Her. Love.

Tho' the Winds beat, and loud the Billows roar,
Firm stands the Rock, unshaken from the Shore:

Against my Love, tho' Heav'n and Earth combine,
So will I cleave to thee, for ever thine. Lanfd. Her. Love.

Bear Record, Heav'n, and all ye conscious Stars,
Tho' Almerick, ———

Like thee, were lovely, beautiful, and young;
Tho' to his Empire all the East were join'd;

And his Dominions boundless as his Love;
Tho' he would make me Mistress of Mankind;

With noble Scorn, I wou'd insult his Flame,
Reject the Monarch, and a Crown disdain.

Hear, in Return, Armida, what I swear:
Tho' fair Cimene all her Sex outshin'd;

Tho' he, who mounts her Bed, ascends a Throne;
 Tho' Empire, Power, Glory, Riches, all
 That wretched Mortals Happiness misname,
 Attend her Love; and the Refusal, Death;
 Fix'd as the Pole, I never will comply; (Cong.
 But with Armida live; or for Armida die. Hig. Gen.

L O Y A L T Y.

—— I would serve my King;
 Serve him with all my Fortune here at home,
 And serve him with my Person in the Wars;
 Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him, die for him,
 As ev'ry true-born loyal Subject ought. Otw. Orph.

—— I have serv'd him:
 In this old Body yet the Marks remain
 Of many Wounds: I've with this Tongue proclaim'd
 His Right, even in the Face of rank Rebellion;
 And, when a foul-mouth'd Traitor once prophan'd
 His sacred Name; with my good Sabre drawn,
 Ev'n at the Head of all his giddy Rout,
 I rush'd, and clove the Rebel to the Chine. Otw. Orph.

What gen'rous Man can live with that Constraint
 Upon his Soul, to bear, much less to flatter,
 A Court like this? Can I sooth Tyranny?
 Seem pleas'd to see my royal Master murder'd?
 His Crown usurp'd, a Distaff in the Throne?
 A Council made of such as dare not speak;
 And could not if they durst? Whence honest Men
 Banish themselves for Shame of being there?
 A Government, which, knowing not true Wisdom, (Fry.
 Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home. Dr. Span.

L U S T.

It is not Love, but strong libidinous Will
 That triumphs o'er me; and, to satiate that
 What Difference 'twixt this Moor and her fair Dame?
 Night makes their Hues alike; their Use is so:
 Whose Hand's so subtle, he can Colours name,
 If he do wink, and touch them: Lust, being blind,
 Never in Woman did Distinction find. Beaum. Kt. of Malta.

Lust neither sees nor hears ought but it self. Beaum.
 (Kt. of Malta.)

Thy Lust is more insatiate than the Grave,
 And, like infectious Airs, engenders Plagues, (of Corinth.
 To murder all that's chaste or good in Woman. Beaum. Q.

L U X.

L U X U R Y.

O Luxury! thou soft, but sure Deceit!
 Rise of the Mean, and Ruin of the Great!
 Too sure Prefage of ill approaching Fates!
 Thou bane of Empires! and the Change of States!
 Armies in vain resist thy mighty Pow'r;
 Nor Plagues or Famine would confound them more.——

Flora commands, said she, those Nymphs and Knights,
 Who liv'd in slothful Ease, and loose Delights:
 Who never Acts of Honour durst pursue:
 The Men inglorious Knights, the Ladies all untrue:
 Who, nurs'd in Idleness, and train'd in Courts,
 Pass'd all their precious Hours in Plays and Sports;
 Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen,
 And, wither'd, like a Storm, the Freshness of their Green.
 (Dryd. Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf.

Plains of L Y B I A.

—— There no liquid Fountain's Vein
 Wells thro' the Soil, or gurgles thro' the Plain:
 No Harvest there the scatter'd Grain repays,
 But with'ring dies; and, ere it shoots, decays:
 There never loves to spring the mantling Vine,
 Nor wanton Ringlets round her Elm to twine:
 The thirsty Dust prevents the swelling Fruit,
 Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root:
 Thro' secret Veins not temp'ring Moistures pass
 To bind with viscous Force the mould'ring Mass;
 But genial Jove, averse, disdains to smile;
 Forgets, and curses the neglected Soil:
 Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head,
 As ev'ry vegetable Sense were dead:
 Thence the wild dreary Plains one Visage wear;
 Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring, appear;
 Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year.
 No leafy Shades, no naked Deserts know,
 No silver Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows flow.
 But Horrors there, and various Deaths abound,
 And Serpents guard th' inhospitable Ground:
 Here all at large, where nought restrains his force,
 Impetuous Auster runs his rapid Course;
 Nor Mountains here, nor steadfast Rocks resist,
 But free he sweeps along the spacious List:

No stable Groves of antient Oaks arise,
 To tire his Rage, and catch him as he flies;
 But wide around the naked Plains appear,
 Here fierce he drives unbounded thro' the Air,
 Roars, and exerts his dreadful Empire here.
 The whirling Dust, like Waves in Eddies wrought,
 Rising aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught:
 There hangs a sudden Cloud, nor falls again,
 Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain.
 Gazing, the poor Inhabitant describes,
 Where, high above, his Land and Cottage flies;
 Not rising Flames attempt a bolder Flight;
 Like Smoke by rising Flames uplifted, light
 The Sands ascend, and stain the Day with Night. (Luc. Rowe.)

O Lybia, were thy pliant Surface bound,
 And form'd a solid, close compacted Ground;
 Or hadst thou Rocks, whose Hollows, deep below,
 Would draw those ranging Winds, that loosely blow,
 Their Fury, by their firmer Mass oppos'd,
 Or in those dark infernal Caves inclos'd,
 Thy certain Ruin would at once compleat,
 Shake thy Foundations, and unfix thy Seat:
 But well thy sitting Plains here learn'd to yield;
 Thus, not contending, thou thy Place hast held,
 Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'st the Field. (Luc. Rowe.)

M.

M A D.

But now her Grief has wrought her into Frenzy,
 The Images, her troubled Fancy forms,
 Are incoherent, wild; her Words disjointed:
 Sometimes she raves for Musick, Light and Air:
 Nor Air, nor Light, nor Musick, calms her Pains:
 Then with ecstasick Strength she springs aloft,
 And moves, and bounds with Vigour not her own.
 Then Life is on the Wing; then most she sinks,
 When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling Water,
 That foams and hisses o'er the crackling Wood,
 And bubbles to the Brim: ev'n then most wasting,
 When most it swells. ——— Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

Sometimes he rends his Garments, nor does spare
 The goodly Curls of his rich yellow Hair:
 Sometimes a violent Laughter scru'd his Face,
 And sometimes ready Tears dropt down apace:

Some-

Sometimes he fix'd his staring Eyes on Ground, (David.
 And sometimes in wild Manner hurl'd them round. Cowh.
 The Moon has rould above his Head, and turn'd it,
 As Peals of Thunder four the gen'rous Wine. Dr. L. Prius
 There in a Den, remov'd from human Eyes,
 Possess'd with Muse the Brain-sick Poet lies :
 Too miserably wretched to be nam'd ;
 For Plays, for Heros, and for Passion, fam'd.
 Thoughtless he raves his sleepless Hours away ;
 In Chains all Night, in Darkness all the Day :
 And, if he gets some Intervals from Pain,
 The Fit returns, he foams, and bites his Chain,
 His Eyeballs roul, and he grows mad again.

(Spoken of Nat. Lee in Bedlam.)

Mad as the Winds,
 When for the Empire of the Main they strive. Den. Ap. al
 More wild

Than the fierce Tigress of her Young beguil'd. Lee. Nero. H

My Head grows giddy : Oh that I were mad :

Madness brings Ease : Reason, Reason alone

Feels Sorrow : Folly and Madness are exempt :

No State of human Life is to be envy'd,

But Lunacy and Folly : None can be happy

Who can feel Pain : To want the Sense to grieve

Is the best Measure of Felicity. Lanf. Her. Love.

Madmen sometimes on sudden Flashes hit

Of Sense, which seem remote, and sound like Wit. Dr. Aven. Y

Madness by sacred Numbers is expell'd ;

And Magick will to stronger Magick yield. Hopk. Ovid.

'Tis the Time's Plague, when Madmen lead the Blind.

(Shak. K. Lear.)

MAGICIAN

In Magick he was deeply read,

As he, that made the brazen Head ;

Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art ;

As English Merlin for his Heart ;

But far more skilful in the Spheres ;

Than he was at the Sieve and Shears ;

He could transform himself in Colour

As like the Devil as a Collier ;

As like as Hypocrites in Show ;

Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow. Had.

All Nature lies subjected to my Charms ;

I give her Rest, and rowse her with Alarms.

A. a. 5

My arbitrary Voice she hears with Awe;
 And, standing fix'd, suspends th' eternal Law:
 I to the Tempest make the Poles rebound,
 And the conflicting Elements confound:
 At my Command ———
 The Thunder rushes out on flaming Wings;
 And all the hollow Deep of Hell with hideous Uproar rings.
 (Den. Rin. & Arm.)

Thou know'st how far her dreadful Pow'r extends,
 That Pow'r that sets Earth, Hell and Heav'n in Uproar,
 While Chaos, hush'd, stands list'ning to the Noise,
 And wonders at Confusion, not his own:
 But hark! already she begins; already
 Hell's grisly Tyrant takes the dire Alarm;
 In frantic Haste ev'n now the Furies arm:
 Th' infernal Trumper, thro' th' Abyss profound,
 Horribly rumbles with its dreary Sound:
 Hark! in that Roar Hell's dreadful Mounds it pass'd:
 Hark! how the vaulted Heav'ns restore the dismal Blast!
 (Den. Rin. & Arm.)

With silent Awe attend my potent Charm;
 And thou, O Air, that murmur'st on the Mountain,
 Be hush'd at my Command: Silence, ye Winds,
 That make outrageous War upon the Ocean;
 And thou, old Ocean, lull thy word'ring Waves;
 Ye warring Elements, be hush'd as Death;
 While I impose my dread Commands on Hell:
 And thou, profoundest Hell, whose dreadful Sway
 Is given to me by Fate and Demogorgon,
 Hear, hear my pow'rful Voice thro' all thy Regions,
 By Demogorgon I command thee hear, (8c Arm.)
 And from thy gloomy Caverns thunder thy Reply. D. Rin.

Since that the Pow'rs divine refuse to clear
 The mystick Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies:
 There I can force th' infernal Gods to shew
 Their horrid Forms, each trembling Ghost shall rise,
 And leave their grisly King without a Walter. Lee. OEdip.
 Infernal Gods!

Must you have Musick too? Then tune your Voices,
 And let them have such Sounds, as Hell ne'er heard,
 Since Orpheus brib'd the Shades. Dryd. OEdip.

Hear those Laments, ———
 Those Groans of Ghosts, that cleave the Earth with Pain,
 And heave it up; they pant, and stick half way. Dr. OEd.

The Magus, in th' Interim mumbles o'er
 Vile Terms of Art to some infernal Pow'r;
 And draws mysterious Circles on the Floor.

But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright
 Ascends to blast the tender Bloom of Light :
 No mystick Sounds, from Hell's detested Womb,
 In dusky Exhalations, upwards come :
 And now to raise an Altar he decrees
 To that devouring Harpy call'd Disease :
 Then Flow'rs in Canisters he hasts to bring,
 The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring :
 With cold Solanum from the Pontick Shore ;
 The Roots of Mandrake, and black Hellebore :
 And on the Structure next he heaps a Load
 Of Sassafras in Chips, and Mastick Wood :
 Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
 And with Prescriptions lights the solemn Pile.
 Then to the Hag these Oraisons he sent :
 Thou, that would'st lay whole States and Regions waste,
 Sooner than we, thy Cormorants should fast :
 If, in Return, all Diligence we pay
 To extend your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
 Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
 From Kent-streer End, to fam'd St. Giles's Pound ;
 Behold this poor Libation with a Smile ;
 And let auspicious Light break thro' the Pile.
 He spoke ; and on the Pyramid he lay'd
 Bay-Leaves, and Viper's Hearts ; and thus he said :
 As these consume in this mysterious Fire,
 So let the curs'd Dispensary expire :
 And as these crackle in the Flames, and die ;
 So let its Vessels burst ; and Glasses fly.
 But a sinister Cricket strait was heard :
 The Altar fell ; th' Offering disappear'd. Garth.
 ——— A Pile they rear,
 Within the secret Court, expos'd in Air :
 The cloven Holms and Pines are heap'd on high ;
 And Garlands on the hollow Spaces lie :
 Sad Cypress, Vervain, Eugh, compose the Wreath ;
 And ev'ry baleful Green, denoting Death :
 The Queen, determin'd to the fatal Deed,
 The Spoils and Sword he left, in Order spread,
 And the Man's Image on the nuptial Bed.
 And now, the sacred Altars plac'd around,
 The Priestess enters with her Hair unbound ;
 And thrice invokes the Pow'rs below the Ground.
 Night, Erebus, and Chaos she proclaims,
 And threefold Hecar, with her hundred Names ;
 And three Dianas : next she sprinkles round,
 With feign'd Avernian Drops, the hallow'd Ground ;

Culls

Culls hoary Simples, found by Phoebe's Light,
 With brazen Sickles reap'd at Noon of Night :
 Then mixes baleful Juices in the Bowl :
 And cuts the Forehead of a new-born Foal,
 Robbing the Mother's Love. The destin'd Queen
 Observes, assisting at the Rites obscene :
 A leaven'd Cake in her devoted Hands
 She holds, and next the highest Altar stands :
 One tender Foot was shod, the other bare,
 Girt was her gather'd Gown, and loose her Hair. Dr. Virg.
 Now take your Turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
 His Friends Complaint, and mighty Magick Verse :
 Bring running Water : bind those Altars round
 With Fillers ; and with Vervain strow the Ground :
 Make fat with Frankincence the sacred Fires,
 To rekindle my Daphnis with Desires :
 'Tis done : we want but Verse : restore, my Charms,
 My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing Arms.
 Around his waxen Image first I wind
 Three woollen Fillets, of three Colours join'd :
 Thrice bind about his thrice devoted Head,
 Which round the sacred Altar thrice is led :
 Unequal Numbers please the Gods. ———
 Knit with three Knots the Fillets : knit them straight ;
 And say : These Knots to Love I consecrate.
 As Fire this Figure hardens, made of Clay ;
 And this of Wax with Fire consumes away :
 So let the Soul of Daphnis cruel be,
 Hard to the rest of Women ; soft to me :
 Crumble the sacred Mole of Salt and Corn :
 Next in the Fire the Bays with Brimstone burn ;
 And, while it crackles in the Sulphur, say,
 This I for Daphnis burn ; thus Daphnis burns away :
 This Laurel is his Fate. ———
 These Garments once were his ; and left to me ;
 The Pledges of his promis'd Loyalty :
 Which underneath my Threshold I bestow ;
 These Pawns, O sacred Earth ! to me my Daphnis owe :
 As these were his, so mine is he : my Charms,
 Restore their ling'ring Lord to my deluded Arms.
 Bear out these Ashes ; cast them in the Brook :
 Cast backward o'er your Head ; nor turn your Look :
 Since neither Gods, nor Godlike Verse can move ;
 Break out ye smother'd Fires, and kindle smother'd Love.
 Exert your utmost Pow'r, my ling'ring Charms,
 And force my Daphnis to my longing Arms.

See, while my last Endeavours I delay,
The waking Ashes rise, and round our Altars play:
Run to the Threshold, Amaryllis, hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark:
Good Heav'n! may Lovers what they wish believe;
Or dream their Wishes, and those Dreams deceive?
No more, my Daphnis comes, no more, my Charms:
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring Arms. Dr. Virg.

MAGNANO.

Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial Fame:
He was as fierce as Forest Boar,
Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,
As thick as Ajax seven-fold Shield,
Which o'er his brazen Arms he held:
But Brags was feeble to resist
The Fury of his armed Fist;
Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out
Against his Blows, but they would thro't:
Of warlike Engines he was Authour,
Devis'd for quick Dispatch of Slaughter:
The Cannon, Blunderbuss, and Saker,
He was th'Inventor of and Maker.
The Trumpet, and the Kettle-Drum,
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the first, that e'er did reach
To make, and how to stop, a Breach.
A Lance he bore, with Iron Pike,
Th'one half would thrust, th'other strike:
And when their Forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind. Hud.

MALECONTENT.

————— There's still
A dang'rous Wheel at Work, a thoughtful Villain;
One, who has rais'd his Fortune by the Jars
And Discords of his Countrey; like a Fly
O'er Flesh, he buzzes about itching Ears,
Till he has vented his Infections there,
To fester into Rancour and Sedition. Otw. C. Mar.
————— That talking Knave
Consumes his Time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And sows Sedition up and down the City;
Picking up discontented Fools, belying

The

The Senators and Government, destroying
Faith amongst honest Men, and praising Knaves. (Mar. Otw. C.

The best, and of the Princes some, were such,
Who thought the Pow'r of Monarchy too much;
By these the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the Government.
The next for Int'rest sought t'embroil the State,
To sell their Duty at too dear a Rate;
Pretending publick Good to serve their own:
Others thought Kings an useles heavy Load,
Who cost too much, and did too little Good:
These were for laying honest David by
On Principles of mere good Husbandry. Dr. Abf. & Ach.

The Solymean Rout, well vers'd of old
In godly Faction, and in Treason bold:
Hot Levites headed these; who, pull'd before
From th' Ark, which in the Judges Days they bore,
Resum'd their Cant, and, with a zealous Cry,
Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracy;
Where Sanhedrim and Priest enslav'd the Nation,
And justify'd their Spoils by Inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
These led the Pack; tho' not of surest Scent, (Ach.
Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government. Dryd. Abf. &

Religion and Redress of Grievances,
Two Names, that always cheat, and always please;
They often urge. ——— Dryd. Abf. & Ach.

——— They fill the Peoples Ears
With false Reports, their Minds with jealous Fears. Dr. Virg.

Great Discontents there are, and many Murmurs:
The Doors are all shut up: the wealthier Sort,
With Arms across, and Hats upon their Eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent Shops;
Whole Drovers of Lenders crowd the Banker's Doors,
To call in Money: Those, who have none, mark
Where Money goes; for, when they rise, 'tis Plunder.
Dryd. Sp. Fryar.

——— No Safety can be here for Virtue;
Where all agree to spoil the publick Good,
And Villains fatten with the brave Man's Labours:
We've neither Safety, Unity, nor Peace;
For the Foundation's lost of common Good;
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us:
The Laws, corrupted to their Ends that make them,
Serve but for Instruments of some new Tyranny, (Pres.
That ev'ry Day starts up t'enslave us deeper. Otw. Ven.

——— Oh

——— Oh the curst Fate of Venice!
 Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers, all are false;
 Where there's no Trust, no Truth: where Innocence
 Swoops under yile Oppression, and Vice lords it. *Otw. Ven. Pr.*
 The State is out of Tune: distracting Fears;
 And jealous Doubts jar in our publick Councils;
 Amidst the wealthy City Murmurs rise,
 Lewd Railings and Reproach on those that rule;
 With open Scorn of Government! Hence Credit
 And publick Trust 'twixt Man and Man are broken:
 The golden Streams of Commerce are with-held,
 Which fed the Wants of needy Hinds and Artisans,
 Who therefore curse the Great, and threat Rebellion.

Rowe. J. Shore.

The publick Stock's a Beggar; one Venetian
 Trusts not another: look into their Stores
 Of gen'ral Safety, empty Magazines,
 A tatter'd Fleet, a murm'ring unpaid Army,
 Bankrupt Nobility, a harra's'd Commonalty,
 A factious, giddy, and divided Senate,
 Is all the Strength of Venice! Let's destroy it;
 Let's fill the Magazine with Arms to awe them;
 Man our their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it:
 Let loose the murm'ring Army on their Masters
 To pay themselves with Plunder: lop their Nobles
 To the base Roots, whence most of them first sprung:
 Enslave the Rout, whom smarting will make humble,
 Turn out their doating Senate, and possess
 That Seat of Empire, which our Souls were fram'd for.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

To see the Suff'rings of my Fellow-Creatures,
 And own my self a Man! To see our Senators
 Cheat the deluded People with a Shew
 Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of!
 They say, by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
 Yet whom they please they lay in basest Bonds;
 Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow;
 Drive us, like Wrecks, down the rough Tide of Pow'r,
 Whilst no Hold's left to save us from Destruction:
 All that bear this are Villains; and I one,
 Not to rowze up at the great Call of Nature,
 And check the Growth of these domestick Spoilers,
 That make us Slaves, and tell us, 'tis our Charter.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

When shall the deadly Hate of Faction cease;
 When shall our long divided Land have Rest,
 If ev'ry pcevish moody Malecontent

Shall

Shall set the senseless Rabble in an Uproar;
Fright them with Dangers, and perplex their Brains,
Each Day, with some fantastick giddy Change. Rowe. J. Sh.

The resty Knaves are over-run with Ease,
As Plenty ever is the Nurse of Faction. Rowe. J. Shore.

M A N

See how, with various Woes oppress'd,

The wretched Race of Man is worn;

Consum'd with Cares, with Doubts distress'd;

Or by conflicting Passions torn:

Reason in vain employs her Aid;

The furious Will on Fanny waits;

While Reason still, by Hopes or Fears betray'd,

Too late advances, or too soon retreats. Cong.

Bless'd glorious Man, to whom alone kind Heav'n

An everlasting Soul has freely given!

Whom his great Maker took such Care to make,

That from himself he did the Image take,

And this fair Frame in shining Reason dress'd,

To dignify his Nature above Beast.

Reason, by whose aspiring Influence,

We take a Flight beyond material Sense;

Dive into Mysteries; then soaring pierce

The flaming Limits of the Universe;

Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there;

And give the World true Grounds of Hope and Fear. Roch.

But silly Man, in his mistaken Way,

By Reason, his false Guide, is led astray;

Toss'd by a thousand Gusts of wav'ring Doubt,

His restless Mind still rous'd from Thought to Thought:

In each Resolve unsteady, and unfixt;

And, what he one Day loaths, desires the next. Oldh. Boil.

Men are not still the same: our Appetites

Are various and inconstant as the Morn,

That never shines with the same Face again:

'Tis Nature's Curse never to be resolv'd;

Busy to Day in the Pursuit of what

To Morrow's elder Judgment may despise. South. Disap.

'Tis better be a Dog, than be a Man;

Instinct of Nature is the only Guide

Unerring. Vain Light of Reason! Ah, how frail!

Put out by ev'ry accidental Breath,

That Passion blows!

What Fool would be a Man, who had the Choice

Of his own Being? The best, most perfect,

Are

Are so allay'd, the Good so mix'd with Bad,
 Like counterfeit'd Coin of mingled Metal,
 The noble Part's not current for the Base. *Lansd. Her. Love.*
 This is our Image just: Such is that vain,
 That foolish, fickle, motly Creature, Man:
 More changing than a Weather-cock, his Head
 Ne'er wakes with the same Thoughts he went to Bed:
 Unsome to all beside, and ill at Ease,

He neither others, nor himself, can please:
 Each Minute round his whirling Humours run,
 Now he's a Trooper, and a Priest anon,
 To Day in Buff, to Morrow in a Gown. *Oldh. Boil.*

A Man, when first he leaves his primitive Night,
 Breaks from his Mother's Womb to view the Light:

Like a poor Carcass, tumbled by the Flood,
 He falls all naked, and besmear'd with Blood,

An Infant weak, and destitute of Food:

With tender Cries the pitying Air he fills;

A fit Prefage for all his coming Ills:

While Beasts are born and grow with greater Ease;

No Need of sounding Rattles them to please:

No Need of tattling Nurfes busy Care:

They want no Change of Garments, but can wear
 The same at any Season of the Year.

They need no Arms, no Garrison, or Town,

No stately Castles to defend their own:

Nature supplies their Wants; whate'er they crave

She gives them, and preserves the Life she gave. *Cr. Lucr.*

Could it be told to Children in the Womb,

To what a Stage of Mischiefs they must come:

Could they foresee with how much Toil and Sweat,

Men court that gilded Nothing, being great,

What Pains they take to be not what they seem,

Eating their Bliss by others false Esteem;

How each Condition has its proper Thorns,

And, what one Man admires, another scorns;

Sure they would beg a Period of their Breath,

And, what we call their Birth, would count their Death.

We all live by Mistake, delight in Dreams,

Lost to our selves, and dwelling in Extreame:

Rejecting what we have, tho' ne'er so good,

And prizing what we never understood.

Hence we reverse the World; and yet still find,

The God, that made, can hardly please our Mind.

Our Thoughts, tho' nothing can be more our own,

Are still unguided, very seldom known.

Time

Time 'scapes our Hands, as Water in a Sieve;
 We come to die, ere we begin to live.
 Truth, the most suitable and noble Prize,
 Food of our Spirits, yet neglected lies:
 Errours and Shadows are our Choice; and we
 Owe our Perdition to our own Decree:
 If we search Truth, we make it more obscure;
 And, when it shines, cannot the Sight endure:
 For most Men now, who plod, and eat, and drink,
 Have nothing less their Business than to think:
 That serious Evenness, that calms the Breast,
 And in a Tempest can bestow a Rest,
 We either not attempt, or else decline;
 By ev'ry Trifle snatch'd from our Design:
 We govern not our selves; but loose the Reins,
 Courting our Bondage to a thousand Chains:
 We live upon a Rack, extended still
 To one Extream, or both; but always ill. Orinda.

That Man is frail and mortal, is confess'd:
 Convulsions rack his Nerves, and Cares his Breast:
 His flying Life is chas'd by rav'ning Pains
 Thro' all its Doubles in the winding Veins:
 Within himself he sure Destruction breeds,
 And secret Torment in his Bowels feeds:
 By cruel Tyrants, by the savage Beast,
 Or his own fiercer Passion, he's oppress'd:
 Now breaths malignant Air, now Poyson drinks;
 By gradual Death, or by untimely, sinks. *Blac. Creat.*

Ah hapless mortal Man! ah rigid Fate!
 What Cares attend our short uncertain State?
 How wide a Front, how deep and black a Reer,
 What sad Varieties of Grief and Fear,
 Drawn in Array, exert their fatal Rage,
 And gall obnoxious Life thro' ev'ry Stage,
 From Infancy to Youth, from Youth to Age!

Who can compile a Roll of all our Woes?
 Our Friends are faithless, and sincere our Foes:
 Now sharp Invektives from an envious Tongue
 Improve our Errours, and our Virtues wrong:
 Th' Oppressour now, with arbitrary Might,
 Tramples on Laws, and robs us of our Right:
 Dangers unseen on ev'ry Side invade,
 And Snares o'er all th' unfaithful Ground are laid. *(Creat. Blac.)*
 Howe'er 'tis well, that while Mankind
 Thro' Fates perverse Meander errs,
 He can imagin'd Pleasures find,
 To combat against real Cares.

Fancies and Notions he pursues,
 Which ne'er had Being but in Thought:
 Each, like the Grecian Artist, woos
 The Image, he himself has wrought;
 Against Experience he believes;
 He argues 'gainst Demonstration:
 Pleas'd, when his Reason he deceives,
 And sets his Judgment by his Passion:
 Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim:
 At Objects in an airy Height:
 The little Pleasure of the Game
 Is from afar to view the Flight.
 Our anxious Pains we, all the Day,
 In Search of what we like, imploy;
 Scorning at Night the worthless Prey,
 We find the Labour gave the Joy.
 At Distance thro' an artful Glass
 To the Mind's Eye Things well appear:
 They lose their Forms, and make a Mass
 Confus'd and black, if brought too near,
 If we see right, we see our Woes;
 Then what avails it to have Eyes?
 From Ignorance our Comfort flows,
 And Sorrow from our being wise. Prior.
 Man! foolish Man!

Scarce know'st thou how thy self began:
 Scarce hast thou Thought enough to prove thou art:
 Yet, steel'd with study'd Boldness, thou dar'st try
 To send thy doubting Reason's dazled Eye
 Thro' the mysterious Gulph of vast Immenity:
 Much there thou canst discern, much thence impart:
 Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing Pride;
 Mortifie thy learned Lust:
 Vain are thy Thoughts, while thou thy self art Dust.
 Let Wit her Sails, her Oars let Wisdom lend;
 The Helm let politic Experience guide;
 Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd Bark shall ride
 Down spreading Fates unnavigable Tide:
 What tho' still it farther tend?
 Still 'tis farther from its end;
 And, in the Bosom of that boundless Sea,
 Still finds its Errour lengthen with its Way. Prior.
 Man, still credulous and vain,
 Delights to hear strange Things, delights to feign. Cr, Lucr.
 ——— Man, in his Body's Mire,
 Half Soul, half Clod, sinks blindfold into Sin, (of Inn.
 Betray'd by Fraud without, and Lust within. Dryd. State
 Un-

Unhappy Man, as soon as born, decays
 He numbers few, and those uneasy, Days:
 As, in a verdant Mead, a blooming Flow'r,
 The suddain Offspring of a Summer Show'r,
 Unfolds its Beauty to the Morning Ray,
 But is, ere Ev'ning cut; and fades away:
 So Man a while displays his gawdy Bloom:
 But Death her crooked Scythe will soon assume,
 Mow down and bear the Harveſt to the Tomb:
 He, as a Shadow, or a Shape of Air,
 Will suddenly diſſolve and diſappear:
 The Flame of Life will, as a Lambent-Fire,
 Or Ev'ning Meteor, ſhine and ſtraight expire. *Blac. Job.*
 Most Men carry Things so even,
 Between this World, and Hell; and Heaven,
 Without the least Offence to either;
 They freely deal in all together;
 And equally abhor to quit
 This World for both, or both for it. *Hud.*

New created M A N.

For Man to tell how human Life began
 Is hard: for who himself beginning knew?
 ——— As new-wak'd from soundest Sleep,
 Soft on the flow'ry Herb I found me laid
 In balmy Sweat; which with his Beams the Sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking Moisture fed.
 Then straight tow'rd Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd a while the ample Sky; 'till rais'd
 By quick instinctive Motion up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
 Stood on my Feet: about me round I saw
 Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and sunny Plains,
 And liquid Lapse of murmur'ing Streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
 Birds on the Branches warbling: all Things smil'd:
 With Fragrance and with Joy my Heart o'erflow'd:
 My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
 Survey'd; and sometimes went, and sometimes ran;
 With supple Joints, and lively Vigour led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what Cause,
 Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake:
 My Tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 What'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,
 And thou, enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,

And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here?
 Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
 In Goodness and in Pow'r pre-eminent:
 Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,
 From whom I have, that I thus move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know. Milt. Par. Lost.
 (Spoken by Adam.)

MARCELLUS.

Aeneas, here, beheld, of Form divine,
 A God-like Youth, in glitt'ring Armour shine:
 With great Marcellus keeping equal Pace;
 But gloomy were his Eyes; dejected was his Face:
 He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy Guide,
 What, and of whence was he, who press'd the Hero's Side?
 His Son, or one of his illustrious Name?
 How like the former, and almost the same!
 Observe the Crowds that compass him around;
 All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting Sound:
 But hov'ring Mists around his Brows are spread;
 And Night, with sable Shades, involves his Head.
 Seek not to know, the Ghost reply'd with Tears,
 The Sorrows of thy Sons, in future Years:
 This Youth, the blissful Vision of a Day,
 Shall just be shown on Earth, and snatch'd away:
 The Gods too high had rais'd the Roman State,
 Were but their Gifts as permanent as great:
 What Groans of Men shall fill the Martian Field?
 How fierce a Blaze his flaming Pile shall yield!
 What Fun'ral Pomp shall floating Tiber see,
 When, rising from his Bed, he views the sad Solemnity!
 No Youth shall equal Hopes of Glory give:
 No Youth afford so great a Cause to grieve:
 The Trojan Honour and the Roman Boast;
 Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
 Mirror of antient Faith in early Youth!
 Undaunted Worth, inviolable Truth!
 No Foe, unpunish'd in the fighting Field,
 Shall dare thee Foot to Foot, with Sword and Shield:
 Much less, in Arms oppose thy matchless Force,
 When thy sharp Spurs shall urge thy foaming Horse:
 Ah! could'st thou break thro' Fate's severe Decree,
 A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
 Full Canisters of fragrant Lillies bring,
 Mix'd with the purple Roses of the Spring:

Let

Let me with Fun'ral-Flow'rs his Body strow;
 This Gift, which Parents to their Children owe,
 This unavailing Gift, at least I may bestow. Dryd. Virg.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage, thou Blis of Love! Thou Prop of Life:
 That first dethron'st a Miss to raise a Wife:
 Love's pleasing Julep, thou allay'st the Rage,
 Which nothing safely can, but thou and Age. King.
 Hymen, thou Source of chaste Delights,
 Chearful Days, and blisful Nights;
 Thou dost untainted Joys dispense,
 And Pleasure join with Innocence:
 Thy Raptures last, and are sincere
 From future Grief, and present Fear.
 Who to forbidden Joys would move,
 That knows the Sweets of virtuous Love? Add. Ro.

The Spousals are prepar'd: already play
 The Minstrels, and provoke the tardy Day.
 The Sun arose; the Streets were throng'd around;
 The Palace open'd; and the Posts were crown'd:
 The double Bridegroom at the Door attends
 Th'expected Spouse, and entertains the Friends:
 They meet; they lead to Church; the Priests invoke
 The Pow'rs; and feed the Flames with fragrant Smoke.
 This done, they feast; and, at the Close of Night,
 By kindled Torches vary their Delight;
 These lead the lively Dance, and those the brimming
 Bowls invite. Dryd. Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.

—— The Roofs with Joy resound;
 And Hymen, Io Hymen, rung around:
 Rais'd Altars shone with holy Fires: the Bride,
 Lovely her self, (and lovely by her Side
 A Bevy of bright Nymphs, with sober Grace,)
 Came glitt'ring like a Star, and took her Place.
 Her heav'nly Form beheld, all wish'd her Joy;
 And little wanted, but, in vain, their Wishes all employ.

Dryd! Or.

On either Side the Kisses flew so thick,
 That neither he nor she had Breath to speak:
 The holy Priest, amaz'd at what he saw,
 Made haste to sanctifie the Blis by Law:
 And mutter'd fast the Marrimony o'er,
 For Fear committed Sin should get before:

His Work perform'd, he left the Pair alone,
 Because he knew he could not go too soon:
 His Presence odious when his Task was done:
 What Thoughts he had, beseems not me to say;
 Tho' some surmise he went to fast and pray;
 And needed both to drive the tempting Thoughts away.

Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

Is not Love Love, without a Priest and Altars?
 The Temples are inanimate, and know not
 What Vows are made in them; the Priest stands ready
 For 's Hire; and cares not what Hearts he couples:
 Love alone is Marriage. — Dryd. Assig.

What a Priest says, moves not the Mind:
 Souls are by Love, not Words, combin'd. Sedl.

Marriage is a bold Venture at the best:

But, when we please our selves, we venture least.

South. Fat. Marr.

Curst be the Memory, nay double curst,
 Of her, that wedded Age for Int'rest first!
 Tho' worn with Years, with fruitless Wishes full;
 'Tis all Day troublesome, and all Night dull.
 Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy Lives;
 Fools are the fittest finest Things for Wives:
 Yet old Men Profit bring, as Fools bring Ease,
 And both make Youth and Wit much better please.

Orw. Sold. Fort.

All Men should wed with their Similitude:
 Like should with Like in Love and Years ingage;
 For Youth can never be a Rhyme for Age.

Pope. Chauc. The Miller's Tale.

——— ———— Horses and Asses Men may try;
 And sound suspected Vessels ere they buy;
 But Wives, a Random Choice, untry'd they take;
 They dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock make:
 Then, not till then, the Veil's remov'd away;
 And all the Woman glares in open Day. Pope. Chauc.

O let not Marriage tempt thee to thy Ruin:
 Trust not a Man; we are by Nature false,
 Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
 When a Man talks of Love, with Caution trust him:
 But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee. Orw. Orph.

When to my Arms thou brought'st thy Virgin-Love,
 Fair Angels sung our bridal Hymn above:
 Th' Eternal, nodding, shook the Firmament,
 And conscious Nature gave her glad Consent:
 Roses unbud; and ev'ry fragrant Flow'r,
 Flew from their Stalks to strew thy nuptial Bow'r:

The

The furr'd and feather'd Kind the Triumph did pursue,
And Fishes leap'd above the Streams, the passing Pomp
view. Dryd. State of Inn. Spoken by Adam to Eve

— There are no Bargains driv'n,
Nor Marriages clapt up in Heaven :
And that's the Reason, as some guess,
There is no Heaven in Marriages :
Their Bus'ness there is only Love,
Which Marriage is not like t'improve.
Love, that's too gen'rous to abide
To be against its Nature ty'd :
For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd :
And, like the Soul, its Harbourn,
Debarr'd the Freedom of the Air,
Disdains against its Will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away :
And therefore never can comply
T'endure the Matrimonial Tie,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th'one is but the others Bail :
Like Roman Goalers when they slept,
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept. Hud.
If you would have the nuptial Union last.
Let Virtue be the Bond that ties it fast. Rowe. Fair Pen.

M A R S.

But O what Muse, of all the Tribe below,
Can mighty Mars in equal Numbers show ?
Horrid in Steel, and shining from afar,
With all the solemn Pageantry of War ;
Tho' the rough God should his own Bard inspire,
And join the martial Heat to the Poetick Fire. Brown. Hor.
The God of Arms, who rules the Thracian Coast.

Dryd. Virg.

The frantick God of Battels. Broome. Hom.

— — — Impetuous Mars.

Mars ! murd'ring Mars, whose sole Delight is Blood !
Who sportest with the Ruin of Mankind !
Fierce God of War, whose Joy is Devastation ! Ozel. Hom.
The God, who nothing breathes but false Alarms. Oz. Hom.
As when the dreadful Mars, whose Sport is War,
And Devastation, marches forth to Batrel ;
Him Terrour, his beloved Son, attends,
Whom with enormous Strength, and matchless Boldness
The Gods endu'd ; who with a hideous Look

Withers the Courage of the bravest Man;
 They leave the Mountains of the frozen Thrace,
 And view with ravish'd Eyes the bloody Game. Br. Hom.

— Like War's fierce God,
 Who from the furious Toils of Arms all Day,
 Returning home to Love's fair Queen at Night,
 Comes riotous and hot with full Delight. Otw. D. Carl.

M A R T Y R.

To Minds resolv'd the Threats of Death are vain;
 They run to Fire, and there enjoy their Pain. Dr. Tyr. Love.
 They call for Torments, and are pleas'd to die;
 They all seem fond to wear a Martyr's Crown;
 And meet the Flames with greater of their own. Bl. P. Arth.

To die thus for Religion! O Cavagnes,
 It puts the Soul in everlasting Tune,
 And sounds already in the Ears of Angels:
 And, O, what Cause had ever such Foundation?
 Tell thee that the Root shall reach the Centre,
 Spread to the Poles, and with her Top touch Heav'n.

Lee. Mass. of Par.

Heav'n, that propos'd the Course, will give the Crown.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Martyrs, Elijah-like, to Heav'n aspire
 On ruddy Steeds and rapid Cars of Fire. Blac. K. Arth.
 The Martyrs, tho' but drawn in painted Flames,
 Amaze me with the Image of their Sufferings. Lee. Theod.

M A S S A C R E.

We'll bring Destruction to this cursed City!
 Let not one Stone of all her Tow'rs stand safe:
 Let not her Temples nor her Gods escape:
 Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces perish:
 Her Youth be massacred, her Virgins ravish'd. Otw. C. Mar.

— He amongst us

That spares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
 Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the Face
 Of Ruin look, when these wide Streets run Blood!
 And the glorious Partners of my Fortune,
 Mourning, and striding o'er the prostrate Dead
 All to new Waste; whilst thou, far off in Safety,
 Smiling shall see the Wonders of our Daring. Otw. Ven. Pr.

— The Matron's and the Virgin's Cries,
 The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans (Mar.
 Of murder'd Men, are Musick to appease me. Otw. C.
 [Vol. 2.] B b Kill

Kill like a Plague, or Inquisition ; spare
 No Age, Degree, or Sex : ———
 Spare not in Churches kneeling Priests at Pray'r :
 Spare not young Infants, smiling at the Breast :
 Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood
 From thence, and drown them in their Mother's Blood.
 Pity not Virgins, nor their tender Cries,
 Tho' prostrate at your Feet, with melting Eyes
 All drown'd in Tears ; ———
 Nor let grey hoary Hairs Protection give
 To Age, just crawling on the Verge of Life.
 Seal up your Ears to Mercy. ———
 Make Children by one Fate with Parents die ;
 Kill ev'n Revenge in next Posterity.
 Make Death and Desolation swim in Blood
 Throughout the Land. ——— Oldh.

——— Just Dead of Night,
 And 'tis the blackest that e'er mask'd a Murder :
 It likes me better ; for I love the Scoul,
 The grimmeſt Lour of Fate on ſuch a Deed :
 I would have all the Charnel-Houſes yawn,
 The duſty Urns, and monumental Bones
 Remov'd, to make our Maſſacre a Tomb.

——— Methinks I ſee
 The Glutton Death gorg'd with devouring Lives ;
 Nothing but Images of Horreur round me :
 Rome all in Blood, the raviſh'd Veſtals raving,
 The ſacred Fire put out ; robb'd Mothers Shrieks,
 Deaf'ning the Gods with Clamours for their Babes,
 That ſpawl'd aloft upon the Soldiers Spears :
 The Beard of Age pluck'd off by barb'rous Hands,
 While, from his piteous Wounds and horrid Gaſhes, (Brut.
 The lab'ring Life flow'd faſter than the Blood. Lee. L.).
 Imagine all the Horrors of that Night ;
 Murder and Rapine, Waſte and Deſolation,
 Confus'dly raging. ——— Orw. Ven. Pref.

Think thou already hear'ſt the dying Screams
 Of harmleſs Infants ———
 Think that thou ſee'ſt their ſad diſtracted Mothers
 Kneeling before thy Feet, and begging Pity,
 With torn diſhevel'd Hair, and ſtreaming Eyes,
 Their naked mangled Breſts beſmear'd with Blood,
 And ev'n the Milk, with which their fondled Babes (Pref.
 Softly they huſh'd, dropping in Anguiſh from them. Orw. V.
 Behold the furious and un pitying Soldier
 Pulling his reeking Dagger from the Boſoms
 Of gasping Wretches : Death in ev'ry Quarter,

With

With all that sad Disorder can produce
 To make a Spectacle of Horror. — Otw. Ven. Pref.
 Whither, oh! whither shall we fly for Safety?
 Already reeking Murder's in our Streets:
 Matrons, with Infants in their Arms, are butcher'd, (Mar.
 And Rome appears one noisome House of Slaughter. Otw.C.
 Slaughter bestrid the Streets, and stretch'd himself
 To seem more large; whilst to his stained Thighs
 The Gore he drew flow'd up, and carry'd down
 Whole Heaps of Limbs and Bodies thro' his Arch:
 No Age was spar'd, no Sex; nay, no Degree:
 Not Infants in the Porch of Life were free:
 The sick, the old, who could but hope a Day
 Longer by Nature's Bounty, not let stay:
 Virgins and Widows, Matrons, pregnant Wives,
 All dy'd: 'Twas Crime enough that they had Lives:
 To strike but only those that could do Hurt,
 Was dull and poor: Some fell to make the Number;
 As some the Prey. The rugged Charon fainted,
 And ask'd a Navy rather than a Fleet,
 To ferry over the sad World that came:
 The Maws and Dens of Beasts could not receive
 The Bodies that their Souls were frighted from;
 And ev'n the Graves were fill'd with Men, yet living,
 Whose Flight and Fear had mix'd them with the Dead.

Johns. Gat.

MATHEMATICIAN.

In Mathematicks he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
 For he, by Geometrick Scale,
 Could take the Size of Pots of Ale;
 Resolve, by Signs and Tangents strait,
 If Bread or Butter wanted Weight;
 And wisely tell, what Hour o'th' Day
 The Clock does strike, by Algebra. Hud.

MEDAL of Achitophel.

Never did Art so well with Nature strive;
 Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive;
 So like the Man; so golden to the Sight;
 So base within; so counterfeit and light:
 Five Days he sate for ev'ry Cast and Look;
 Four more than God to finish Adam took:
 But who can tell, what Essence Angels are?
 Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer?

B b 2

O,

O, cou'd the Style, that copy'd ev'ry Grace,
 And plough'd such Furrows for an Eunuch Face;
 Could it have form'd his ever changing Will,
 The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill! Dryd. Med.

M E D I O C R I T Y.

O Mediocrity —————

Thou prizeless Jewel, only mean Men have;
 But cannot Value: Like the precious Jem, (of Corinth.
 Found in the Muckhill by the ignorant Cock. Beaum. Queen

It is the greatest Wealth to live content
 With little: Such the greatest Joy resent:
 And bounteous Fortune still affords supply,
 Sufficient for a thrifty Luxury:
 But Wealth and Pow'r Men often strive to gain;
 As that cou'd bring them ease; or make a Chain
 To fix unsteady Fortune: All in vain!
 For, often, when they climb the tedious Way,
 And now in Reach of Top, where Honours lay,
 Quick Strokes from Envy or from Thunder thrown;
 Tumble the bold aspiring Wretches down: (Lucr.)
 They find a Grave, who strove to reach a Crown. Creech.

Greatness, the Earnest of malicious Fate
 For future Woe, was never meant a Good:
 Baited with gilded Ruin, 'tis cast out
 To catch poor easy Man. What is't to be a Prince?
 To have a keener Sense of our Misfortunes:
 That's all our wretched Gain. —

The vulgar think us happy; and, at distance,
 Like some fam'd ruinous Pile, we seem to flourish:
 But we, who live at home, alone can tell
 The sad Disquiets, and Decays of Peace.

That always haunt the Dwelling. O Ambition!
 How strangely dost thou charm the Minds of Men,
 That they will chuse to starve on Mountain Tops,
 Rather than taste the Plenty of the Vale!

Had my kind Fate design'd my Fortune here,
 Bred among Swains, with my Semanthe by me,
 The conq'ring Beauty of some neighb'ring Village,
 What Ages of Content might I have pass'd, (Loy. Bro.
 'Till Time had quench'd both Life and Love together. South.

O hard Condition, twin-born with Greatness, ———
 Subject to the Breath of ev'ry Fool, whose Sense
 No more can feel, but his own Wringing!
 What infinite Hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
 That private Men enjoy? ———

And

And what have Kings that Privates have not too,
Save Ceremony? ———

And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?

What Kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal Grievs, than do thy Worshippers?

What are thy Rents? What are thy Comings-in?

O Ceremony, shew me but thy Worth:

Art thou nought else but Place, Degree, and Form,

Creating Awe and Fear in other Men?

Wherein thou art more happy being fear'd,

Than they in fearing. ———

What drink'st thou of, instead of Homage sweet,

But poison'd Flatt'ry? O be sick, great Greatness,

And bid thy Ceremony give thee Cure:

Think'st thou the fiery Fever will go out

With Titles blown from Adulation?

Will it give Place to Flexure and low Bending?

Can'st thou, when thou command'st the Beggar's Knee,

Command the Health of't? No, thou proud Dream,

That play'st so subt'ly with a King's Repose,

I am a King that find thee; and I know,

'Tis not the Balm, the Sceptre, and the Ball,

The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,

The intertissu'd Robe of Gold and Pearl,

The farced Title running 'fore the King,

The Throne he sits on, nor the Tide of Pomp,

That beats off the high Shore of this World,

No, nor all these, thrice gorgeous Ceremony,

Nor all these laid in Bed majestic,

Can sleep so soundly, as the weary'd Slave,

Who, with a Body fill'd, and vacant Mind,

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful Bread,

Never sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:

But, like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,

Sweats in the Eye of Phœbus, and all Night

Sleeps in Elyzium: Next Day after Dawn,

Rises, and helps Hyperion to his Horse,

And follows so the ever-running Year,

With profitable Labour to his Grave:

And, but for Ceremony, such a Wretch,

Winding up Days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,

Has the Fore-hand, and Vantage of a King: Shak. Hen. 5.

Want takes false Measures both of Pow'r and Joys;

And envy'd Greatness is but Crowd and Noise. How.

Thus happy, who would envy pompous Pow'r,

The Luxury of Courts, or Wealth of Cities? Orw. Orph.

More is but Clog, where Use does bound Delight;
And those are rich, whose Wealth's proportion'd right
To their Life's Form, ——— Cowl. David.

Why was not I born to a common Fate,
Free from the glorious Troubles of the Great?
The vulgar Mortal fears not Fortune's Harms; (Alcib.
The highest Tow'rs are shaken most with Storms. Otw.

Leave, for a While, thy costly Country Seat,
And, to be great indeed, forget

The nauseous Pleasures of the Great:

Make Haste, and come;

Come, and forsake thy cloying Store;

Thy Turret, that surveys, from high,

The Smoke, and Wealth, and Noise of Rome;

And all the busy Pageantry,

That wise Men scorn, and Fools adore:

Come; give thy Soul a Loose, and taste the Pleasures of the
Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try (Poor.

A short Vicissitude and Fit of Poverty:

A sav'ry Dish, a homely Treat,

Where all is plain, where all is neat,

Without the stately spacious Room,

The Persian Carpet, or the Tyrian Loom,

Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great. Dryd. Hor.

If you, thro' Life's uncertain Tide,

Your self, would safely guide,

Do not the boundless Main explore;

Where Boreas rages unconfin'd:

Nor, to get underneath the Wind,

Venture the Rocks too near the Shore.

The Man stands equally exempt

From dang'rous Envy and Contempt,

Who loves the middle, golden State:

He neither sordidly does lie

In Dust, nor stands exalted nigh

Some ghastly Precipice of Fate.

Tempests the lofty Cedar rend,

And on the Ground its Trunk extend,

While safe the humbler Plants are found:

The Tow'r, which insolently Shrowds

Its stately Head amongst the Clouds,

Its Fall does into Atoms pound. Denn. Hor.

If ever I more Riches did desire,

Than Cleanliness and Quiet do require;

If e'er Ambition did my Fanny chear

With any Wish so mean, as to be Great,

Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
 The humble Blessings of that Life I love. Cowl.
 This only grant me, that my Means may lie
 Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high :
 Some Honour I would have
 Not from great Deeds, but good alone :
 Th'unknown are better, than ill known :
 Rumours can ope the Grave.
 Books should, not Bus'ness, entertain the Light,
 And sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night.
 My House a Cottage, more
 Than Palace, and should fitting be
 For all my Use, no Luxury.
 My Garden painted o'er
 With Nature's Hand, not Art's ; and Pleasures yield,
 Horace might envy in his Sabine Field.
 Thus would I double my Life's fading Space ;
 For he, that runs it well, twice runs his Race.
 And in this true Delight, this happy State,
 I would not fear, nor wish, my Fate :
 But boldly say each Night,
 To morrow let the Sun his Beams display,
 Or in Clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to day. Cowl.

M E D U S A.

Where western Waves on farthest Lybia beat,
 Warm'd with the setting Sun's descending Heat,
 Dreadful Medusa fix'd her horrid Seat.
 No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, Shields
 The rough, the squallid, unfrequented Fields ;
 No Mark of Shepherd's or the Ploughman's Toil,
 To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil :
 But, rude with Rocks, the Region all around,
 Its Mistress, and her potent Visage, own'd.
 'Twas from this Monster, to afflict Mankind,
 That Nature first produc'd the snaky Kind,
 On her at first their forked Tongues appear'd ;
 From her their dreadful Hissings first were heard.
 Some wreath'd in Folds, upon her Temples hung,
 Some backwards to her Waist depended long ;
 Some with their rising Crests her Forehead deck ;
 Some wanton play, and lash her swelling Neck :
 And, while her Hands the curling Vipers comb,
 Poison distils around, and Drops of livid Foam.
 None, who beheld the Fury, could complain ;
 So swift their Fate, preventing Death and Pain !

Ere they had Time to fear, the Change came on,
 And Motion, Sense, and Life, were lost in Stone:
 The Soul it self, from suddain Flight debarr'd,
 Congealing, in the Bodies Fortune shar'd.
 The Monster's Parents did their Offspring dread,
 And from her Sight her Sister Gorgons fled;
 Old Ocean's Waters, and the liquid Air,
 The universal World, her Pow'r might fear:
 All Nature's beauteous Works she could invade,
 Thro' ev'ry Part a lazy Numbness shed,
 And over all a stony Surface spread.
 Birds in their Flight were stop'd, and, pond'rous grown,
 Forgot their Pinions, and fell senseless down:
 Beasts to the Rocks were fix'd, and all around
 Were Tribes of Stone, and Marble Nations found.
 No living Eyes so fell a Sight could bear,
 Her Snakes themselves, all deadly tho' they were,
 Shot backward from her Face, and shrunk away for fear. }
 (Rowe. Luc.

Slain by Perseus.

Deep Slumbers had the drowzy Fiend possess'd,
 Such as drew on, and well might seem, her last:
 And yet she slept not whole: One half her Snakes,
 Watchful, to guard their horrid Mistress, wakes:
 The rest, dishevell'd loosely, round her Head,
 And o'er her drowzy Lids and Face were spread:
 Backward the Youth draws near, nor dares to look,
 But blindly, at a Venture, aims a Stroke:
 His fault'ring Hand the Virgin Goddess guides,
 And from the Monster's Neck, the snaky Head divides.
 But Oh! What Art, what Numbers can express
 The Terrours of the dying Gorgon's Face!
 What Clouds of Poison from her Lips arise!
 What Death, and vast Destruction threaten'd in her Eyes!
 'Twas somewhat that immortal Gods might fear,
 More than the warlike Maid herself could bear. Rowe. Luc.

M E E K N E S S.

Such Meekness wou'd wild Panthers Fury charm,
 And hungry Lions of their Rage disarm;
 Ev'n o'er their Prey it wou'd the Conquest get,
 Quell their swoln Hearts, and cool their bloody Heat. Lee. Nero
 Such Meekness might an angry God disarm, (& Cleop.
 And from his Hand the brandish'd Thunder charm. Sedl. Ant.
 Such was her Meekness, as half veil'd the Throne;
 Left, being in too great a Lustre shewn, It

It might debar the Subject of Access,
 And make her Mercies, and our Comforts, less:
 So Gods, of old, descending from their Sphere
 To visit Men, like Mortals did appear:
 Lest their too awful Presence shou'd affright
 Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight. *Stepn.*
 (Spoken of the late Queen.)

————— Of equal Elements.
 Without one jarring Atom, was she form'd (J. Shore.
 And Gentleness and Joy make up her Being. *Rowe.*
 Serene as Heav'n, and mild as Love divine. *Blac.*
 Mild as the bless'd above; without Serene
 As Eden's Air, and calm as Heav'n within. *Blac. P. Arth.*
 None cou'd offer Wrongs so fast,
 But what were pardon'd with like Haste:
 No Wrongs cou'd thy great Soul to grief expose,
 'Twas plac'd as much out of the Reach of those,
 As of material Blows,
 No Injuries cou'd thee provoke;
 Thy Softness always damp'd the Stroke;
 As Flints on Feather-beds are easiest broke.
 Affronts cou'd ne'er thy cool Complexion heat;
 Or chafe thy Temper from its settled State:
 But still thou stood'st unshock'd by all,
 As if thou had'st unlearn't the Pow'r to hate,
 Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall. *O'dh.*

M E E T I N G.

And is it given me thus again to hold thee,
 Thus to devour thee with a thousand Kisses,
 With clasping Arms embracing and embrac'd
 To taste a thousand Joys. O 'tis Illusion all:
 Speak, shining Creature, ev'ry Sense awakes
 To find thee out. — Tho' Parting was a Pain,
 The Joy to meet is ample Satisfaction. *Lansd. Her. Love.*
 As a faint Trav'ler in th' Arabian Sands,
 Scorch'd with the burning Sun-beams, panting stands;
 Views the dry Desert with despairing Eyes,
 And for the Springs, and distant Rivers sighs:
 As Sailors long for Land, Heav'n's Aid implore,
 And with their greedy Wishes grasp the Shore,
 When beaten from the hospitable Coast,
 And in loud Storms upon the Ocean tost;
 Where Ruin in so many Shapes appears,
 They scarcely can attend to all their Fears.
 We wish'd to see you with the like Desire. *B'ac. P. Arth.*

No Mother, that has mourn'd her long lost Infant,
Rejoices half so much to find her Darling;
Or views the lovely Babe with half the Fondness,
I look on thee. ————— Hopk. Pyrrhus

————— O my Antigone!
What shall I say to tell thee that my Soul
Is full with Joy? How shall I pour it forth?
To see thee still the same, to see thee mine,
Is all the Gods cou'd grant, or I cou'd ask. Hopk. Pyrrh.

Thus let my weary Soul forget
Restless Glory, martial Strife,
Anxious Pleasures of the Great,
And gilded Cares of Life:
Thus let me lose, in rising Joys,
Fierce Impatience, fond Desires;
Absence, that flatt'ring Hope destroys,
And Life-consuming Fires.

Nor the loud British Shore, that warms,
The Warriors Heart, nor clashing Arms,
Nor Fields with hostile Banners strew'd;
Nor Life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd;
Give half the Joys that fill my Breast,
While with my Rosamond I'm blest.

My Henry is my Soul's Delight,
My Wish by Day, my Dream by Night
'Tis not in Language to impart
The secret Meltings of my Heart,
While I my Conqueror survey,
And look my very Soul away. Add. Ros.

O let my Arms thus press thee to my Heart,
That labours with the Longings of my Love, (Disapp.
Struggles, and heaves, and fain wou'd out to meet thee. South.

————— But see she comes!
Bright as the Virgin Blushes of the Morn,
Rising upon the Darkness of my Fate; (Bro.
And darts a Day of Comfort thro' my Soul. South. Loy.

————— O Teraminta, come,
Come to my Arms, thou only Joy of Titus,
Hush to my Cares, thou Mass of hoarded Sweets,
Selected Hour of all Life's happy Moments! Lee. L. J. Brut.

Hail charming Maid! How does thy Beauty smooth
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile!
At Sight of thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows:
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me. Add. Cato.

Just so, when welcome Light begins to rise, (Virg.
An unknown Comfort steals on troubled Eyes. How. Vell.

My Grievs shall fly, like Clouds, before Semandra:
 But see, the Sun that drives them! O my Star! Mith.
 Thou Day, that gild'st my little World of Comfort! Lee.

— Thou mightiest Pleasure,
 And greatest Blessing, that kind Heav'n cou'd send me:
 O, when I look on thee, new Starts of Glory
 Spring in my Breast, and, with a backward Bound,
 I run the Race of lusty Youth again. Lee. Theod.

O, were I Proof against the Darts of Love,
 And cold to Beauty as the marble Lover,
 That lies without a Thought upon his Tomb,
 Would not this glorious Dawn of Life run thro' me,
 And waken Death it self? Why am I slow then?
 What hinders now, but that, in spite of Rules,
 I burst thro' all the Bands of Death, that hold me,
 And fly with such a Haste to that Appearance, (Theod.
 As bury'd Saints shall make at the last Summons. Lee.

But see, he comes; the lovely Tyrant comes:
 He rushes on me like a Blaze of Light:
 I can not bear the Transport of his Presence:
 But sink oppress'd with Woe. — Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

He comes, my Lord, with all th'expecting Joys
 Of a young promis'd Lover: From his Eyes
 Big Hopes look forth, and boiling Fancies forms
 Nothing but Theodosius still before him:
 His Thought, his ev'ry Word, is Theodosius! Lee. Theod.

Where is my Friend, 'O where is my belov'd,
 My Theodosius? Point him out, ye Gods!
 That I may press him dead betwixt my Arms;
 Devour him thus with over hasty Joys,
 That languish at his Breast, quite out of Breath,
 And can not utter more. — Lee. Theod.

'Tis he himself, himself, by holy Friendship!
 Art thou return'd at last, my better Half?
 Come, give me all my self. — Dryd. All for Love.

I must be silent, for my Soul is busy
 About a noble Work: She's new come home,
 Like a long absent Man, and wanders o'er
 Each Room, a stranger to her own, to see
 If all be safe. — Dryd. All for Love.

Not bubbling Fountains to the thirsty Swain,
 Nor balmy Sleep to Lab'ers faint with Pain,
 Not Show'rs to Larks, nor Sunshin to the Bee,
 Are half so charming as thy Sight to me. Pope.

— O my Sister! Let me hold thee
 Long in my Arms: I've not beheld thy Face,
 These many Days; by Night I've often seen thee

In gentle Dreams, and satisfy'd my Soul
With fanfy'd Joys, till Morning Cares awak'd me. (Orph. Otw.

— — — Talk not of Fears and Grief,
Affliction is no more, now thou art found:
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms;
My Arms, which ake to hold thee fast, and grow
To thee with Twining. — — — Cong. Mourn. Bride.

It is, it is Alphonso! 'Tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all!
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence
Back to the Bottom of the boundless Deep;
To Seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt:
O how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
The Wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this,
That thus relenting they have given thee back (Bride.
To Earth, to Light, and Life, to Love and me? Cong. Mourn.

O I'll not ask, nor answer how or why:
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life: To know I have thee
Is knowing more than any Circumstance,
Or Means by which I have thee — — —
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy,
I have not Leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking — — — Cong. Mourn. Bride.

It is too much, too much to bear and live!
To see him thus again is such Profusion
Of Joy, of Bliss, I cannot bear! — — — I must
Be mad! — — — I cannot be transported thus! — — —
If Heav'n be greater Joy, it is no Happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne — — — Cong. Mourn. Bride.

That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with such Suddainness hast hit my Sight,
Is such Surprise, such Mystery, such Extasy,
It hurries all my Soul, and stuns my Sense. Cong. M. Bride

M E G A E R A.

The Prince of Hell strait Summons from beneath
The chief Supporter of the Throne of Death;
Vengeful Megæra: She, without Delay,
From Hell's Abyss ascends, and in her Way
Gathers raw Damps and Streams from noisome Graves,
And putrid Reeks from subterranean Caves;
Where spotted Plagues first draw their pois'nous Breath,
The Nurseries of Pain, and Magazines of Death.

Her

Her Bottles, turgid with imprison'd Death,
 She open'd; and releas'd the fatal Breath:
 In livid Wheels the dire Contagion flies;
 And putrid Exhalations taint the Skies:
 The Region's choak'd with pestilential Steams, (P. Arth.
 Malignant Reeks, raw Damps, and foultry Gleams: Blac.

M E L A N C H O L Y.

—— My Mind's not well:
 A heavy Melancholy clogs my Heart;
 I droop, and sigh, and yet I know not why. Orw. Orph.
 There's something hangs most heavy on my Heart,
 And my Brain's sick with Dulness. — Orw. C. Mar.
 Unusual Weight hangs on my lab'ring Soul,
 Presaging inauspicious Joys. — Hig. Gen. Conq.
 Like the Day-Dreams of melancholy Men,
 I think, and think on Things impossible,
 Yet love to wander in the golden Maze. Dryd. Riv. Lad.
 My Melancholy haunts me ev'ry where,
 And not one kindly Gleam pierces the Gloom
 Of my dark Thoughts to give a Glimpse of Comfort.
 (South. Loy. Brother.

A heavy Melancholy hangs on his Mind,
 And in his Eyes inhabit most sad Shadows. Beaum. D. Marr.
 He droops and hangs his discontented Head,
 Like Merit, scorn'd by insolent Authority. Rowe. Fair Pen.
 Their Sov'raign, seated on his Chair, they find;
 His pensive Cheek upon his Hand reclin'd,
 And anxious Thoughts revolving in his Mind.
 With gloomy Looks he saw them ent'ring in
 Without salute: Nor durst they first begin,
 Fearful of rash Offence, and Death fore'seen. Dryd. Hom.
 Against ill Chances Men are ever merry,
 But Heaviness foreruns the good Event. Shak. Hen. 4. p. 2.
 Hence loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian Cave forlorn:
 Mongst horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth Cell,
 Where brooding Darknefs spreads his jealous Wings,
 And the Night-Raven sings;
 There under Eben Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark Cimmerian Defarts ever dwell. Milt.

M E L E A G E R.

There lay a Log unlighted on the Earth:
 Althæa lab'ring in the Throes of Birth
 For th' unborn Chief, the fatal Sisters came,
 And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the Flame:
 Then on the Rack a scanty Measure place
 Of vital Flax; and turn'd the Wheel apace;
 And turning sung: To this red Brand, and thee,
 O new-born Babe, we give an equal Destiny:
 So vanish'd out of View. The frightened Dame
 Sprung hasty from her Bed, and quench'd the Flame:
 The Log, in secret lock'd, she kept with Care,
 And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her Heir.
 At length, the Brand produc'd, Althæa strews
 The Hearth with Heaps of Chips; and after blows:
 Thrice heav'd her Hand; and heav'd, she thrice repress'd;
 The Sister and the Mother long contest;
 Two doubtful Titles in one tender Breast.
 And now her Eyes and Cheeks with fury glow;
 Now pale her Cheeks; her Eyes with pity flow:
 Now lowring Looks preface approaching Storms;
 And now prevailing Love her Face reforms:
 Resolv'd, she doubts again: The Tears, she dry'd
 With burning Rage, are by new Tears supply'd:
 ————— She first relents

With Pity; of that Pity then repents:
 Sister and Mother long the Scale divide;
 But the Beam nodded on the Sister's Side:
 Sometimes she softly sigh'd; then roar'd aloud;
 But Sighs were stifled in the Cries of Blood:
 The pious, impious Wretch at length decreed,
 To please her Brother's Ghost, her Son shou'd bleed:
 And, when the fun'ral Flames began to rise;
 Receive, she said, a Sister's Sacrifice:
 A Mother's Bowels burn. High in her Hand,
 Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal Brand:
 Then thrice before the kindled Pile she bow'd;
 And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
 Come, come, revenging Sisters, come, and view
 A Sister paying her dead Brother's Due:
 A Crime I punish, and a Crime commit;
 But Blood for Blood, and Death for Death is fit:
 Great Crimes must be with greater Crimes repay'd;
 And second Fun'ral on the former laid.
 Ah! Whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive;
 Ye Shades, and let your Sister's Issue live:

Mother cannot give him Death : Tho' he
 deserves it, he deserves it not from me :
 Then shall th' unpunish'd Wretch insult the Slain ;
 triumphant live, nor only live, but reign ?
 can not, can not bear ? 'Tis past ; 'tis done ;
 Perish this impious, this detested Son.

At this for the last Time, she lifts her Hand ;
 averts her Eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the Brand :
 The Brand, amid the flaming Fewel thrown,
 Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying Groan :
 The Fires themselves but faintly lick'd the Prey ;
 Then loath'd their impious Food ; and wou'd have shrunk
 Just then the Heroe cast a doleful Cry, (away.
 And in those absent Flames begun to try :
 The blind Contagion rag'd within his Veins ;
 But he with manly Patience bore his Pains :
 He fear'd not Fate ; but only griev'd to die
 Without an honest Wound ; and by a Death so dry.
 Then call'd his Brothers, Sisters, Sire, around,
 And her to whom his nuptial Vows were bound ;
 Perhaps his Mother : A long Sigh he drew,
 And, his Voice failing, took his last Adieu :
 For, as the Flames augment, and as they stay,
 At their full Height ; then languish to decay ;
 They rise, and sink by Fits ; at last they soar
 On one bright Blaze ; and then descend no more ;
 Just so his inward Heats, at Height, impair, (Dryd: Ovid.
 Till the last burning Breath shoots out the Soul in Air.

M E M O R Y.

The Joys I have possess'd are ever mine ;
 Out of thy Reach, behind Eternity,
 Hid in the sacred Treasure of the Past ; (D. Seb.
 But blest Remembrance brings 'em hourly back. Dryd.

Now all the Pleasures, I have known, beat thick
 On my Remembrance ; how I long for Night,
 That both the Sweets of mutual Love may try, (Love.
 And once triumph o'er Cæsar e'er we die. Dryd. All for

Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my Memory
 To conjure up my Wrongs to Life again ?
 I have long labour'd to forget my self ;
 To think on all Time, backward, like a Space
 Idle and void, where nothing e'er had Being ;
 But thou hast peopled it again : Revenge
 And Jealousy renew their horrid Forms,
 Shoot all their Fires, and drive me to-Distracted.

Oh !

Oh! Thou hast set my busy Brain at Work;
And now she musters up a Train of Images,
Which, to preserve my Peace, I'd cast aside,
And sunk in deep Oblivion.—— Rowe. J. Shore.

Why was I ever blest? Why is Remembrance
Rich with a thousand pleasing Images
Of past Enjoyments, since 'tis but to plague me?
When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me,
To think of all the golden Minutes past;
To think that thou wert kind, and I was happy;
But, like an Angel fall'n from Bliss, to curse (Tam.
My present State, and mourn the Heav'n I've lost? Rowe.

But oh! The Torment, and the Rack of Soul!
To keep our Thoughts for ever on the Bent
Upon themselves, still lab'ring to forget (of Cap.
What, by the Labour, we remember more. South. Fate

I wou'd most gladly have forgot it:
But oh! Afresh it comes over my Memory,
As does the Raven o'er th' infectious House,
Boding to all.—— Shak. Othel.

—— The sad Remembrance
Quite blasts my Soul.—— Lee. OEdip.

Have a Care, Memory; drive that Thought no farther:
Oh, for a long, sound sleep, and so forget it! Otsw. Ven. Presl.
—— I never can forget him:

He once was mine, and once, tho' now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of Possession still. Dryd. All for Love.

As on the Land, while here the Ocean gains,
In other Parts it leaves wide sandy Plains:
Thus in the Soul while Memory prevails,
The solid Pow'r of Understanding fails:
Where Beams of warm Imagination play,
The Memory's soft Figures melt away. Pope.

M E R C H A N T.

Fearless the Merchant now pursues his Gain,
And roams securely o'er the boundless Main:
Now o'er his Head the Polar Bear he spies,
And freezing Spangles of the Lapland Skies:
Now swells his Canvas to the sultry Line
With glitt'ring Spoils where Indian Grottos shine;
Where Fumes of Incense glad the Southern Seas,
And wafted Citron scents the balmy Breeze. Tickell.

The Merchant, stranded, and his Fortunes lost.
Fix'd on the floating Mast, each God implores:
With longing Eyes, the distant Mountains views,

And

And vows he'll never trust the Ocean more :
 But, when escap'd, all his Resolves are vain:
 Thus I, relapsing, reassume my Chain ;
 Forget the Danger ; and renew the Pain. Hig. Gen. Con.
 Thus break false Merchants with an honest Show,
 Rich to themselves, but Bankrupts where they owe. Dr. Cl.

M E R C U R Y.

——— The God,
 Who Argus flew, and bears the golden Rod. Cong. Hom.
 Down from the Steep of Heav'n Cyllenius flies,
 And cleaves with all his Wings the yielding Skies. Dr. Vir.
 Ev'n now the Herald of the Gods appear'd:
 From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly bright
 With radiant Beams, and manifest to Sight. Dryd. Virg.
 O Hermes, I thy Godhead know,
 By thy winged Heels and Head,
 By thy Rod, that wakes thee dead,
 And guides the Shades below. Cong.
 The God obeys, and to his Feet applies
 Those golden Wings that cut the yielding Skies :
 His ample Hat his beamy Locks o'erspread,
 And veil'd the starry Glories of his Head :
 He seiz'd his Wand, that causes Sleep to fly,
 Or in soft Slumbers seals the wakeful Eye ;
 That drives the Dead to dark Tartarean Coasts,
 Or back to Life compels the wand'ring Ghosts :
 Thus, thro' the parting Clouds, the Son of May
 Wings on the whistling Winds his rapid Way ;
 Now smoothly steers thro' Air his equal Flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' etherial Height :
 Then wheeling down the Steep of Heav'n he flies,
 And draws a radiant Circle o'er the Skies. Pope. Stat.

M E R C Y.

Less Pleasure take brave Minds in Battels won,
 Than in restoring such as are undone :
 Tigers have Courage, and the rugged Bear ;
 But Man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.
 To pardon, willing ; and to punish, loth,
 You strike with one Hand, but you heal with both. Wall.
 (To Oliver Cromwel.
 Mercy is good : a very good dull Virtue ;
 But Kings mistake its Timing, and are mild,
 When manly Courage bids 'em be severe. Dr. Span. Fryar.
 Net

Not the King's Crown, nor the deputed Sword,
The Marshal's Truncheon, nor the Judge's Robe,
Become them with one half so good a Grace
As Mercy does. —

Alas! the Souls of all Men once were forfeit,
And he, that might th' Advantage best have taken,
Found out the Remedy: How would you be,
If he, who is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you as you are: Oh! think on that;
And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,
Like new made Man. — Shak. Meas. for Meas.

For Mercy drops as gentle Rain from Heav'n,
And blesses him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mighty 'st in the Mighty 'st; it becomes
The crowned Monarch better than his Crown:
His Sceptre shews the Force of temp'ral Pow'r,
But Mercy is above this scepter'd Sway
It is the first of sacred Attributes,

And earthly Power then seems most divine
When Mercy seasons Justice. — Shak. & Lanf. Mer. of Ver.
Mercy but murders, pard'ning those that kill. Sh.R. & J.

The Pow'rs above are slow

In punishing; and should not we resemble them? Dr. T.
Mercy! what's that? A Virtue coin'd by Villains,
Who praise the Weakness, which supports their Crimes
(Smith. Phaed. & H.)

Weigh well the various Turns of human Fate,
And seek, by Mercy, to secure your State. Dryd. Auren.
Thou bright Resemblance of the Pow'r divine!

For sure the great Original is best
By Mercy, join'd with mighty Pow'r, express'd.
Contending Rebels seem in vain to strive,
They cannot more offend, than he forgive:
A nobler Triumph, and more glorious far,
Than all the Trophies of destructive War:
For Mercy still a bloodless Conquest finds, (K. Charles
And with sweet Force the rudest Passions binds. Bowles. O.)

Thy Injuries wou'd reach Patience to blaspheme,
Yet still thou art a Dove. — Beaum. Doub. Marr.

He is in Councils and in Arms the same:
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
Tar dyt o' Vengeance, and with Mercy brave. Prior.

— Clemency makes Power rever'd:
The Prince, who is belov'd, is only fear'd. Prior.

His Subjects Lives are Cæsar's nearest Care;
And, having all subdu'd, he crown'd his Fame,
When, in their Favour, he himself o'ercame,
And doom'd the Guilty, only to their Shame.

Mercy indeed's the Attribute of Heav'n;
 For Gods have Pow'r to keep the Balance ev'n;
 Which if Kings lose, how can they govern well?
 Mercy should pardon, but the Sword compel.
 Compassion's else a Kingdom's greatest Harm;
 Its Warmth engenders Rebels till they swarm;
 And, round the Throne, themselves in Tumults spread,
 To heave the Crown from a Long-Sufferer's Head. Orw.
 (Wind. Cast.

A Mercy unexpected, undeserv'd,
 Surprizes more. ——— Dryd. Don Seb.
 Mercy is still a Virtue, and most priz'd,
 When Hope of Pardon leaves us. — South. Loy. Brother.
 Of all the Attributes, that Jove can boast,
 Mercy's the most divine: and of all Men
 The Merciful are pleasing to the Gods. Lansd. Her. Love.
 O think, think upwards on the Thrones above;
 Disdain not Mercy; for they Mercy love:
 If Mercy were not mingled with their Pow'r, (of Rhodes.
 This wretched World could not subsist an Hour. D'Av. Siege

M E R I T.

——— There's a proud Modesty in Merit,
 averse from asking, and resolv'd to pay
 ten times the Gift it asks. ——— Dryd. Cleom.

——— Let none presume
 Without the Stamp of Merit to obtain:
 That Estates, Degrees, and Offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear Honour
 Were purchas'd by the Merit of the Wearer.
 How many then would cover, who stand bare!
 How many be commanded, who command!
 How much low Peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true Seed of Honour! And how much Honour
 Tack'd from the Chaff and Ruin of the Times,
 To be new varnish'd! ——— Shak. Merch. of Ven.
 Excess of Worth some as a Crime regard,
 And hate the Virtue which they can't reward. Blac.K.Arth.

M E R M A I D.

I sat upon a Promontory,
 And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's Back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious Sounds,
 That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song.

And

And certain Stars shot madly from their Spheres,
To hear the Sea-maid's Mulick, Shak. Midf. Night's Dream

M E T A P H O R.

As Veils transparent cover, but not hide;
Such Metaphors appear, when right apply'd;
When, thro' the Phrase, we plainly see the Sense,
Truth with such obvious Meanings will dispense:
The Reader, what in Reason's due, believes;
Nor can we call that false, which not deceives. Lanf.

M E S S A P U S.

Messapus next, Great Neptune was his Sire,
Secure of Steel, and fated from the Fire,
In Pomp appears: and with his Ardour warms
A heartless Train, unexercis'd in Arms:
His Troops in Order march; and, marching, sing
The warlike Actions of their Sea-born King! Dr. Virg.
As Swans, from feeding, mounted on the Wing,
With out-stretch'd Necks thro' airy Regions sing:
The chearful Notes the neighb'ring Shores rebound;
And Asia's Lakes re-echo to the Sound. Laud. Virg.
Not one, who heard their Mulick from afar,
Would think these Troops an Army train'd to War:
But Flocks of Fowl, that, when the Tempest roar,
With their hoarse Gabbling seek the silent Shore. Dr. Virg.

M E Z E N T I U S.

Mezentius first appear'd upon [redacted]
Scorn sat upon his Brows, and [redacted] disdain;
Defying Heav'n and Earth. [redacted]
The curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal Hour,
Assum'd the Crown with arbitrary Pow'r:
What Words can paint those execrable Times,
The Subjects Suff'rings, and the Princes Crimes?
The Living and the Dead, at his Command,
Were coupled Face to Face, and Hand to Hand:
'Till choak'd with Stench, in loath'd Embraces ty'd,
The ling'ring Wretches pin'd away and dy'd. Dryd. Virg.

M I D A S.

Thus the fam'd Midas when he found his Store
Increasing still, and would admit of more,

With eager Arms his swelling Bags he press'd,
 And Expectation only made him bless'd :
 But when a boundless Treasure he enjoy'd ;
 And ev'ry Wish was with Fruition cloy'd ;
 Then, damn'd to Heaps, and surfeited with Ore,
 He curs'd that Gold, he doated on before. Yald.
 Midas the King, in Ovid it appears,
 Phœbus was endow'd with Asses Ears ;
 Which under his long Locks he well conceal'd ;
 A Monarch's Vices must not be reveal'd,
 For Fear the People have them in the Wind,
 Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind ;
 Nor apt to think from Heav'n their Title springs,
 Since Jove and Mars left off begetting Kings.
 This Midas knew, and durst communicate
 To none but to his Wife his Ears of State :
 One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
 As passing prudent, and a parlous Wit :
 To this sagacious Confessour he went,
 And told her what a Gift the Gods had sent :
 But told it under matrimonial Seal,
 With strict Injunction never to reveal :
 The Secret heard, she plighted him her Troth ;
 (And sacred sure is every Woman's Oath)
 The royal Malady should rest unknown,
 Both for her Husband's Honour and her own :
 But ne'ertheless she pin'd with Discontent :
 The Counsel rumbled till it found a Vent :
 The Thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide :
 By Int'rest and by Oath the Wife was ty'd ;
 But if she told it not, the Woman dy'd.
 Both to betray a Husband and a Prince ;
 But she must burst, or blab : and no Pretence
 Of Honour ty'd her Tongue from Self-Defence.
 A marshy Ground commodiously was near,
 Thither she ran, and held her Breath for Fear,
 Lest, if a Word she spoke of any Thing,
 That Word might be the Secret of the King.
 Thus, full of Counsel, to the Fen she went,
 Trip'd all the Way, and longing for a Vent :
 Arriv'd, by pure Necessity compell'd,
 On her majestick Marrow-bones she kneel'd :
 Then to the Water-brink she lay'd her Head,
 And, as a Bittour bumps within a Reed,
 To thee alone, O Lake, she said, I tell,
 And, as thy Queen, command thee to conceal.

Be-

Beneath his Locks the King my Husband, wears
A goodly royal Pair of Asses Ears.

Now I have eas'd my Bosom of the Pain,
'Till the next longing Fit return again. Dryd. Chauc. The
(Wife of Bath's Tale)

M I L K Y - W A Y.

'Tis like the Milky-Way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with Stars, 'tis undistinguish'd Light. De
The Stars, which one confed'rate Light display,
With glimm'ring Glory mark the heavenly Way. Bl. Eliza

M I L O.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny Wrestler cries,
Audacious Mortals; and be timely wise:
'Tis I that call: remember Milo's End,
Wedg'd in that Timber, which he strove to rend. Rose

M I N D.

And now the Muse a nobler Flight essays,
The Mind's extended Empire she surveys:
She sings the God-like Principle of Thought,
And how from Objects, by the Senses brought,
Th' intellectual Imag'ry is wrought.

————— The Mind disdains,
Impatient of the Yoke, coercive Chains.
She can her airy Train of Forms disband,
And make new Levies at her own Command.
The ready Phantoms at her Nod advance,
And form the busy intellectual Dance:
The sleeping Forms at her Command awake,
And now return, and now their Cells forsake:

When Man, with Reason dignify'd, is born,
No Images his naked Mind adorn:
No Sciences or Arts enrich his Brain,
Nor Fausy yet displays her pictur'd Train:
Our Intellectual, like the Bodies, Eye,
Whilst in the Womb, no Object can descry;
When Objects thro' the Senses Passage gain,
And fill with various Imag'ry the Brain,
Th' Ideas, which the Mind does thence perceive,
To think and know the first Occasion give:
The Mind proceeds and to Reflection goes,
Perceives she does perceive, and knows she knows:

views her Acts, and does from thence conclude, (Creat.
 That she's with Reason and with Choice endu'd. Blac.

M I N E R V A.

Thou, Goddess, born of Jove's immortal Brain,
 Who o'er the chaste unpeopled World dost reign;
 Thou, Queen of Sciences, assist my Song:
 To thee the Virtues, thee the Arts belong:
 Inform the Muse, Minerva; for 'tis thine
 To guide the Bard, who speaks of Things divine. —
 Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her Heart,
 A Virgin, unbeguil'd by Cupid's Art:
 In shining Arms the martial Maid delights,
 O'er War presides, and well disputed Fights;
 With Thirst of Fame she first the Hero fir'd,
 And first the Skill of human Arts inspir'd;
 Taught Artists first the carving Tool to wield;
 Chariots with Brass to arm, and form the fenceful Shield;
 She first taught modest Maids, in early Bloom, (Hom.
 To shun the lazy Life, and spin, or ply the Loom. Cong.

M I R M I L L O.

Not far from that frequented Theatre,
 Where wand'ring Punks at five each Night repair;
 Where Bently, by old Writers, wealthy grew;
 And Briscoe lately was undone by new:
 There triumphs a Physician of Renown,
 To scarce a Mortal, but himself, unknown:
 None e'er was plac'd more luckily than he,
 Forth' Exercise of such a Mystery:
 When Burgefs deafens all the list'ning Prefs
 With Peals of most seraphick Emptiness;
 Or when mysterious F—— mounts on high,
 To preach his Parish to a Lethargy;
 His Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease
 The Martyrs of such Christian Cruelties:
 Some ungen'rous Nymph a Shaft lets fly,
 More fatally than from a sparkling Eye,
 Mirmillo, that fam'd Opifer is nigh. }
 Th' Apothecaries thither throng to dine;
 And Want of Elbow-room's supply'd in Wine:
 Cloy'd with Variety they surfeit there,
 Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare. Garth.
 Oxford, and all her passing Bells can tell
 By this right Arm what mighty Numbers fell:

Whilst

Whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay,
 I oft dispatch'd the Patient in a Day:
 With Pen in Hand I push'd to that Degree,
 I scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee:
 Some fell by Laudanum, and some by Steel;
 And Death in Ambush lay in ev'ry Pill. Garth.

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town;
 Glutted with Fees, and mighty in Renown:
 There's none can die with due Solemnity,
 Unless his Passport first be sign'd by me:
 My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd;
 I give Reverfions, and for Heirs provide:
 None could the redious nuptial State support;
 But I, to make it easy, make it short:
 I set the discontented Matrons free;
 And ransom Husbands from Captivity. Garth.

O, that near Xanthus' Banks you had but dwelt,
 When Ilium first Achaian Fury felt;
 The Flood had curs'd young Peleus' Arm in vain,
 For troubling his choak'd Streams with Heaps of Slain:
 No Trophies you had left for Greeks to raise:
 Their ten Years Toil you 'ad finish'd in ten Days.
 Fate smiles on your Attempts; and, when you list,
 In vain the Cowards fly, the Brave resist. Garth.

————— Each Word, that you impart,
 Has something killing in it, like your Art. —————

————— Your Party 'tis,
 To whom you owe your odd Magnificence;
 But to your Stars your Penury of Sense:
 Hap'd in a Tumbril, awkwardly you've shin'd,
 With one fat Slave before, and none behind. Garth.

M I R T H.

O come, thou Goddess, fair and free,
 In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne;
 And by Men Heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a Birth
 With two Sister-Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity;
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's Cheek,
 And love to live in Dimple sleek:

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his Sides :
 And in thy right Hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty.
 And if I give thee Honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
 To live with her and live with thee
 In unproved Pleasures free. Milt.

Then all was Jollity,
 Feasting and Mirth, light Wantonness and Laughter ;
 Singing and Playing, Minstrellies and Masking,
 Till Life fled from us like an idle Dream ;
 A Show of Mommerly without a Meaning. Rowe. J. Shore.

M I S C H I E F.

Mischiefs are like the Cockatrice's Eye ; (One.
 If they see first, they kill ; if seen, they die. Suck. Sad
 O Mischief thou art swift (Rom. & Jul.
 To catch the straggling Thoughts of desp'rate Men. Shak.
 Down, rising Mischief, down, or I will kill thee (Guise.
 In in the Cause, and strangle new-born Pity. Dr. D. of
 Mischiefs feed, (Volpone.
 Like Beasts, till they are fat, and then they bleed. Johnf.
 When once the Mind is to Destruction bent,
 How easy 'tis new Mischiefs to invent. Shak. Tit. Andron.
 Mischief to some, to others must be Good. Dr. D. of Guisf.
 How eloquent is Mischief to persuade ! Dr. Span. Fryar.
 Methinks if Mischief had but this to vaunt,
 That, like a God, none knows her but her self,
 Were enough to mount her o'er the World. Lee. C. Borg.

M I S E N U S.

Son to the God of Winds : none better knew
 To raise old Courage, and inspire the new,
 By his martial Sounds, or fierce Alarms :
 All first in Danger, and the last in Arms. Laud. Virg.
 He serv'd great Hector ; and was ever near,
 Not with his Trumpet only, but his Spear :
 Yet, by Pelides' Arms, when Hector fell,
 He chose Æneas, and he chose as well. Dryd. Virg.
 Æneas chose Æneas for his Lord :
 He could not stoop to less, nor Fortune more afford. L. Vir.
 He won with Applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the Sea-Gods from the Shore :

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C c

With

With Envy Triton heard the martial Sound ; (Virg.
And, the bold Champion for his Challenge, drown'd. Di.

M I S E R.

Good Morning to the Day ; and next, my Gold :
Open the Shrine, that I may see my Saint :
Hail the World's Soul and mine ! more glad than is
The teeming Earth to see the long'd for Sun
Peep thro' the Horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy Splendour, dark'ning his ;
That, lying here amongst my other Hoards,
Shew't like a Flame by Night ; or like the Day,
Struck out of Chaos, when all Darkness fled
Unto the Centre. O thou Son of Sol,
But brighter than thy Father, let me kiss
With Adoration, thee, and ev'ry Relick
Of sacred Treasure in this blessed Room.
Well did wise Poets by thy glorious Name
Title that Age, which they would have the best,
Thou being the best of Things, and far transcending
All Style of Joy in Children, Parents, Friends,
Or any other waking Dream on Earth.
Thy Locks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids ;
Such are thy Beauties, and our Loves. Dear Saint,
Riches, the dumb God, that giv't all Men Tongues ;
That canst do nought, and yet mak't Men do all things,
The Price of Souls ! Ev'n Hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth Heav'n ! Thou art Virtue, Fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise. (Johns. Volp.

Fond Man ! what Good or Beauty can be found
In Heaps of Treasure, bury'd under Ground ?
Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
Thou would'st, thy self too, bury'd with them be.
And what's the Difference ? Is't not quite as bad
Never to use, as never to have had. Cowl. Hor.

Thou glory'st in a Flood of useless Wealth,
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste ; (Hor.
Th' Abundance still, and still the Want does last. Cowl.

But oh ! what Man's Condition can be worse,
Than his, whom Plenty starves, and Blessings curse ?
The Beggars but a common Fate deplore ;
The rich Poor Man's emphatically poor. Cowl.

Imprison'd Gold,
Altho' the Sum be e'er so great,

Enriches nothing, but Conceit. Orinda.
 Spare not Usurers; (P. of Parma.
 Under their Souls: you'll find them in their Bags. Smith.

M I S E R Y.

All give thee Misery; for here she dwells:
 This is her House, where the Sun never dawns:
 The Bird of Night first screaming o'er the Roof;
 Grim Spectres sweep along the horrid Gloom; (J. Shore.
 And nought is heard but Wailings and Lamentings. Row.
 For angry Heav'n has laid in Store for you
 Such perfect Mischief, such transcendent Woe,
 That the black Image shocks my frightened Soul, (& Hip.
 And the Words die on my reluctant Tongue. Smith. Phæd.
 Come my Alicia, reach thy friendly Arm,
 And help me to support this feeble Frame,
 That, nodding, totters with oppressive Woe,
 And sinks beneath its Load. — Rowe. J. Shore.
 Heavy of Heart she seems, and sore afflicted:
 See with what sad and sober Chear she comes:
 Sure, or I read her Visage much amiss,
 O Grief besets her hard. —
 But thus it is, when rude Calamity
 Lays its strong Gripe upon these mincing Minions:
 The dainty Gewgaw Forms dissolve at once,
 And shiver at the Shock. — Rowe. J. Shore.
 Alas, her gentle Nature was not made
 To buffet with Adversity. — Rowe. J. Shore.
 Nothing almost sees Miracles but Misery. Shak. K. Lear.

M I S T.

Let the slow Pow'rs come from their misty Dens,
 Who rule the Marshes, Lakes, and stagnant Fens:
 Let all your Damps, and lazy Fogs arise,
 And with your sluggish Treasures cloud the Skies:
 Let your thick Mists repel th' unwelcome Light,
 And o'er the Ocean spread a friendly Night. Blac. P. Arth.
 A Fog, that steaming from the Mouth of Hell,
 Envelops the native Horrors of the Night. Den. Rin. & Ar.
 Like a deep Mist, that thickens all the Air,
 And stains the Sun with Fog, and sometimes Clouds,
 When they do hug him in their reeking Bosoms. Sh. T. And.

MISTRESS.

The Queen, whom Sense of Honour could not move,
No longer made a Secret of her Love ;
But call'd it Marriage, by that specious Name,
To veil the Crime, and sanctify the Shame. Dryd. Virg.

—— Oh ! I fain would hide me
From the base World, from Malice, and from Shame:
For 'tis the solemn Counsel of my Soul,
Never to live with publick Loss of Honour:
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the Insolence
Of each affected She, that tells my Story,
And blesses her good Stars, that she is virtuous:
To be a Tale for Fools ! scorn'd by the Women,
And pity'd by the Men ! ——— Rowe. Fair Pen.

But lost to Honour, and the Sense of Shame,
Whole Days with him she passes in Delights,
And wastes in Luxury long Winter-Nights .
Forgetful of her Fame, and royal Trust,
Dissolv'd in Ease, abandon'd to her Lust. Dryd. Virg.

—— He found
The lustful Pair, in lawless Pleasures drown'd ;
Lost in their Loves, insensible of Shame ;
And both forgetful of their better Fame. Dryd. Virg.

How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A Slave to base Desires, and brutal Pleasures:
To be a wretched Woman for thy Leisure,
To toy, and waste an Hour of idle Time with. Rowe. Fair Pen.

O Athenais, let me see thee dead,
Borne a pale Corps and gently laid in Earth,
So I may say she's chaste, and dy'd a Virgin,
Rather than view thee, with these wounded Eyes,
Seated upon the Throne of Isdigerdes,
The Blast of common Tongues, the Nobles Scorn,
Thy Father's Curse ; that is, the Prince's Whore.
No, Athenais : when the Day beholds thee
So scandalously rais'd, Pride cast thee down,
The Scorn of Honour, and the People's Prey !

No, cruel Leontine ! not to redeem
Thy aged Head from the descending Ax,
Not tho' I saw thy trembling Body rack'd,
Thy Wrinkles too about thee fill'd with Blood,
Would I, for Empire, to the Man I love,
Be made the Object of unlawful Pleasure. Lee, Theod.

—— O preserve thy Virtue ;
And, since he does disdain thee for his Bride,
Scorn thou to be his Whore. ———

Hold, Sir, oh hold ! forbear !
 For my nice Soul abhors the very Sound :
 Yet with the Shame of that, and the Desire
 Of an immortal Name, I am inspir'd :
 All kinder Thoughts are fled for ever from me ;
 All Tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
 Has left my Bosom colder than the Grave.

On, Athenais, on : 'tis bright before thee ;
 Pursue the Track, and thou shalt be a Star.

O Leontine, I swear, my noble Father,
 That I will starve, e'er once forego my Virtue :
 And thus let's join to contradict the World ;
 That Empire could not tempt a poor old Man,
 To sell his Prince the Honour of his Daughter :
 And she too match'd the Spirit of her Father ;
 Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,
 She, for her Fame, refus'd a royal Bed :
 Who, tho' she lov'd, yet did put off the Hour ;
 Nor could her Virtue be betray'd by Pow'r :
 Patterns, like these, will guilty Courts improve,
 And teach the Fair to blush at conscious Love :
 Then let all Maids for Honour come in view,
 If any Maid can more for Glory do. Lee. Theod.

M O B.

The Captain of the Rabble issu'd out
 With a black shirtless Train. Each was an Host,
 A Million strong of Vermin, ev'ry Villain :
 No Part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy,
 Chaos of Pow'r and privileg'd Destruction :
 Outlaws of Nature ! yet the Great must use them
 Sometimes, as necessary Tools of Tumult. Dryd. D. Seb.

Some pop'lar Chief,
 More noisy than the rest, but cries Halloo,
 And in a Trice the bell'wing Herd come out,
 The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,
 And one and all's the Word : true Cocks o'th' Game,
 They never ask for what, or whom, they fight ;
 But turn them out, and shew them but a Foe,
 Cry Liberty, and that's a Cause of Quarrel. Dr. Sp. Fry.

— And since the Rabble now is ours,
 Keep the Fools hot, preach Dangers in their Ears,
 Spread false Reports o'th' Senate, working up
 Their Madnes to a Fury quick and desp'rate,
 Till they run headlong into civil Discords,
 And do our Bus'ness with their own Destruction. (Mar.
 Orw. C.

—— The changing Crowd; the Rabble;
The arbitrary Guard of Fortune's Pow'r;
Who wait to catch the Sentence of her Frowns,
And hurry all to Ruin, she condemns. South. Oron.
'Tis easy th' unreasoning Mob to guide;
For they are always on the factious Side. ——

How goes the Mob? For that's a mighty Thing:
When the King's Trump, the Mob is for the King:
They follow Fortune, and the common Cry
Is still against the Rogue, condemn'd to die.
But the same very Mob, that Rascal Crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus with a Shout as loud,
Had his Designs, by Fortune's Favour blest,
Succeeded, and the Prince's Age oppress. Dryd. Juv.

—— But curst be they,
Who trust Revenge with such mad Instruments,
Whose blindfold Business is but to destroy:
And, like the Fire commission'd by the Winds,
Begins on Sheds, but, rousing in a Round,
On Palaces returns. —— Dryd. Seb.

Ye mongrel Work of Heaven, with human Shapes, (See)
Not to be damn'd or fav'd, but breathe, and perish. Dryd.

M O D E S T Y.

Modest as Infant Roses in their Bloom,
Who in a Blush their fragrant Lives consume. Oldh.

—— Modesty,
The Virgin's troublesome and constant Guest, Lee. Theoc.
Is but the Wax whose Seals on Virgins stay; (of Gr. p.)
Let it approach Love's Fire, 'twill melt away. Dryd. Com.
—— Tho' Thought will have no Bound,
A Virgin's Tongue should shame to hint a Thought, (Vau.)
At which a Virgin's Cheek should blush. —— Shak. Merc.

M O L E.

For gather Grain the blind laborious Mole
In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole. Dr. Virg.

Baian M O L E.

So a vast Fragment of the Baian Mole,
That, fix'd among the Tyrrhene Waters, braves
The beating Tempests and insulting Waves;
Thrown from its Basis with a dreadful Sound,
Dashes the broken Billows all around;
And with resistless Force the Surface cleaves, (Sil. Ital.)
That in its angry Waves the falling Rock receives. Adh.
M O

MONASTICK Life.

I will devote the sad Remains of Life,
To the blest Company of holy Men !
Learn Contemplation, and, the Dregs of Life
Purg'd off, taste clearer and more sprightly Joys,
Partake their Transports in the brightest Visions,
See op'ning Heav'ns, and the descending Gods :
Then, as I view the dazzling Tracks of Angels,
Sigh to my Heart, and cry ; See there, and there,
In full Perfection thousand Bellamiras. Lee. Cæf. Bor.

To see this Day the Emp'our of the East
Leave all the Pleasures that the Earth can yield,
That Nature can bestow, or Art invent,
In his Life's Spring, and Bloom of gawdy Years,
To undergo the Penance of a Cloister,
Confin'd to narrow Rooms and gloomy Walks,
Fasting, and Exercises of Devotion,
Which from his Bed at Midnight must awake him,
Methinks, O Leontine, is something more
Than yet Philosophy could ever reach.
Methinks, at such a glorious Resignation,
Th' Angelick Orders should at once descend,
In all the Paint and Drapery of Heav'n,
With charming Voices, and with lulling Strings,
To give full Grace to such triumphant Zeal. Lee. Theod.

What Heart but yours could hold this double Fire
Of blind Devotion, and of kind Desire :
Love would shine out, were not your Zeal so bright,
Whose glaring Flames o'ercome his gentler Light.
Less seems that Faith, which Mountains can remove,
Than this, which triumphs over Youth and Love.
Just such a dismal Fate is said to vex
Armida once, tho' of the fairer Sex :
Rinaldo she had charm'd with so much Art,
Hers were his Pow'r, his Person and his Heart :
Honour's high Thoughts no more his Mind could move.
She sooth'd his Rage, and turn'd it all to Love :
Then strait a Gust of fierce Devotion blows,
And in a Moment all her Joys o'erthrows ;
The poor Armida tears her golden Hair,
Matchless, 'till now, for Love, or for Despair.
Who is not mov'd while the sad Nymph complains ?
Yet you perform what Tasso only feigns :
And after all my Vows, my Sighs, and Tears,
With which at length I overcame your Fears,

So many Doubts, so many Dangers past,
 Visions of Zeal now vanquish me at last.
 So, in great Homer's War, throughout the Field,
 Some Leader still made all before him yield:
 But when a God would take the conquer'd Side,
 The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

D. of B. To a Person about to retire into a Monastery.

M O O N.

— Fair Queen, who do'st in Woods delight,
 Grace of the Stars, and Goddess of the Night. *Laud. Virg.*

Hail, Moon, that with thy silver Light
 Govern'st the Empire of the Night.

As Horror thou art pleas'd to see,
 Horror loves to gaze on thee.

Each Fiend, and ev'ry ghastly Spright,

That so abhors thy Brother's Ray,

Yet oft forsakes eternal Night,

To revel in thy paler Day. *Den. Iphig.*

— The Queen of Night *(Mar. Orw. C.)*
 Shines fair with all her virgin Stars about her.

Serenely shone the Stars; the Moon was bright;
 And the Sea trembled with her silver Light. *Dryd. Virg.*

— A Glimpse of Moonshine, break'd with Red,
 A shuffled, fullen and uncertain Light,
 That dances thro' the Clouds, and thurs again. *Dr. Cleom.*

— Now reigns
 Full-orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing Light,
 Shadowy sets off the Face of Things — *Milt. Par. Lost.*

And now the Moon had twice the silver Field
 Of her fair Orb with borrow'd Glory fill'd. *Blac. P. Arth.*

And now the Moon twice dips her silver Horns;
 And with fresh Rays her changing Face adorns. *Bl. K. Arth.*

— The Moon, her monthly Round,
 Still ending, still renewing, thro' mid Heav'n,
 With borrow'd Light her Count'nance trim,
 Both fills and empties r'enlighten the Earth. *Milt. Par. Lost.*

So sick'n waning Moons too near the Sun,
 And blunt their Crescents on the Edge of Day. *Dryd.*

Moon in Eclipse.

— Behold a gloomy Red
 Has half her glowing Face o'erspread:
 And oh! Behold, o'er half her Light
 Some Charm diffuses gloomy Night.

It must be some Thessalian Charm;
 Sound, sound your Trumpets, give th' Alarm;
 Let the Clangours reach the Sky;
 'Till her native Brightness comes,
 Beat your Timbrels, beat your Drums. Den. Iphig.

M O R N I N G.

Now did the Saffron Morn her Beams display,
 Gilding the Face of universal Day. Cong. Hom.
 Now from the radiant Sun retires the Night,
 And Western Clouds, shot thro' with orient Light. Cong.
 Lo! from the rosy East her purple Doors
 The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with blushing Flow'rs:
 The lessen'd Stars draw off, and disappear;
 — The Moon's pale Horns are now withdrawn, (Ovid.
 And all the World around now reddens at the Dawn. Trapp.
 'Twas at the Time, when Nights cold Shades withdrew,
 And left the Grass all hung with pearly Dew. Oldh. Virg.
 Sullen, methinks, and slow, the Morning breaks;
 As if the Sun were listless to appear, (Guise.
 And dark Designs hung heavy on the Day. Dryd. Duke of
 Observe the weary Birds, ere Night be done,
 How they would fain call up the tardy Sun;
 With Feathers hung with Dew,
 And trembling Voices too,
 They court their glorious Planet to appear:
 The drooping Flow'rs hang their Heads;
 And languish down into their Beds;
 While Brooks, more bold and fierce than they,
 Openly murmur, and demand the Day. Orind.
 — The Morn prepares a glorious Day,
 And chearful Beams unclouded Light display. Laus. Virg.
 — But now the Sun
 With orient Beams had chas'd the dewy Night, (Virg.
 From Earth and Heav'n: all Nature stood disclos'd. Add.
 And now the Morn disclos'd her purple Rays:
 The Stars were fled, for Lucifer had chas'd
 The Stars away, and fled himself at last. Add. Ovid.
 The Morn had now dispell'd the Shades of Night,
 Restoring Toils, when she restor'd the Light. Dryd. Virg.
 Now in the East the Saffron Morn arose,
 And call'd the Lab'rer from his sweet Repose. Blac. Pr. Arth.
 Soon as the Sun had with his early Ray,
 Depos'd the Shades, and re-enthron'd the Day. Bl. P. Arth.
 — The Morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim Steps in Amice grey;

And with her radiant Finger still'd the Roar
Of Thunder, chas'd the Clouds, and laid the Winds,
And griev'd Spectres. —

And now the Sun with more effectual Beams
Had cheer'd the Face of Earth, and dry'd the Wet
From drooping Plant, or dropping Tree; the Birds,
Who all Things now beheld more fresh and green,
After a Night of Storm so ruinous,

Clear'd up their choicest Notes in Bush or Spray,
To gratulate the sweet Return of Morn. Milt. Par. Reg.

Now from Night's Womb the glorious Day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting Stars. Lee. L. J. Brut.

See, how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her Farewel of the glorious Sun!

How well resembles it the Prime of Youth, (p. a.)
Trimm'd like a Younker prauncing to his Love. Shak. H. 6.

Aurora had dispell'd the Shades of Night;
And deck'd the Mountains Tops with gawdy Light;

When Phœbus' Horses, rising from the Sea, (Virg.)
Forth from their fiery Nostrils breath'd the Day. Laud.

When from the rosy East Aurora's Beams (Virg.)
With purple Blush had dy'd the Ocean's Streams. — Laud.

Soon as the Morn, in rosy Robes array'd,
Had o'er the World her cheerful Light display'd. Laud. Virg.

Now did the Morn her radiant Lap display,
And gently on the Air shook forth the Day. Blac. K. Arth.

Now had the Sun disclos'd the Mountains Heads,
And pour'd warm Glory on the reeking Meads. Bl. K. Arth.

— The cheerful Morn salutes our Eyes;
And Songs of chirping Birds invite to rise. Dryd. Virg.

The Morn began from Ida to display
Her rosy Cheeks, and Phosphor led the Day. Dryd. Virg.

So, when a black tempestuous Night is past,
In which loud Winds have lofty Tow'rs defac'd,

The Mountains rent, and laid the Forest waste:
This Strife the Morn composes with her Charms,

And all the fighting Elements disarms:
A joyful Peace succeeds the stormy War,

And calms the troubled Empire of the Air:
The Sun's bright Beams the reeking Meads adorn,

And cheerful Lab'ers to their Toil return. Blac. K. Arth.

And now Aurora, Harbinger of Day,
Rose from the Bed, where aged Tithon lay;

Unbarr'd the Doors of Heav'n, and overspread
The Path of Phœbus with a blushing Red. —

The starry Lights above are scarce expir'd;
And scarce the Shade from open Plains retir'd:

The tuneful Lark has hardly stretch'd her Wing;
 And warbling Linnets just begin to sing;
 Nor yet industrious Bees their Hives forsake;
 Nor skim the Fish the Surface of the Lake:
 Nor yet the Flow'rs disclose their various Hue;
 But fold their Leaves, oppress'd with hoary Dew:
 Blue Mists around conceal the neighb'ring Hills:
 And dusky Fogs hang o'er the murm'ring Rills:
 While Zephyr faintly sighs among the Trees;
 And moves the Branches with a lazy Breeze.
 No jovial Pipe resounds along the Plains,
 Safe in their Hamlets sleep the drowsy Swains. —

And now the Sun begins his early Race,
 And views the joyful Earth with blushing Face, (Lucr. }
 And quaffs the pearly Dews, spread o'er the Grass. Creech. }

The Skies with dawning Light were purpled o'er. Dr. Hom.
 Scarce had the rising Sun the Day reveal'd;

Scarce had his Heat the pearly Dews dispell'd. Dr. Virg.

Now, when the following Morn had chas'd away
 The flying Stars, and Light restor'd the Day. Dryd. Virg.

And now the setting Stars are lost in Day. Dryd. Virg.

—— He beheld the Skies

With Purple blushing, and the Day arise. Dryd. Virg.

—— And now renewing Day

Had chas'd the Shadows of the Night away. Dryd. Virg.

Scarce had the rosie Morning rais'd her Head
 Above the Waves, and left her watry Bed. Dryd. Virg.

Awake: the Morning shines; and the fresh Field
 Calls us: we lose the Prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended Plants; how blooms the Citron Grove;
 What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed;
 How Nature paints her Colours; how the Bee
 Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets. Milt. Par. Lost.

The Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimson;
 The Flow'rs more od'rous seem; the Garden Birds
 Sing louder, and the laughing Sun ascends
 The gawdy Earth with an unusual Brightness: (Borg-
 All Nature smiles, and the whole World is pleas'd. Lee. Cæf.

Sol thro' white Curtains did his Beams display;
 And op'd those Eyes which brighter shone than they.
 Now Shock had giv'n himself the rising Shake,
 And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take:
 Thrice the wrought Slipper knock'd against the Ground;
 And striking Watches the tenth Hour resound. Pope.

M O R P H E U S.

Around his drowsy Offspring goes the God,
 And rowles Morpheus from the sleepy Crowd;
 None can, like him, a perfect Man express,
 His Speech and Mien, his Action and his Dress:
 But he alone in humane Shape appears,
 While the less noble Forms a second wears,
 Of Snakes or Birds, of Lions or of Bears:
 Still there's a third, still meaner in Degree,
 Which shews a Field, a River, or a Tree;
 Of Things inanimate presents the Scene,
 Hills, Valleys, Ships, or Houses, Earth, or Main:
 These three to Gen'als, Kings, or Courts, belong: (Ovid.
 More vulgar Dreams wait the more vulgar Throng. Hopk.

Darkling the Demon glides for Fight prepar'd,
 So soft that scarce his fanning Wings are heard:
 To Trachin, swift as Thought, the fitting Shade
 Thro' Air his momentary Journey made.

Then lays aside the Steerage of his Wings;
 Forsakes his proper Form, assumes the King's:
 And, pale as Death, despoil'd of his Array,
 Into the Queen's Apartment takes his Way:
 Unmov'd his Eyes, and wet his Beard appears,
 And shedding vain, but seeming real, Tears:
 The briny Water dropping from his Hairs.
 Then staring on her with a ghastly Look,
 And hollow Voice, he thus the Queen bespoke.

Thus said the Player-God; and, adding Art
 Of Voice and Gesture, so perform'd his Part,
 She thought, so like her Love the Shade appears, (Ovid.
 That Ceyx spake the Words, and Ceyx shed the Tears. Dryd.

M O T E S.

Behold where'er the glitt'ring Sunbeams come
 Thro' narrow Chinks into a darken'd Room;
 A Thousand little Bodies strait appear,
 In the small Streams of Light, and wander there:
 For ever fight; reject all Shews of Peace;
 Now meet, now part again, and never cease:
 Now beaten backward, and with wanton Play,
 Now this, now that, and ev'ry other Way. Creech. Lucr.

M O U L D.

M O U L D.

As when a Mould repels th' invading Seas;
Protects the Ships, and gives the Harbour Peace:
The foaming Tempest on high Billows rides,
And storms, with wat'ry Troops, its lofty Sides:
Th' unshaken Structure all their Fury braves,
And stops the Current of th' insulting Waves:
Th' angry Seas break on th' opposing Shore,
And, beaten back, with Indignation roar. Blac. P. Arth.

M O U N T A I N.

— The Mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low Vales, and steal into the Skies. Pope.
So Atlas, and the Mountains of the Moon,
From North to South in lofty Ridges run
Thro' Africk Realms, whence falling Waters lave
Th' inferior Regions with a winding Wave:
So Caucasus, aspiring Taurus so,
And fam'd Imaus, ever white with Snow,
Thro' Eastern Climes their lofty Lines extend,
And, this, and that Way, ample Currents send. Blac. Creat.

Behold the Hills, which high in Air arise,
Harbour in Clouds, and mingle with the Skies:
The Earth's Dishonour, and encumbring Load,
For Beasts and Birds of Prey a desolate Abode. Blac.

But like some Mountain in those happy Isles,
Where in perpetual Spring young Nature smiles,
Your Greatness shows: No Horror to affright;
But Trees for Shade, and Flow'rs to court the Sight:
Sometimes the Hill submits itself a while
In small Descents, which still its Height beguile;
And sometimes mounts, but so as Billows play,
Whose Rise not hinders, but makes short our Way. Dryd.

— O amazing Height!
At what remote, and what stupendous Distance,
Yon tyrannizing Main below —
Insults the foaming Shore! —

Ubaldo, see how very far beneath us,
With flagging Wings the painted Meteors fly
Thro' all th' infernal Regions of the Air!
How far below, illustrious in its Flight,
The nimble Lightning scours along the Sky!
And hark how far, how very far beneath us
Th' exasperated Thunder roars —

To plague the guilty World! ———
 But never Storm disturbs this happy Place,
 The very Pride and Pomp of wanton Nature!
 The very Darling of indulgent Heav'n!
 Which still the Sun, the World's great Eye, contemplates,
 And never suffers interposing Cloud
 To bar th'eternal Prospect. — Den. Rin. & Arm.

Here, on the Frontiers of the rousing Skies, (Arm.)
 We stand, and breathe, the Borderers of Heav'n! Den. Rin. &

Ridges of high contiguous Hills arise;
 Divide the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies. Blac. Eliz.

Behold where Neritus the Clouds divides,
 And shakes the sounding Forests on his Sides. Pope. Hom.

Next, Ida see, from whence a thousand Fountains
 Flow from on high, and well upon the Plains. Br. Hom.

In Pomp the shady Appenines arise,
 And lift th'aspiring Nation to the Skies:
 In their dark Womb a thousand Rivers lie, (Luc.)
 That with continu'd Streams the double Sea supply. Add.

Stiff with eternal Ice, and hid in Snow,
 That fell a thousand Centuries ago,
 The Mountain stands; nor can the rising Sun
 Unfix her Frosts, and teach them how to run:
 Deep as the dark infernal Waters lie,
 From the bright Regions of the cheerful Sky;
 So far the proud ascending Rocks invade
 Heav'n's upper Realms, and cast a dreadful Shade.
 No Spring, nor Summer, on the Mountain seen,
 Smiles with gay Fruits, or with delightful Green,
 But hoary Winter, unadorn'd and bare,
 Dwells in the dire Retreat, and freezes there:
 There she assembles all her blackest Storms,
 And the rude Hail in rattling Tempests forms:
 Thither the loud tumultuous Winds resort,
 And on the Mountain keep their boist'rous Court,
 That in thick Show'rs her rocky Summits shrowds, (Ital.)
 And darkens all the broken View with Clouds. Add. Sil.

M U R D E R.

————— My Plot grows full of Death:
 Murder is playing her great Master-piece;
 And the sad Sisters sweat, so fast I urge them:
 O how I hug my self for this Revenge:
 My Fanny's great in Mischief: For, methinks,
 The Night grows darker; and the lab'ring Ghosts,
 For fear lest I should find new Torments out,

Sun o'er the old with most prodigious Swiftneſs:
ſee the fatal Fruit betwixt the Teeth; (Alex.

The Sieve brim-full, and the ſwift Stone ſtand ſtill. Lee.

O he's the cooleſt Murderer! ſo ſtanch

He kills; and keeps his Temper. — Dryd. All for Love.

Murders, at which th'aſtoniſh'd Sun went back, (Love.

And turn'd aſide, and veil'd his Head in Clouds. Lanſd. Her.

I ſee my Death is written in thy Eyes;

Therefore wreak all thy Luſt of Vengeance on me,

Waſh in my Blood, and ſteep thee in my Gore;

Feed like a Vulture, tear my bleeding Heart. Lee. Alex.

Creatures of vileſt Make, upon Diſguſt. (Mithr.

With Knives or Cords ſet looſe their Coward Souls. Lee.

And what's the Punishment, my dear Pulcheria?

What Torments are allotted thoſe ſad Spirits;

Who, groaning with the Burden of Deſpair,

No longer will endure the Cares of Life,

But boldly ſet themſelves at Liberty:

Thro' the dark Caves of Death to wander on

Like wilder'd Travellers without a Guide:

Eternal Rovers in the gloomy Maze,

Where ſcarce the Twilight of an infant Moon,

By a faint Glimmer check'ring thro' the Trees,

Reſlects to diſmal View the walking Ghoſts,

And never hope to reach the bleſſed Fields? Lee. Theod.

— Had you beheld his Rack and Torments,

When from his dying Eyes, ſwoln to the Brim,

The big round Drops roul'd down his manly Face,

When from his hollow Breſt a murmur'ing Crowd

Of Groans ruſh'd forth, and echo'd, All is well:

Then had you ſeen him, O ye cruel Gods!

Ruſh on the Sword I held againſt his Breſt,

And dye it to the Hilts! — Lee. Theod.

— He, like a Traitor Coward,

Sluic'd out his inn'cent Soul thro' Streams of Blood:

Which Blood, like ſacrificing Abel's, cries,

Ev'n from the tongueleſs Caverns of the Earth,

Aloud for Juſtice, and rough Chaiſement. Shak. Rich. 2.

The Blow you give will ſtrike me to the Stars,

But ſink my Murd'reſs in eternal Ruin:

— A Thouſand Spirits tell me,

There's not a God but whiſpers in my Ear;

This Death will crown me with immortal Glory,

And make me Company of Queens above;

While thou, the Burden of the Earth, —

Fall'ſt to the Deep, ſo heavy with thy Guilt,

That Hell it ſelf muſt groan at thy Reception;

While

While foulest Fiends shun thy Society;
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken Rury. *Lee. Alex.*

See, how the Blood is settled in his Face:
Oft have I seen a timely-parted Ghost,
Of ashy Semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring Heart,
Who, in the Conflict that it holds with Death,
Attracts the Blood for Aid against the Enemy:
Which with the Heart there cools; and ne'er returns,
To blush and beautifie the Cheek again:
But see, his Face is black and full of Blood:
His Eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled Man;
His Hair uprear'd; his Nostrils stretch'd with struggling:
His Hands display'd abroad, as one that grasp'd
And tug'd for Life, and was by Strength subdu'd.

Shak. Hen. 6. p. 2.

Behold, ev'n now the great unhappy Youth
Falls by the fordid Hands of butch'ring Villains:
Now, now he bleeds; he dies:
See, his rich Blood in purple Torrents flows;
And Nature fallies in unbidden Groans:
Now mortal Pangs distort his lovely Form;
His rosy Beauties fade; his starry Eyes
Now darkling swim, and fix their closing Beams:
Now in short Gasps his lab'ring Spirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his fault'ring Tongue,
And struggles into Sound. — *Smith. Phæd. & Hip.*

There he lies; the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds: O more than savage!
Had they our Hearts or Eyes that did this Deed?
Could Eyes endure to guide such cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs, *(Bride.)*
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone? *Cong. Mour.*

O Death! thou gentle End of human Sorrows,
Still must my weary Eyelids vainly wake
In tedious Expectation of thy Peace?
Why stand thy thousand thousand Doors still open,
To take the Wretched in, if stern Religion
Guards ev'ry Passage, and forbids my Entrance?
Lucrece could bleed, and Portia swallow Fire,
When urg'd with Griefs beyond a mortal Suff'rance:
But here it must not be: Think, think Arpasia,
Think on the sacred Dictates of thy Faith,
And let that Arm thy Virtue, to perform
What Cato's Daugh'r durst not: Live Arpasia,
And dare to be unhappy. — *Rowe. Tamerl.*

Good

Good Heav'n, whose darling Attribute, we find,
 As boundless Grace and Mercy to Mankind,
 Abhors the Cruel; and the Deeds of Night
 By wond'rous Ways reveals in open Light:
 Murder may pass unpunish'd for a Time,
 But tardy Justice will o'errake the Crime:
 And oft a speedier Pain the Guilty feels;
 The Hue and Cry of Heav'n pursues him at the Heels,
 Fresh from the Fact. ——— Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and
 (the Fox.

——— Foul Deeds will rise,
 Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them to Men's Eyes;
 And Murder, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous Organ, ——— Shak. Haml.
 They start like Murderers when Ghosts appear,
 And draw their Curtains in the Dead of Night. Dryd.

S E L F - M U R D E R.

My Virtue is a Guard beyond my Strength,
 And Death, my last Defence, within my call:
 Death may be call'd in vain, and can not come:
 Tyrants may tie him up from your Relief,
 Nor has a Christian Privilege to die.
 Brutus and Cato might discharge their Souls,
 And give them Furlo's for another World;
 But we, like Centry's are oblig'd to stand
 In Starless Nights, and wait the pointed Hour. Dryd. D. Seb.
 He's a Man;

He knows that Men, abandon'd of their Hope,
 Should ask no Leave, nor stay for suing out
 A tedious Writ of Ease from ling'ring Heav'n;
 But help themselves, as timely as they could,
 And reach the Fates their Duty. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.

Our Time is set and fix'd; our Days are told;
 And no Man knows the Limits of his Life:
 This Minute may be mine, the next anothers:
 But still all Mortals ought to wait the Summons,
 And not usurp on the Decrees of Fate,
 By hast'ning their own Ends. ——— Smith. P. of Par.

Self-Murder, Nature and our Souls abhor. Smith. P. of Par.
 Not stony Tow'rs, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
 Nor airless Dungeon, nor strong Links of Fate;
 Can be retentive to the Strength of Spirit:
 For Life, being weary of these worldly Bars,
 Never lacks Pow'r to dismiss it self:
 In that, ye Gods, you make the Weak most strong,
 In that, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat;
 In that, each Bondman in his own Hand bears The

The Power to cancel his Captivity:
 But I do think it cowardly and vile,
 For Fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The Time of Life: Arming my self with Patience,
 To wait the Providence of some high Pow'rs,
 That govern us below. ——— Shak. Jul. Cæs.

Shall Nature, erring from her first Command,
 Self-Preservation, fall by her own Hand?

By her own Act the Springs of Life destroy?

The Principles, and Being of her Joy?

Sensual and Base! ——— Lanfd. Brit. Ench.

Dear, Dear Adrastus, look with half an Eye
 On my unheard of Woes, and judge thy self,
 If it be fit that such a Wretch shou'd live!

I do conjure thee, give my Horrors way:

Talk not of Life, for that will make me rave:

As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd Wretch,

All mangled o'er, from Head to Foot, with Wounds,

And his Bones broke, to wait a better Day.

I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men. Lee OEdip.

If I had longer been alone, most surely,

With the Distraction, that surrounds my Heart,

My Hand wou'd have rebell'd against his Master,

And done a Murder here. ——— Lee Theod.

M U S E.

Descend, celestial Muse! Thy Son inspire
 Of thee to sing: Infuse thy Holy Fire.
 Belov'd of Gods and Men, thy self disclose;
 Say, from what Source the heav'nly Pow'r arose,
 Which, from unnumber'd Years deliv'ring down
 The Deeds of Heroes, deathless in Renown,
 Extends their Life and Fame to Ages yet unknown. }

Time and the Muse set forth with equal Pace,

At once the Rivals started to the Race:

And both at once the destin'd Course shall end,

Or both to all Eternity contend.

One to preserve what t'other cannot save,

And rescue rising Virtue from the Grave. Cong.

Th' Almighty spake the Word, and made th' immortal
 Ne'er did his Pow'r produce so fair a Child, (Muse.

On whose Creation infant Nature smil'd:

Perfect at first, a finish'd Form she wears,

And Youth perpetual in her Face appears:

Th' assembled Gods, who long expecting stay'd,

With new Delight gaze on the lovely Maid:

Not

Nor did the Sire himself his Joy disguise,
But stedfast view'd and fix'd, and fed his Eyes,
Intent a Space; at length he silence broke,
And thus the God the heav'nly Fair bespoke:

To thee, immortal Maid, from this blest'd Hour,
O'er Time, and Fame, I give unbounded Pow'r:
Thou from Oblivion shalt the Hero save,
Shalt raise, revive, immortalize the Brave:
On his Heroick Deeds thy Verse shall rise;
Thou shalt diffuse the Fires, that he supplies:
Thro' him thy Songs shall more sublime aspire;
And he, thro' them, shall deathless Fame acquire:
Nor Time, nor Fate his Glory shall oppose,
Or blast the Mon'uments the Muse bestows. Cong.

From dark Oblivion, and the silent Grave
Th' indulgent Muse does the brave Hero save:
'Tis she forbids his Name to die,
And brings it to the Stars, and sticks it in the Sky. Brown Hor.

Th' indulgent Muse, the only Cure,
For all the Ills afflicted Minds endure;
That sweetens Sorrow, and makes Sadness please,
And heals the Heart by telling its Disease. Duke.

The Muses guard the great Atrides' Spoils;
'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' Toils:
To them, by smiling Jove 't was given, to save
Distinguish'd Patriots from the common Grave,
When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall:
The Hero's Virtue does the String inspire,
When with big Joy they strike the living Lyre. Prior.

Daughter of Memory, immortal Muse,

Calliope, what Poet wilt thou chuse?

To whom wilt thou thy Fire impart,

Thy Lyre, thy Voice, and tuneful Art:

Whom raise sublime on thy ethereal Wing,
And consecrate with Dews of thy Castalian Spring?

Without thy Aid, the most aspiring Mind

Must flag beneath, to narrow Flights confin'd,

Striving to rise in vain:

Nor e'er can hope with equal Lays

To celebrate bright Virtues Praise,

Thy Aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humblest Swain,
May climb Pierian Heights, and quit the lowly Plain.

The Lyre is struck, the Sound I hear!

O Muse, propitious to my Pray'r!

O well known Sounds! O Melody, the same,
That kindled Mantuan Fire, and rais'd Mæonian Flame!

What

What Verse such Worth can raise?
 Lustre and Life, the Poet's Art
 To middle Virtue may impart:
 But Deeds sublime, exalted high like these,
 Transcend his utmost Flight, and mock his distant Praise.
 Still would the willing Muse aspire,
 With Transport still her Strains prolong;
 But Fear unstrings the trembling Lyre,
 And Admiration stops her Song. Cong.
 O, whither wou'd th' adventurous Goddess go?
 Sees she not Clouds, and Earth, and Main below?
 Minds she the Dangers of the Lycian Coast,
 And Fields, where mad Bellerophon was lost?
 Or is her tow'ring Flight reclaim'd
 By Seas, from Icarus' Downfall nam'd?
 Vain is the Call, and useless the Advice:
 To wise Persuasion deaf, and human Cries,
 Yet upward she incessant flies,
 Resolv'd to reach the high Empyrean Sphere,
 'Till, lost in trackless Fields of shining Day,
 Unable to discern the Way,
 Untouch'd, unknown to any Muse before,
 She, from the noble Precipices thrown,
 Comes rushing with uncommon Ruin down:
 Glorious Attempt! Unhappy Fate!
 The Song too daring, and the Theme too great! Prior.
 Illustrious Acts high Raptures do infuse,
 And ev'ry Conqueror creates a Muse. Wall.
 The rudest Minds with Harmony were caught,
 And civil Life was by the Muses taught. Wall.
 Th' officious Muses came along,
 A gay harmonious Choir, like Angels, ever young:
 They sung and flew,
 Like Birds of Paradise, that liv'd on Morning Dew. Dryd.
 In a deep Visions intellectual Scene,
 Beneath a Bow'r for Sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable Shade
 Of the black Yew's unlucky Green,
 Mixt with the mourning Willow's careful Grey,
 The melancholy Cowley lay.
 And lo! A Muse appear'd to his clos'd Sight,
 The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play,
 Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal Light;
 A golden Harp with Silver Strings she bore,
 A wond'rous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,
 In which all Colours and all Figures were,
 That Nature, or that Fantasy can create.

That

That art can never imitate,
 And with loose Pride it wanton'd in the Air:
 In such a Dress, in such a well-cloath'd Dream,
 She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus Stream,
 Pindar, her Theban Favourite, to meet: (Cowl.
 A Crown was on her Head, and Wings were on her Feet.
 By no one Measure bound, my Muse's Numbers range,
 And, unresolv'd in Choice, delights in Change:
 Her Songs to no distinguish'd Fame aspire;
 For now she tries the Reed, anon attempts the Lyre:
 In high Parnassus she no Birthright claims,
 Nor drinks deep Draughts of Heliconian Streams:
 Yet near the sacred Mount she loves to rove,
 Visits the Springs, and hovers round the Grove:
 She knows what Dangers wait too bold a Flight,
 And fears to fall from an Icarian Height:
 Yet she admires the Wing that safely soars,
 At Distance follows, and its Track adores:
 She knows what Room, what Force the Swan requires,
 Whose tow'ring Head above the Clouds aspires. Cong.
 Begin, my Muse; from Jove derive thy Song:
 Thy Song, of right, does first to Jove belong:
 For thou thy self art of celestial Seed;
 Nor dare a Sire inferior boast thy Breed. Cong.
 Now, sacred Sisters, open all your Spring. Dryd. Virg.
 Each in his Turn your tuneful Numbers bring;
 In Turns the tuneful Muses love to sing. Dryd. Virg.
 Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier Strain:
 The lowly Shrubs, and Trees that shade the Plain,
 Delight not all: Sicilian Muse, prepare
 To make the vocal Woods deserve a Consul's Care. Dr. Virg.
 Begin, Caliope; but not to sing;
 Plain, honest Truth we for our Subject bring:
 Help then, ye young Pierian Maids, to tell
 A downright Narrative of what befel:
 Afford me willingly your sacred Aids, (Duke. Juv.
 Me, that have call'd you young, me, that have styl'd you Maids.
 Thou, to whose Eyes I bend, at whose Command,
 Tho' low my Voice, tho' artless be my Hand,
 I take the sprightly Reed; and sing, and play,
 Careless of what the cens'ring World may say,
 Bright Cloe, Object of my constant Vow,
 Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious Brow?
 Wilt thou with Pleasure hear thy Lover's Strains,
 And with one heav'nly Smile o'erpay his Pains?
 And, while my Notes to future Times proclaim
 Unconquer'd Love, and ever-during Flame,

O fairest of thy Sex, be thou my Muse,
Deign on my Work thy Influence to diffuse;
Let me partake the Blessings I rehearse,
And grant me Love, the just Reward of Verse. Prior.

MUSICIAN.

Verse makes Heroick Virtue live;
But you can Life to Verses give:
As, when in open Air we blow,
The Breath, tho' strain'd, sounds flat and low:
But if a Trumpet take the Blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last:
So in your Airs our Numbers drest
Make a shrill Sally from the Breast
Of Nymphs, who, singing what we penn'd;
Our Passions to themselves commend;
While Love, victorious with thy Art,
Governs at once their Voice and Heart:
You, by the Help of Tune and Time,
Can make that Song, which was but Rhyme.
As a Church-Window, thick with Paint,
Lets in a Light but dim and faint;
So others, with Division hide
The Light of Sense, the Poet's Pride:
But you alone may truly boast,
That not a Syllable is lost:
The Writer's, and the Setter's Skill, (Lawes.
At once the ravish'd Ears do fill. Wall. to Mr. Hen.

MUSIC K.

Begin the Song, your Instruments advance,
Tune the Voice, and tune the Flute,
Touch the silent sleeping Lute,
And make the Strings to their own Measures dance.
Bring gentlest Thoughts that into Language glide,
Bring softest Words that into Numbers slide;
Let ev'ry Hand and ev'ry Tongue
To make the noble Comfort throng:
Let all in one harmonious Note agree
To frame the mighty Song,
For this is Musicks sacred Jubile.
Musick's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;
The greatest Spell, that charms our Cares to rest,
And calms the ruffled Passions of the Mind.

Musick does all our Joys refine,
 It gives the Relish to our Wine,
 'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love,
 And wings Devotion to a Pitch divine :
 'Tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heav'n above.
 Hark how the waken'd Strings resound,
 And break the yielding Air ;
 The ravish'd Sense how pleasingly they wound,
 And call the list'ning Soul into the Ear :
 Each Pulse beats Time, and ev'ry Heart
 With Tongue and Fingers bears a Part.
 By Harmony's entrancing Pow'r
 When we are thus wound up to Extasy,
 Methinks we mount, methinks we tow'r,
 And seem to antedate our future Bliss on high. Oldh.
 Musick alone, with suddain Charms, can bind
 The wand'ring Sense, and calm the troubled Mind ;
 Harmony, Peace, and sweet Desire
 In ev'ry Breast inspire,
 Revive the melancholy drooping Heart,
 And soft Repose to restless Thoughts impart ;
 Appease the wrathful Mind,
 To dire Revenge, and Death inclin'd :
 With balmy Sounds his boiling Blood assuage,
 And melt to mild Remorse his burning Rage.
 'Tis done ! And now tumultuous Passions cease,
 And all is hush'd, and all is Peace.
 The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,
 By Musick lull'd to pleasing Rest. Cong.
 Musick's the Balm of Love, it charms Despair,
 Suspends the Smart, and softens ev'ry Care. Lanfd. Brit. Ench.
 Musick, the greatest Good, that Mortals know,
 And all the Heav'n we have below :
 Musick can noble Hints impart,
 Engender Fury, kindle Love ;
 With unsuspected Eloquence can move,
 And manage all the Man with secret Art.
 When Orpheus strikes the trembling Lyre,
 The Streams stand still, the Stones admire,
 The list'ning Savages advance ;
 The Wolf and Lamb around him trip,
 The Bears in awkward Measures leap,
 And Tigers mingle in the Dance.
 The moving Woods attended as he play'd,
 And Rhodope was left without a Shade.
 Musick religious Heats inspires,
 It wakes the Soul, and lifts it high,

And

And Wings it with sublime Desires,
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
 Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful Tongue,
 And seems well pleas'd, and courted with a Song.
 Soft moving Sounds, and heav'nly Airs
 Give Force to ev'ry Word, and recommend our Pray'rs:
 When Time it self shall be no more,
 And all Things in Confusion hurl'd,
 Musick shall then exert its Pow'r,
 And Sound survive the Ruins of the World:
 Then Saints and Angels shall agree
 In one eternal Jubile:
 All Heav'n shall echo with their Hymns divine,
 And God himself with Pleasure see,
 The whole Creation in a Chorus join.
 Let no rough Winds approach, nor dare
 Invade the hallow'd Bounds,
 Nor rudely shake the tuneful Air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting Sounds:
 Nor mournful Sigh, nor Groan be heard,
 But Gladness dwell on ev'ry Tongue,
 Whilst all, with Voice and Strings prepar'd,
 Keep up the loud harmonious Song,
 And imitate the Bless'd above,
 In Joy, in Harmony, and Love. Add.
 Musick's the Language of the Bless'd above:
 No Voice but Musick's can express
 The Joys that happy Souls possess;
 Nor in just Raptures tell the wond'rous Pow'r of Love:
 'Tis Nature's Dialect, design'd
 To charm, and to instruct, the Mind:
 Musick's an universal Good!
 That does dispence its Joys around
 In all the Elegance of Sound,
 To be by Men admir'd, by Angels understood.
 Let ev'ry restless Passion cease to move,
 And each tumultuous Thought obey
 The happy Influence of this Day;
 For Musick's Unity and Love.
 Musick's the soft Indulger of the Mind;
 The kind Diverter of our Care,
 The surest Refuge mournful Grief can find;
 A Cordial to the Breast, and Charm to ev'ry Ear.
 Thus, when the Prophet struck his tuneful Lyre,
 Saul's evil Genius did retire:
 In vain were Remedies apply'd;
 In vain all other Arts were try'd;

His Hand and Voice alone the Charm cou'd find,
To heal his Body, and compose his Mind. Yald.

By Musick, Minds an equal Temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:

If in the Breast tumultuous Joys arise,
Musick her soft assuasive Voice applies:

Or, when the Soul is press'd with Cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning Airs:

Warriours she fires with animated Sounds;
Pours Balm into the bleeding Lover's Wounds:

At Musick, Melancholy lifts her Head;
Dull Morpheus rouzes from his Bed:

Sloth from its Lethargy awakes;
And list'ning Envy drops her Snakes:

Intestine Wars no more our Passions wage:
Ev'n giddy Factions hear away their Rage:

But, when our Countrey's Cause provokes to Arms,
How martial Musick ev'ry Bosom warms!

So when the first bold Vessel dar'd the Seas,
High on his Stern the Thracian rais'd his Strain;

While Argo saw her kindred Trees
Descend from Pelion to the Main:

Transported Demi-Gods stood round,
And Men grew Heroes at the Sound:

Inflam'd with Glory's Charms,
Each Chief his seven-fold Shield display'd,

And half unsheath'd the shining Blade;
And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies rebound,

To Arms, to Arms, to Arms! Pope.
But hark! He strikes the golden Lyre;

And see! The tortur'd Ghosts respire:
See shady Forms advance!

Thy Stone, O Syfiphus, stands still;
Ixion rests upon his Wheel;

And the pale Spectres Dance!
The Furies sink upon their Iron Beds,

And Snakes, uncurl'd, hang list'ning round their Heads. Pope
Musick the greatest Griefs can charm;

And Fate's severest Rage disarm;
Musick can soften Pain to Ease;

And make Despair and Madness please:
Our Joys below it can improve,

And antedate the Bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's Praise confin'd the Sound:
When the full Organ joins the tuneful Quire,

Th' immortal Pow'rs incline their Ear:

Borne on the swelling Notes our Souls aspire,
 While solemn Airs improve the sacred Fire;
 And Angels lean from Heav'n to hear,
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell;
 To bright Cecilia greater Pow'r is given;

His Numbers rais'd a Shade from Hell;
 Hers lift the Soul to Heav'n. Pope.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal Frame:
 The sweet Enthusiast, from her secret Store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
 And added Length to solemn Sounds,
 With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
 Or both divide the Crown;
 He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies.

She drew an Angel down. Dryd.

—— Sounds, that charm our Ears,
 Are but one Dressing this rich Science wears;
 Tho' no Man hear't, tho' no Man it rehearse,
 Yet there will still be Musick in my Verse.
 In this great World so much of it we see,
 The lesser, Man, is all o'er Harmony:
 Store-house of all Proportions! single Quire!
 Which first God's Breath did tunelessly inspire:
 From hence bless'd Musick's heav'nly Charms arise,
 From Sympathy, which them and Man allies,
 Thus they our Souls, thus they our Bodies win,
 Not by their Force, but Party that's within.
 Thus the strange Cure, on our spilt Blood apply'd,
 Sympathy to the distant Wound does guide. Cowl. David.

They say, that Musick has resistless Charms,
 To quell the Tumults of an anxious Breast:
 If Sounds can heal the pois'nous Insect's Bite,
 Why not the Sting of Love? For Love is sure
 One kind of Poison. Sound, sound all
 Our Instruments of War: With vocal Air
 Sonorous Metal fill, whose sprightly Breath
 New Life imparts, and warms the Cowards Blood.
 Higher, yet higher raise th' extatick Sound,
 With all the Symphony of martial Notes.
 It works; it works; the dancing Spirits rise;
 Soft Love retires; and Furies seize my Breast:
 Bring forth the warlike Steed, my shining Arms;
 I will revenge my Quarrel on Mankind.

—— Cease, cease
 Those harsh and ill-concording Sounds, which arm

With Steel the Heart, and make us deaf to Nature:
Sink, sink to gentle and melodious Strains,
Soft as the Passions of my melting Soul,
And warm as new Desire. — Hig. Gen. Cong.

What sweet celestial Musick charms our Ears;
Now, soft as Breezes of the breathing Spring,
Tremble the vocal Airs and warbling String:
Now thro' the Dome the bolder Notes rebound,
Swell'd with the lofty Trumpers' sprightly Sound:
The various Organ pleas'd with both complies,
Sinks as they sink, and rises as they rise. Trapp:
Sweet Voices, mix'd with instrumental Sounds,
Ascend the vaulted Roof; the vaulted Roof rebounds.
(Dryd. Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.)

All suddenly I heard th' approaching Sound
Of vocal Musick on th' enchanted Ground:
An Host of Saints it seem'd, so full the Quire,
As if the Bless'd above did all conspire,
To join their Voices, and neglect the Lyre. Dryd. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.)

Before the merry Troop the Minstrels play'd:
Their Instruments were various in their Kind;
Some for the Bow, and some for breathing Wind:
The Psaltry, Pipe, and Hautboy's noisy Band,
And the soft Lute trembling beneath the touching Hand:
And now the Band of Flutes began to play,
To which a Lady sung a Vire-lay:
And still at ev'ry Close she wou'd repeat
The Burden of the Song, *The Daisy is so sweet:*
The Daisy is so sweet, when she began,
The Troop of Knights and Dames continu'd on:
The Consort and the Voice so charm'd my Ear,
And sooth'd my Soul, that it was Heav'n to hear. Dryd.
Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf.

He strook his Harp, and stiait a num'rous Throng
Of airy People fled to hear his Song:
The wond'rous Numbers soften'd all beneath,
Hell, and the inmost flinty Seats of Death:
Snakes round the Furies Heads did upward rear,
And seem'd to listen to the pleasing Air:
While fiery Stryx in milder Streams did roul,
And Cerb'rus gap'd, but yet forbore to howl:
Tision's Wheel stood still; all Tortures ceas'd,
And Hell, amaz'd, knew an unusual Rest. Creech. Virg.
(Spoken of Orpheus.)

While he sung this sad Event of Love,
He tam'd fierce Tigers, and made Oaks to move:

With such soft Tunes, and such a doleful Song,
 Sweet Nightingales bewail their ravish'd Young;
 Which some hard-hearted Swain has borne away,
 While callow Birds, or kill'd the easy Prey:
 Restless they sit, renew their mournful Strains,
 And with sad Passion fill the neighb'ring Plains.

Nothing is deaf: Woods listen while they sing,
 And echoing Groves resound, and Mountains ring. *Stas. V.*

Playing on the Harp.

————— And first he wound
 The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound:
 Then earnest to his Instrument he bends,
 And both his Hands upon the Strings extends:
 The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
 The lower ans'ring still to those above.
 His restless Fingers traverse to and fro,
 And in Pursuit of Harmony they go;
 Now, lightly skimming o'er the Strings they pass,
 Like Winds, that gently brush the plying Grass;
 And melting Airs arise at their Command:
 And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand,
 He sinks into the Chords with solemn Pace,
 And gives the swelling Tones a manly Grace:
 Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
 While Musick thro' the trembling Harp abounds. *Phil.*

This Harp, of old, to Hesiod did belong:
 To this, the Muses Gift, join thy harmonious Song:
 Charm'd by these Strings, Trees, starting from the Ground,
 Have follow'd with Delight the pow'rful Sound. *Rosc. Virg.*

Playing on the Lute.

What Charms you have, from what high Race you
 Have been the pleasing Subjects of my Song: *(sprung)*
 But when you please to shew the lab'ring Muse,
 What greater Theme your Musick can produce;
 My babbling Praises I repeat no more;
 But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.
 The Persians thus, first gazing on the Sun,
 Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;
 But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughts were rais'd
 And soon they worshipp'd what at first they prais'd.
 Eliza's Glory lives in Spencer's Song;
 And Cowley's Verse keeps fair Orinda young:
 That, as in Faith, in Beauty you excel,
 The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell:

Your Art no other Art can speak; and you,
 To shew how well you play, must play a-new:
 Your Musick's Pow'r your Musick must disclose;
 For, what Light is, 'tis only Light that shews.
 Strange Force of Harmony, that thus controuls
 Our Thoughts; and turns and sanctifies our Souls!
 When to your native Heav'n you shall repair,
 And with your Presence crown the Blessings there;
 Your Lute may wind its Strings but little high'r,
 To tune their Notes to that immortal Choire:
 Your Art is perfect here: Your Numbers do,
 More than our Books, make the rude Arheist know,
 That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below. Prior, to }
 (the Countess of Exeter.

Playing on the Pipe.

He draws in Breath, his rising Breast to fill:
 From Note to Note in Haste his Fingers fly;
 Still more and more his Numbers multiply;
 And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
 And swift and slow they change with sweet Surprise. Phil.

—— The lovely Swain

Charm'd with his tuneful Pipe the wond'ring Plain;

—— He play'd such sprightly Airs,
 As woo'd our Souls into our ravish'd Ears:

For which the list'ning Streams forgot to run,
 And Trees lean'd their attentive Branches down;
 While the glad Hills, loth the sweet Sounds to lose,
 Lengthen'd in Echoes ev'ry heav'nly Close. Old. Mosch.

Thy Notes remain yet fresh in ev'ry Ear,

And give us all Delight, and all Despair:

Pan only e'er can equal thee in Song;

That Task does only to great Pan belong. Oldh. Mosc.

And while they play'd the list'ning Heifers stood,

Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food:

They charm'd the Rage of hungry Wolves; and led

The wand'ring Rivers from their wonted Bed. Chetw. Virg.

To Celia's Spinnet.

Thou soft Machine, that do'st her Hand obey,

Tell her my Grievs in thy harmonious Lay.

To shun my Moan to thee she'll fly;

To her Touch be sure reply,

And, if she removes it, die.

Know thy Bliss; with Rapture shake;

Tremble o'er all thy num'rous Make.

D d 3

Speak

Speak in melting Sounds my Tears;
 Speak my Joys, my Hopes, my Fears:
 Thus force her, when from me she'd fly,
 By her own Hand, like me, to die. Steele: Lying Lover.

Musick of the Spheres.

How sweet the Moonlight sleeps upon this Bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the Sounds of Musick
 Creep in our Ears: Soft Stillness of the Night
 Become the Touches of sweet Harmony:
 Sit, Jessica: Look how the Floor of Heaven
 Is thick inlay'd with Patterns of bright Gold:
 There's not the smallest Orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in its Motion, like an Angel, sings,
 Still choring to the young-ey'd Cherubims:
 Such Harmony is in immortal Souls!
 But, while this muddy Vesture of Decay,
 Thus grossly closes us, we can not hear it. Shak. Mer. of Ven.

M Y S T E R I O.

Then old Mysterio shook his silver Hairs;
 Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years:
 Whom factious Zeal to fierce unchristian Strife,
 Has hurry'd in the last Extreame of Life:
 Strange Dotage, thus to sacrifice his Ease,
 When Nature whispers Men to crown their Days
 With sweet Retirement and religious Peace.
 Foreknowledge struggled in his heaving Breast,
 Ere he in these dark Terms his Fears express'd. —

N.

N A D A B.

The canting Nadab let Oblivion damp, (and Achit.
 Who made new Porridge for the Paschal Lamb. Dryd. Ab.

N A M E.

So bold as yet no Verse of mine has been,
 To wear that Gem on any Line,
 Nor, till the Happy Nuptial Muse be seen,
 Shall any Stanza with it shine.
 Rest, mighty Name, till then: For thou must be
 Laid down by her, ere taken up by me.

Then

Then all the Fields and Woods shall with it ring ;

Then Echo's Burden it shall be,

Then all the Birds in sev'ral Notes shall sing,

And all the Rivers murmur thee :

Then ev'ry Wind the Sound shall upward bear,

And softly whisper't to some Angel's Ear.

Then shall thy Name thro' all my Verse be spread,

Thick as the Flow'rs in Meadows lie,

And, when in future Times they shall be read,

As sure, I think, they will not die,

If any Critick doubt that they be mine,

Men by that Stamp shall quickly know the Coin. Cowl.

When the lov'd Name of Theseus reach'd her Ear,

At that dear Name she rear'd her drooping Head,

Her feeble Hands, and wat'ry Eyes to Heav'n,

To bless the bounteous Gods : at that dear Name,

The raging Tempest of her Grief was calm'd ; (& Hip.

Her Sighs were hush'd, and Tears forgot to flow. Smit. Ph.

His very Name

(J. Shore.

Renews the Springs of Life, and cheers my Soul. Rowe.

N A P L E S.

Parthenope, for idle Hours design'd,

To Luxury and Ease unbends the Mind. Add. Hor.

Here wanton Naples crowns the happy Shore,

Not vainly rich, nor despicably poor ;

The Town in soft Solemnities delights,

And gentle Poets to her Arms invites :

The People, free from Cares, serene and gay,

Pass all their mild untroubled Hours away :

Parthenope the rising City nam'd,

A Siren, for her Songs and Beauty fam'd ;

That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring Seas, (Sil. It.

The list'ning Wretch, and made Destruction please. Add.

The mild Parthenope's delightful Shore,

Where, hush'd in Calms, the bord'ring Ocean laves

Her silent Coast, and souls in languid Waves :

Refreshing Winds the Summer's Heat assuage,

And kindly Warmth disarms the Winters Rage :

Remov'd from Noise, and the tumultuous War,

Soft Sleep and downy Ease inhabit there,

And Dreams, unbroken with intruding Care. Add. Stat. }

N A R C I S S U S.

Narcissus on the grassy Verdure lies;
 And, whilst within the crystal Fount he tries
 To quench his Heat, he feels new Heats arise.
 For, as his own bright Image he survey'd,
 He fell in Love with the fantastick Shade;
 And o'er the fair Resemblance hung unmov'd,
 Nor knew, fond Youth, it was himself he lov'd:
 He loves the purple Youthfulness of Face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry Glass:
 By his own Flames consum'd the Lover lies,
 And gives himself the Wound by which he dies:
 To the cold Water oft he joins his Lips,
 Oft, catching at the beauteous Shade, he dips
 His Arms; as often from himself he slips:
 Nor knows he, who it is his Arms pursue
 With eager Clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 Thy own warm Blush within the Water glows,
 With thee the colour'd Shadow comes and goes:
 It's empty Being on thy self relies,
 Step thou aside, and the fair Charmet dies. Add. Ovid.

N A T U R E.

Nature to all Things fix'd the Limits fit;
 And wisely curb'd proud Man's pretending Wit. Pope.
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal Light,
 Life, Force, and Beauty, must to all impart;
 At once the Source, and End, and Test, of Art.
 That Art is best which most resembles her;
 Which still presides, yet never does appear:
 In some fair Body thus the sprightly Soul,
 With Spirits feeds, with Vigour fills, the Whole;
 Each Motion guides, and ev'ry Nerve sustains;
 It self unseen, but in th' Effects, remains. Pope.
 Those Rules, of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are Nature still; but Nature methodiz'd:
 Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
 By the same Laws, which first her self ordain'd. Pope.
 In driving Nature out our Force is vain;
 Still the recoiling Goddess comes again;
 And creeps in silent Triumph to deride
 The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride. Staff. Hor.
 Things

Things chiefly here in the same Order go ;
 As Rivers in their known frequented Channels flow :
 Common Effects from common Causes spring ;
 And Nature runs her customary Ring :
 The strong subdue the weak by usual Fate ;
 The wise and subtle triumph in Debate :
 Experienc'd Troops th' undisciplin'd defeat,
 And in the Race the Prize the swiftest get. Blac. Eliza.

NEPTUNE.

Then Neptune, the dread Ruler of the Floods,
 Descended from the Mount : beneath the God
 The Mountain shook, and the proud Forest bow'd,
 In token of Submission, all his Groves.
 He to his flaming Chariot join'd his Steeds,
 Harness'd in Gold ; their flowing Manes around
 Shone like the golden Beams, which Phœbus' Lamp
 Sheds thro' the Skies conspicuous. —
 High in his Car the Deity appear'd,
 Triumphant o'er the Waves : the Monster Whales
 On ev'ry Side roul'd their enormous Bodies,
 And, playing all around, confess'd the God.
 His foaming Steeds flew o'er the liquid Plain,
 And skim'd along the Surface of the Deep,
 With such a swift Career, that ev'n the Waves,
 As tho' untouch'd, smooth and unruffled lay. Broom. Hom.

Then Neptune vanish'd swiftly from their Sight.
 As the swift Hawk, that from a rocky Height
 Sees from afar his Prey, expands his Plumes,
 Darts from on high, and skims along the Air: Broom. Hom.

Earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd,

In Bounty to the World,

To emulate the blue-ey'd Maid ;

And his huge Trident hurl'd

Against the sounding Beach the Stroke

Transfix'd the Globe, and open broke

The central Earth ; whence, swift as Light,

Forth rush'd the first-born Horse : stupendous Sight :

Neptune for human Good the Beast ordains, (Cong.

Whom soon he tam'd to Use, and taught to hear the Reins.

NIGHT.

Now was the Time when weary Mortals sleep
 Their careful Temples in the Dew of Sleep:

D d 5

On 2

On Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell,
A Death-like Quiet, and deep Silence fell. Wall. Virg.

——— Th' unlucky Time of Night,
When nought but loathsome Vermin are abroad,
Or Witches, gath'ring pois'nous Herbs for Spells, (Mar.
By the pale Light of the cold waning Moon. Orw. C.

Now gloomy Night involves the Hemisphere,
And spreads dark Horrors o'er the dewy Air.

Now the wild Tenants of the Desert Woods
Begin to move, and quit their warm Abodes:
For Prey the yawning Bears forsake their Holds,
And prowling Wolves explore th' unguarded Folds.

With raging Hunger pinch'd the Lions roar,
Expand their Jaws, and range the Forest o'er:
Dreadfully suppliant, for their Meat they pray
To Heav'n, and savage Adoration pay. Trapp.

Now sleeping Flocks on their soft Fleeces lie,
The Moon, serene in Glory, mounts the Sky. Pope.

'Tis now the Hour which all to Rest allow,
And Sleep sits heavy upon ev'ry Brow. Dryd. Ind. Emp.

——— The Dead of Night, (Guile.
When Darkness broods upon our darken'd World. Dr. D. of

The Nights black Curtain o'er the World was spread,
And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead:

A deep and awful Silence, void of Light,
With dusky Wings sat brooding o'er the Night:

The rouling Orbs mov'd slow from East to West,
With Harmony that lull'd the World to Rest:

The Moon withdrawn, the oozy Floods lay dead,
The very Influence of the Moon was fled:

Some twinkling Stars thro' sitting Clouds did peep,
And seem'd to wink, as if they wanted Sleep:

All Nature hush'd, as when dissolv'd and laid
In silent Chaos, ere the World was made. Farq.

Night, when the drowsy Swain and Trav'ler cease
Their daily Toil, and sooth their Limbs with Ease;

When all the weary Sons of Woe restrain
Their yielding Cares with Slumber's filken Chain,

Solace sad Grief, and lull reluctant Pain. Blac. }

'Tis now the very witching time of Night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it self breathes out
Contagion to the World. ——— Shak. Haml.

'Twas when the solemn Dead of Night came on;
When bright Calisto, with her shining Sun,

Now half their Circle round the Pole had run. Row. Luc. }

'Twas Night, the time when ev'n Destruction wears,
A pleasing Look, and Dreams beguile our Cares. Ston. Or.

——— And

—— And lo! the Night descends; (H. Brut.
 With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World. Lee. J.
 'Twas now the time, when Phoebus yields to Night,
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver Light;
 Wide o'er the World in solemn Pomp she drew
 Her airy Chariot, hung with pearly Dew:
 All Birds and Beasts lie hush'd: Sleep steals away
 The wild Desires of Men, and Toils of Day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent Air,
 A sweet Forgetfulness of human Care:
 Yet no red Clouds, with golden Borders gay,
 Promise the Skies the bright Return of Day:
 No faint Reflections of the distant Light
 Streak with long Gleams the scatt'ring Shades of Night;
 From the damp Earth impervious Vapours rise,
 Increase the Darkness, and involve the Skies. Pope. Stat.

—— The silent Queen of Night:
 Goddess of Shades, beneath whose gloomy Reign
 Yon' spangled Arch glows with the starry Train:
 Who dost the Cares of Heav'n and Earth allay,
 'Till Nature, quicken'd by th' inspiring Ray,
 Wakes to new Vigour with the rising Day. Pope. Stat. }
 Now awful Night begins her solemn Round,
 With all the Majesty of Darkness crown'd:
 Now busy Nature lies diffus'd in Sleep,
 Hush'd is the Land, and lull'd the peaceful Deep:
 No Air of Breath disturbs the drowzy Woods;
 No Whispers murmur from the silent Floods:
 The silver Moon sheds down a trembling Light,
 And glads the melancholy Face of Night:
 The Stars in order twinkle in the Skies,
 And fall in Silence, and in Silence rise. Broome.

The gawdy, blabbing, and remorseful Day
 Is crept into the Bosom of the Sea:
 And now loud-howling Wolves arouse the Jades,
 That drag the tragick melancholy Night;
 And, with their drowzy, slow, and flagging Wings,
 Cleap dead Men's Graves, and, from their misty laws,
 Breathe foul contagious Darkness in the Air. Sh. Hen. 6. p. 12.

—— And now the Night (Hotm.
 With her dark Veil o'erspreads the gloomy Skies. Broome.

—— Now humid Night (Virg.
 Spangled the Heav'n's all o'er with twinkling Light. Land.

—— At the Noon of Night,
 The Moon was up, and shot a gloomy Light. Dr. Chauc.
 (Wife of Bath's Tale.

The

The Sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent Beams, had lighted up the Sky. Dryd. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.

'Twas depth of Night: Arctophylax had driv'n
His lazy Wain half round the Northern Heav'n. Dr. Ovid.

'Twas Night, when ev'ry Creature, void of Cares,
The common Gift of balmy Slumber shares. Dryd. Virg.

———— The Night obscures the Skies
With humid Shades; and twinkling Stars arise. Dr. Virg.

Now was the World forsaken by the Sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly Race had run. Dryd. Virg.

———— The hard-travell'd Sun
Now wantons in the Bosom of the Sea,

Whilst am'rous Clouds steal nearer to the Earth,
And melt themselves away upon the Flowers:

The Beasts in Companies to Coverts run,
And all the feather'd Kind, upon the Wing, (Disap.

Pair to the Groves, and dream the Night away. South.

'Twas then, when all things look, as if old Night
Had Nature crush'd, and seiz'd her antient Right;

Winds, and wild Beasts, lie in their Dens at rest,
Nor these the Woods, nor those the Seas, molest:

The sleeping Vultures drop their Prey: the Dove
Ceases her Cooing, and forgets to love:

The jocund Fairies dance their silent Round,
And with dark Circles mark the trampled Ground:

Tartarean Forms skim o'er the Mountain's Heads:
Or lightly sweep along the dewy Meads:

Ghosts leave their Tombs hid Murders to reveal, (P. Arth.
Or Treasures, which themselves did once conceal. Blac.

And now the Night, with her still, dusky Train,
Advanc'd, o'ershad' wing all th' aerial Plain. Blac. P. Arth.

This Dead of Night, this silent Hour of Darkness,
Nature for Rest ordain'd, and soft Repose. Rowe. Fair Pen.

The drowzy Night grows on the World, and now
The busy Craftsman and o'er-labour'd Hind

Forget the Travail of the Day in Sleep:
Care only wakes and moping Pensiveness:

With meagre discontented Looks they sit. (J. Shore.
And watch the wasting of the Midnight Taper. Rowe.

'Twas late: the whole Creation silent lay,
And Slumbers drown'd the Labours of the Day:

No Noise was heard: all Nature seem'd to nod;
And own the Empire of the sleepy God:

Ev'n Envy slumber'd. ———

Revolving Cynthia with her doubtful Light,
Had now o'er-pas'd the Noon of wearing Night. Bl. P. Ar.

And

And see! the Stars begin to steal away;
 And shine more faintly at approaching Day. Pope. Stat.
 The Day is fled, and dismal Night descends,
 Casting her sable Arms around the World,
 And folding all within her deadly Grasp;
 Ghosts are abroad; the Monuments are empty'd;
 And Heros, that have slept till now, have left (Pyrrh.
 Their quiet Tombs, and once more walk the Earth. Hopk.
 Now human Kind in Sleep their Cares forsake;
 Ev'n Guilt it self some little Rest does take;
 And none but the revengeful are awake. D'Aven. Circe.
 The Night her sable Banners did display:
 And, from the Air to chase her Light away, (K. Arth.
 Drew out her must'ring Shades in black Array. Blacm.
 Now Night in sable Clouds has Nature dress'd,
 And weary Lab'ers seek refreshing Rest. Blac. Job.

NIGHTINGAL.

On Philomel I fix'd my whole Desire,
 And listen'd for the Queen of all the Quire;
 Pain would I hear her heav'nly Voice to sing; (& the Leaf.
 And wanted yet an Omen to the Spring. Dr. Ch. The Flow.
 Doleful and sweet as waking Nightingales,
 When they repeat in Groves their tragick Tales. Lee. Glor.
 So Philomel her sad Embroid'ry strung,
 And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needle's Tongue:
 The Pictures dumb, in Colours loud, reveal'd
 The Tragedies at Court so long conceal'd:
 But, when restor'd to Voice, inclos'd with Wings, (Denh.
 What once the Painter sung, to Woods and Groves she sings.
 So when the Spring renews the flow'ry Field,
 And warns the pregnant Nightingale to build;
 She seeks the safest Shelter of the Wood;
 Where she may trust her little tuneful Brood:
 Where no rude Swains her shady Cell may know;
 No Serpents climb, nor blasting Winds may blow;
 Fond of the chosen Place, she views it o'er,
 Sits there; and wanders thro' the Grove no more:
 Warbling she charms it each returning Night,
 And loves it with a Mother's dear Delight. Rowe. J. Shore.
 ——— The melancholy Philomel,
 Thus perch'd all Night alone in shady Groves,
 Tunes her soft Voice to sad Complaints of Love,
 Making her Life one great harmonious Woe. Sou. Loy. Bro.
 So the sad Nightingale, when childless made
 By some rough Swain who steals her Young away,

Bewails her Loss under a Poplar Shade,
 Weeps all the Night, in Murmurs wastes the Day.
 Her Sorrows still a mournful Pleasure yield,
 And melancholy Musick fills the Field. Norm. Virg.
 So when the Nightingale to Rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken Groves;
 But, charm'd to Silence, listens while she sings,
 And all th'aerial Audience clap their Wings. Pope.

NOBILITY of Blood.

That I was born so great, I owe to Fortune,
 And cannot pay that Debt, till Virtue set me
 High in Example, as I stand in Title;
 'Till what the World calls Fortune's Gifts, my Actions
 May style their own Rewards, and those too little:
 Princes are then themselves, when they arise, (Sophy.
 More glorious in Men's Thoughts, than in their Eyes. Denh.
 And who will call those noble, who deface,
 By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race;
 Whose only Title to our Father's Fame,
 Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name? Stepn. Juv.
 Virtue's the certain Mark, by Heav'n design'd,
 That's always stamp'd upon a noble Mind:
 If you from such illustrious Fathers came,
 By copying them your high Extract proclaim.
 In vain you urge the Merit of your Race, (Boil.
 And boast that Blood, which you your selves debase. Oldh.
 Let Fools their high Extraction boast,
 And Greatness, which no Travail, but their Mother's, cost;
 Let them extol a swelling Name,
 Which theirs by Will and Testament became;
 At best but meer Inheritance;
 As oft the Spoils, as Gift, of Chance.
 Let some ill-plac'd Repute on Scutcheons wear,
 As fading as the Colours which those bear,
 And prize a painted Field,
 Which Weakh as soon as Fame can yield;
 Thou scorn'd'st at such low Rates to purchase Worth,
 Nor could'st thou owe it only to thy Birth:
 Thy self-born Greatness was above the Pow'r
 Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to bestow'r:
 Thy Soul, which, like the Sun, Heav'n moulded bright,
 Disdain'd to shine with borrow'd Light:
 Thus from himself th' eternal Being grew,
 And from no other Cause his Grandeur drew. Oldh.

Thy

Thy early Glories in the Chace of Fame
 Reflect new Lustre, and our House confirm.
 'Tis Nature's most inviolable Law,
 To make each Species propagate its Kind:
 The gen'rous Offspring from the gen'rous Stock
 Derive the Virtues, and confess the Sire. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

—— Man, mixing better Seed
 With worse, begets a base degen'rate Breed:
 The bad corrupts the Good, and leaves behind
 No Trace of all the great Begetter's Mind.
 The Father sinks within the Son, we see,
 And often rises in the third Degree:
 If better Luck a better Mother give;
 Chance gave us Being, and by Chance we live.
 Such as our Atomes were, ev'n such are we,
 Or call it Chance, or strong Necessity;
 Thus, loaded with dead Weight, the Will is free.
 And thus it needs must be: For Seed, conjoin'd,
 Lets into Nature's Work th'imperfect Kind:
 But Fire, the Enliv'n'ner of the gen'ral Frame,
 Is one, its Operation still the same;
 Its Principle is in it self; while ours
 Works, as Confed'rates war, with mingled Pow'rs:
 Or Man, or Woman, whichever fails;
 And oft the Vigour of the Worse prevails.
 Æther, with Sulphur blended, alters Hue,
 And casts a dusky Gleam of Sodom Blue.
 Thus in a Brute their ancient Honour ends,
 And the fair Mermaid in a Fish descends:
 The Line is gone; no longer Duke or Earl;
 But, by himself degraded, turns a Churl.

And true Nobility proceeds from God;
 Not left us by Inheritance, but giv'n
 By Bounty of our Stars, and Grace of Heav'n.
 Thus from a Captive Servius Tullus rose,
 Whom for his Virtues the first Romans chose:
 Fabricius from their Walls repell'd the Foe,
 Whose noble Hands had exercis'd the Plough.
 And noble then am I, when I begin,
 In Virtue cloath'd, to cast the Rags of Sin. *Dryd. Chauc:
 The Wife of Bath's Tale.*

The Deeds of long descended Ancestors
 Are but by Grace of Imputation ours;
 Theirs in Effect. ——— *Dryd. Ovid.*
 From a base Stock can noble Branches grow?
 Or cristal Streams from muddy Fountains flow? *Blac. Job.*
 Were Honour to be scann'd by long Descent
 From Ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt

A Lineage of the greatest, and recount
Among my Fathers, Names of ancient Story,
Heroes and Godlike Patriots, who subdu'd
The World by Arms and Virtue: —

—— But that be their own Praise:
Nor will I borrow Merit from the Dead,
My self an Undeserver. — Rowe. Tamerl.

N O I S E.

Noise is the Enemy of useful Thought. D'Aven.
The Noise increases, as the Billows roar,
When, rousing from afar, they threat the Shore. Dr. Auren.
—— I heard a distant humming Noise; (Fryar.
Like Bees disturb'd, and arming in their Hives. Dryd. Span.

And hark, methinks the Roar, that late pursu'd me,
Sinks, like the Murmurs of a falling Wind,
And softens into Silence. — Rowe. J. Shore.

—— Now ev'ry Echo
Goes fainter off, and dies in distant Sounds. Dr. Span. Fryar.

N O N S E N C E.

Distrustful Sense with modest Caution speaks;
It still looks home; and short Excursions makes:
But rattling Nonsense in full Volleys breaks:
And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring Tide. Pope.

N O O N.

And now the scorching Sun was mounted high,
In all its Lustre to the Noon-day Sky. Add. Ovid.

The Sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
His burning Beams directly on our Heads. Add. Ovid.

—— Scarce the Sun
Has finish'd half his Journey, scarce begins
His other Half in the great Zone of Heav'n. Milt. P. Lost.

The fry Sun had finish'd half his Race;
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle Space. Dr. Virg.

The Sun had reach'd his full Meridian Height. Laud. Virg.
Now the green Lizard in the Grove is laid;
The Sheep enjoy the Coolness of the Shade. Dryd. Virg.

After-noon.

Mean time, declining from the Noon of Day,
The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray:

The

The hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,
And Wretches hang, that Jury-Men may dine:
The Merchant from the Change returns in Peace,
And the long Labours of the Toilet cease. Pope.

N O R T H.

See the bleak Mountains of the snowy North,
Where Winds are form'd, and Tempests have their Birth:
Whither, to try their Strength, young Storms resort,
Root Forests up, and break the Rocks in Sport;
Where hoary Winter, in his frozen Cells,
Midst Hills of Ice, still unmolested dwells;
From his white Peaks and crystal Tow'rs descends
The distant Sun, that Southern Kingdoms fries. Blac. Eliza.

N O V E L T Y.

All Objects lose by too familiar View, (Gran. p. 2.
When the great Charm is past of being new. Dr. Conq. of
Ill News is wing'd with Fate, and flies apace, Dryd.

N U M A.

O happy Monarch, sent by Heav'n to bless
A savage Nation with soft Arts of Peace;
To teach Religion; Rapine to restrain;
Give Laws to Lust; and Sacrifice ordain:
Himself a Saint, a Goddess was his Bride;
And all the Muses o'er his Acts preside. Dryd. Ovid.
But what's the Man, who from afar appears;
His Head with Olive crown'd, his Hand a Censer bears?
His hoary Beard, and holy Vestments bring
His lost Idea back; I know the Roman King:
He shall to peaceful Rome new Laws ordain:
Call'd from his mean Abode, a Scepter to sustain. Dr. Virg.

N U M B E R L E S S.

Ask what Sums of Gold suffice
The greedy Misers boundless With:
Think what Drops the Ocean store,
With all the Sands that make its Shore:
Think what Spangles deck the Skies,
When Heav'n looks with all its Eyes:
Or think how many Atoms came
To compose this mighty Frame! Oldh. Catul.
— I sooner

— — — — — I sooner could relate,
 How many Drudges on salt Hippia wait;
 What Crowds of Patients the Town Doctor kills,
 Or how, last Fall, he rais'd the weekly Bills;
 What Provinces by Basilus were spoil'd;
 What Herds of Heirs by Guardians are beguil'd:
 How many Bouts a Day that Birch has try'd;
 How many Boys that Pedagogue can ride:
 What Lands and Lordships for their Owner know
 My Quondam Barber, but his Worship now. Dryd. Jur.

When all the Stars by thee are told,
 (The endless Sums of heav'nly Gold)
 Or when the Hairs are reckon'd all,
 From sickly Autumn's Head that fall,
 Or when the Drops that make the Sea,
 Whilst all her Sands thy Counters be,
 Thou then, and then alone, may'st prove
 Th'Arithmetician of my Love. Cowl. Anac.

Innumerable as the Stars of Night;
 Or Stars of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
 Impearls on ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry Flow'r. Milt. Par. Loft.

Which, who would learn, as soon may tell the Sands,
 Driv'n by the Western Wind on Lybian Lands:
 Or number, when the blust'ring Eurus roars,
 The Billows, beating on Ionian Shores. Dryd. Virg.

Poetical NUMBERS.

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's Song;
 And smooth or rough, with such, is right or wrong:
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand Charms conspire,
 Her Voice is all these tuneful Fools admire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please the Ear,
 Not mend their Minds; as some to Church repair,
 Not for the Doctrine, but the Musick, there.
 These equal Syllables alone require;
 Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire;
 While Expletives their feeble Aid do join,
 And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line;
 While they ring round the same unvary'd Chimes,
 With sure Returns of still-expected Rhymes:
 Where-e'er you find, The cooling Western Breeze,
 In the next Line, It whispers thro' the Trees:
 If cristal Streams with pleasing Murmurs creep,
 The Reader's threaten'd, not in vain, with Sleep:
 Then, at the last and only Coupler, fraught
 With some unmeaning Thing they call a Thought,

A need.

A needless Alexandrine ends the Song,
And, like a wounded Snake, drags its slow Length along:
Leave such to tune their own dull Rhymes; and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;
And praise the easy Vigour of a Line,
Where Denham's Strength, and Waller's Sweetness join:
Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence;
The Sound must seem an Echo to the Sense:
Soft is the Strain when Zephyr gently blows;
And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers flows:
But when loud Surges lash the founding Shore,
The hoarse, rough Verse, should like the Torrent, roar:
When Ajax strives some Rock's vast Weight to throw,
The Line too labours, and the Words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the Plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and skims along the Main.
Hear how Timotheus' various Lays surprize,
And bid alternate Passions fall and rise!
While, at each Change, the Son of Lybian Jove
Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love:
Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling Fury glow;
Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like Turns of Nature found;
And the World's Victor stood subdu'd by Sound:
The Pow'r of Musick all our Hearts allow;
And, what Timotheus was, is Dryden now. Pope.

N U N.

Prepare! Prepare! The Rites begin:
Let none unhallow'd enter in:
The Temple with new Glory shines;
Adorn the Altars; wash the Shrines,
And purge the Place from Sin.
Can'st thou, Marina, leave the World,
The World, that is Devotion's Bane;
Where Crowns are toss'd, and Sceptres hurl'd,
Where Lust and proud Ambition reign?
Can you your costly Robes forbear,
To live with us in poor Attire?
Can you from Courts to Cells repair,
To sing at Midnight in our Quire?
Can you forget your golden Beds,
Where you might sleep beyond the Morn,
On Mats to lay your royal Heads,
And have your beauteous Tresses shorn?

Can

Can you resolve to fast all Day,
 And weep, and groan to be forgiv'n ?
 Can you in broken Slumbers pray,
 And by Affliction merit Heav'n ?
 Say, Votaries, can this be done,
 While we the Grace divine implore ?
 The World has lost, the Battel's won,
 And Sin shall never charm you more.

The Gate to Bliss does open stand,
 And all my Penance is in view :
 The World, upon the other Hand,
 Cries out, — O do not bid Adieu :
 But yet, in Midst of these Extreame,
 Where Pomp and Pride their Glories tell ;
 Where Youth and Beauty are the Themes,
 And plead their moving Cause so well :
 If ought that's vain my Thoughts possess,
 Or any Passion govern here,
 But what Divinity may bless,
 O, may I never enter there !
 What, what can Pomp or Glory do ?
 Or what can human Charms persuade ?
 The Mind, that has a Heav'n in View ;
 How can it be by Earth betray'd ?
 No Monarch, full of Youth and Fame,
 The Joy of Eyes, and Nature's Pride,
 Should once my Thoughts from Heav'n reclaim,
 Tho' now he woo'd me for his Bride.
 Hasten then, O hasten ! and take us in :
 For ever lock Religion's Door :
 Secure us from the Charms of Sin,
 And let us see the World no more.

Lead her, Votaries, lead her in :
 Her holy Birth does now begin :
 So rich the Victim, bright and fair,
 That she on Earth appears a Star !
 In humble Weeds, but clean Array,
 Your Hours shall sweetly pass away :
 And, when the Rights divine are past,
 To pleasant Gardens you shall haste ;
 Where many a flow'ry Bed we have,
 That emblem still to each a Grave :
 And, when within the Stream we look,
 With Tears we use to swell the Brook :
 But, oh ! when in the liquid Glass,
 Our Heav'n appears, we sigh to pass,

For Heav'n alone we are design'd,
And all Things bring our Heav'n to mind. Lee. Theod.

O.

O A K.

As when an Oak, which has some Ages stood
The Pride and Glory of the shady Wood,
The jostling Winds, contending, strive to rend;
Its spreading Branches tow'ring Tempests bend:
The shaking Trunk o'erspreads the Ground with Leaves;
Yet to the flinty Rock it faster cleaves:
Far, as in Air the Top is mounted high,
So far the Roots to Earth's deep Centre lie. Laud. Virg.

Like two tall Oaks, ———
Whose uncut Tops pierce thro' the Clouds, and nod,
Charg'd with the Weight of bounteous Nature's Load.
Laud. Virg.

Thus on some Mountains Height a Forest-Oak
That hides among the Clouds its tow'ring Head,
Mocks the outrageous Fury of the Storm,
The Strokes of Thunder, and the Floods of Rain. Br. Hom.

Thus, on a bleaky Cliff, the regal Tree,
Assail'd by Winds, and Heav'n's Inclemency,
Expands his Branches o'er the Clouds, above
Their Blasts, unmov'd as his immortal Jove. Dryd. Jun.

——— Like an Oak he stood,
That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ
Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,
Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores. Phil.
The aged Oak, thus rears his Head in Air,
His Sap exhausted, and his Branches bare:
'Midst Storms and Earthquakes he maintains his State,
Fixt deep in Earth, and fasten'd by his Weight:
His naked Boughs still lend the Shepherds Aid,
And his old Trunk projects an awful Shade. Tickell.

As, in a spacious Wood, a stately Oak,
That labours long beneath the Axes Stroke,
With the last Blow, nods ere its dreadful Fall,
And, threat'ning ev'ry Side, is fear'd on all. Hopk. Ovid.

So a strong Oak, which many Years has stood
With fair and flourishing Boughs; it self a Wood;
Tho' it might long the Axes Violence bear,
And play'd with Winds, which other Trees did tear;
Yet by the Thunder's Stroke from th' Roots 'tis rent: (Dav.
So sure the Blows, that from high Heav'n are sent. Cowl.
Thus

Thus the tall Oak, which now aspires
Above the Fear of private Fires,
Grown, and design'd for nobler Use,
Not to make warm, but build the House,
Tho' from our meaner Flames secure,
Must that, which falls from Heav'n, endure. Wall.

As when loud Winds a well-grown Oak would rend
Up by the Roofs, this way and that they bend
His reeling Trunk, and with a boist'rous Sound
Scatter his Leaves, and strew them on the Ground:
He still stands fixt; as deep his Root does lie
Down to the Centre, as his Top is high. Wall. Virg.

Ye learned Heads, whom Ivy Garlands grace,
Why does that twining Plant the Oak embrace?
The Oak for Courthip most of all unfit,
And rough as are the Winds that fight with it? Cowl. Dav.
So joys the aged Oak, when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd Side. Wall.

O A T H.

— Oaths are not bound to bear
That literal Sense, the Words infer.
But by the Practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far they engage;
And, where the Sense by Custom's check'd,
Are found void, and of none Effect. Hud.

For no Man takes or keeps a Vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are they oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little. Hud.

As the best temper'd Blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round:
So truest Oaths are still most tough,
And, tho' they bow, are breaking proof. Hud.

— The Pow'rs above
Give Dispensations for false Oaths in Love. Cherv. Virg.

This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears:
I'll have a Priest shall preach her from her Faith,
And make it Sin not to renounce that Vow,
Which I'd have broken. — Cong. M. Bride.

But sooner shall a dooming God recall
His Strygian Oath, than I renounce my Vow. Lee. Michr.

O mighty Jove, the Giver of all Laws,
And Phœbus too, who from thy Orb above
Art conscious to what Mortals do or say:
O Seas, O Earth, and you impartial Pow'rs

Below, who judge and punish Perjury,
 Bear an eternal Record of my Oath. *Lansd. Her. Love.*
 Yes, he has sworn: Be Witness Heav'n and Earth;
 Be Witness Sun and Moon, and ev'ry Star,
 Be Witness all ye Gods, that he has sworn.
 Is there an Hour, either of Night or Day,
 Free from some Oath of everlasting Love. *Lansd. H. Love.*

All-seeing Sun, and thou Ausonian Soil,
 For which I have sustain'd so long a Toil;
 Thou King of Heav'n, and thou the Queen of Air,
 Propitious now, and reconcil'd by Pray'r,
 Ye living Fountains, and ye running Floods;
 All Pow'rs of Ocean; all etherial Gods,
 Hear, and bear Record. ——— *Dryd. Virg.*

By the same Heav'n, said he, and Earth, and Main,
 And all the Pow'rs, that all the three contain;
 By Hell below, and by that upper God,
 Whose Thunder signs the Peace, who seals it with his Nod;
 So let Latona's double Offspring hear,
 And double fronted Janus, what I swear:
 I touch the sacred Altars, touch the Flames;
 And all those Pow'rs attest, and all their Names:
 No Force, no Fortune, shall my Vows unbind,
 Or shake the steadfast Tenour of my Mind:
 Not tho' the circling Seas should break their Bound,
 Overflow the Shores, or sap the solid Ground;
 Not tho' the Lamps of Heav'n their Spheres forsake,
 Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether Lake:
 E'en as this royal Sceptre, (for he bore
 A Sceptre in his Hand) shall never more
 Shoot out its Branches, or renew the Birth:
 An Orphan now, cut from the Mother Earth
 By the keen Ax; dishonour'd of its Hair,
 And cas'd in Brass, for Latian Kings to bear. *Dryd. Virg.*

Oath of Jupiter.

—— The Thund'rer said;
 And shook th' Imperial Honours of his Head;
 Attesting Styx, th'inviolable Flood,
 And the black Regions of his Brother God:
 Trembled the Poles of Heav'n; and Earth confess'd the Nod.
Dryd. Virg.

O B E D I E N C E.

She shews, by Haste, Obedience, her Delight. *D'Av. Gond.*
 Obedience is the Key of Virtues. — *Roch. Valent.*

I'm

I'm taught by Honour's Precepts to obey;
Fear to Obedience is a slavish Way. Dryd. Auren.

See, I am all Obedience; ———

Did ever Daughter yet obey like me?
Not she, who in the Dungeon fed her Father
With her own Milk, and by her Piety
Sav'd him from Death, can match my rig'rous Virtue;
For I have done much more: torn off my Breasts,
My Breasts? my very Heart, and flung it from me,
To feed the Tyrant Duty with my Blood. Lec. Cæf. Bo.

O B S C E N I T Y.

Immodest Words admit of no Defence;
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense.
What mod'rate Fop would rake the Park, or Stews,
Who among Troops of faultless Nymphs may chuse? Rosc.
Bare Ribaldry's a poor Pretence to Wit:
Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting Joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But obscene Words, too gross to move Desire,
Like Heaps of Fuel, do but choak the Fire,
And pall that Appetite they mean to raise. Norm.

A virtuous Author, in his charming Art,
To please the Sense needs not corrupt the Heart:
His Heat will never cause a guilty Fire:
To follow Virtue then be your Desire;
In vain your Art and Vigour are express'd:
Th' obscene Expression shews th'infected Breast.

Soame. Boil.

No Pardon vile Obscenity should find,
Tho' Wit and Art conspire to move your Mind:
But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as Impotence in Love.
In the fat Age of Pleasure, Wealth and Ease,
Sprung the rank Weed, and thriv'd with large Increase;
When Love was all an easy Monarch's Care;
Seldom at Council; never in a War:
Jilts rul'd the States; and Statesmen Farces writ;
Nay, Wits had Pensions; and young Lords had Wit:
The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's Play;
And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest Fan was lifted up no more;
And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before. Pope.

OLD

O L D A G E.

Old Age, thou gloomy Eve of endless Night! D'Aven.
 He wasted was, and in the Ebb of Blood,
 When Man's Meridian tow'rd's his Ev'ning turns. D'Aven.
 Behold an old decrepit Beldam's Face:

Her Head is scatter'd o'er with silver Hairs;
 And seems to bend beneath a Load of Years:
 Her trembling Hand, emboss'd with livid Veins,
 On trusty Staff her feeble Limbs sustains. Gay. Ovid.

Grey Hairs begin to spread,
 Deform his Beard, and disadorn his Head. Cong. Hom.
 Of Age he felt the sad Extream, (Cong. Hom.)
 And ev'ry Nerve was shrunk, and ev'ry Limb was lame.

Now creeping Age and Time (Hom.)
 Her Bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her Prime. Dryd.
 Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
 Who hast so long walk'd Hand in Hand with Time. Dryd.
 (Troil. & Cress. Spoken of Nestor.)

Shake not his Hour-glass, when his hasty Sand
 Is ebbing to the last: —
 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 And Nature drops him down, without your Sin,
 Like mellow Fruit, without a winter Storm. Dr. Span. Fry.

If thou well observe
 The Rule of Not too much, by Temp'rance taught
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
 Due Nourishment, no gluttonous Delight,
 Till many Years over thy Head return,
 Then may'st thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
 Into thy Mothers Lap, or be with Ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for Death mature:
 This is Old Age: But then thou must outlive
 Thy Youth, thy Strength, thy Beauty, which will change
 To wither'd, weak, and grey: Thy Senses then,
 Obtuse, all Taste of Pleasure must forego,
 To what thou hast; and, for the Air of Youth
 Hopeful and chearful, in thy Blood will reign
 A melancholy Damp of cold and dry
 To weigh thy Spirit down, and last consume
 The Balm of Life. — Milt. Par. Lost.

He, like a Lamp, wou'd live to the last Wink, (Love.)
 And crawl upon the utmost Verge of Life. Dryd. All for
 To Age grim Death appears in all her Shapes,
 The hungry Grave for her due Tribute gapes.

Fond, foolish Man! With fear of Death surpriz'd,
 Which either should be wish'd for, or despis'd:
 This, if our Souls with Bodies Death destroy;
 That, if our Souls a second Life enjoy.
 What else is to be fear'd, when we shall gain
 Eternal Life, or have no Sense of Pain?
 The youngest in the Morning are not sure,
 That till the Night their Life they can secure;
 Their Age stands more expos'd to Accidents
 Than ours, nor common Care their Fate prevents:
 Death's Force, with Terror, against Nature strives,
 Nor one, of many to ripe Age arrives:
 Why only should the Fear of Death belong
 To Age, which is as common to the Young?
 But vigorous Youth may his gay Thoughts erect
 To many Years, which Age must not expect:
 We happier are than they, who but desir'd
 To possess that which we long since acquir'd.
 What if our Age to Nestor's could extend?
 'Tis vain to think that lasting, which must end;
 And when 'tis past, not any Part remains,
 But only the Reward, which Virtue gains.
 Days, Months, and Years, like running Waters, flow;
 Nor, what is past, nor what to come, we know.
 The Spring, like Youth, new Blossoms does produce,
 But Autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use:
 So Age a mature Mellowness does set
 On the green Promises of youthful Heat.
 Age, like ripe Apples, on Earth's Bosom drops,
 While Force our Youth, like Fruits untimely, crops;
 The sparkling Flame of our warm Blood expires,
 As when huge Streams are pour'd on raging Fires:
 But Age, unforc'd, falls by her own Consent,
 As Coals to Ashes, when the Spirit's spent:
 Therefore to Death I with such Joy resort,
 As Seamen from a Tempest to their Port.
 Then Death seems welcome, and our Nature kind,
 When, leaving us a perfect Sense and Mind,
 She, like a Workman in his Science skill'd,
 Pulls down with Ease, what her own Hand did build.
 Satiety from all Things else does come;
 Then, Life must to itself grow wearisome:
 And when the last Delights of Age shall die,
 Life in it self will find Satiety.
 Good Acts, if long, seem tedious; so is Age,
 Acting too long upon this Earth, her Stage. Denh.

More Good expecting, I, in my own Wrong
 retracting Life, have liv'd a Day too long:
 Yesterday cou'd be recall'd again,
 When now I wou'd conclude my happy Reign:
 'Tis too late: My glorious Race is run, (Sig. & Guise.
 And a dark Cloud o'errakes my setting Sun. Dryd. Booc.
 I've glutted Nature with Satiety,
 And all her various Appetites of Change;
 And 'twou'd be an unmannerly Return,
 For my Good Cheer, and Welcome of the Feast, (of Cap.
 When I have fate it out, to grudge to rise. South. Fate
 Move faster, Life, thou tiresome Guest, away:
 Why in this ruin'd Cottage wilt thou stay?
 Why am I forc'd to drag the heavy Chains
 Of Life, when nothing but the Dregs remains?
 My feeble Limbs are with the Load oppress'd,
 And Death, kind Death alone, can give them Rest.
 With trembling Steps, and foggy Puffs of Breath,
 My weary Limbs crawl to the Verge of Death:
 The Thoughts of Pleasure past torment my Breast:
 'Tis a dismal Thought to have been blest.
 Oh wretched State! In ling'ring Pain I lie,
 Robb'd of Life's Use, yet not allow'd to die,
 Transform'd from what I was, how am I grown
 A frightful Spectre, to my self unknown!
 My Face to livid Shades its Air resigns,
 And deep plough'd Furrows hide the featur'd Lines.
 The Nerves unbrac'd, and fleshy Cloathing gone,
 A shrivel'd Skin clings to the naked Bone:
 My Eyes, when they behold the Form, afraid
 To see the dreadful Change which Age had made,
 Shrink back into their Sockets with the Fright,
 And with a filmy Veil they shroud their Sight:
 Distilling Rheums, the only liquid Store,
 Mourn their dead Lustre in a scalding Show'r:
 No tuneful Accent forms my feeble Voice;
 'Tis now become a hollow mumbling Noise.
 No more erect, no more the Heav'ns I see,
 That Attribute of Man is lost to me:
 With down-cast Looks I view my Place of Birth,
 And bow my bended Trunk to Mother Earth:
 The mould'ring Clay seeks out its first Abode,
 While a stiff Plant supports the tottering Load:
 Open thy Bosom, Earth, and, in the Womb
 Of Nature, let me find a second Tomb.
 To thy cold Breast my colder Limbs receive:
 They're now that very Clod, thou once did'st give.

Stretch'd on the Rack, a tortur'd Wretch, I wait
With joy, the last indulgent Blow of Fate.

This Dotard of his broken Back complains,
One his Legs fail, and one his Shoulder pains :
Another is of both his Eyes bereft ;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling Lips, expecting stands ;
As in his Childhood fed by others Hands :
One, who at sight of Supper open'd wide
His Jaws before, and whetted Grinders try'd ;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supply'd ;
Like a young Swallow, when, with weary Wings,
Expected Food her fasting Mother brings.
Besides th' eternal Drivel, that supplies
The dropping Beard from Nostrils, Mouth, and Eyes,
His Wife and Children loath him, and, what's worse,
Himself does his offensive Carrion curse :
His Taste, not only pall'd to Wine and Meat,
But to the Relish of a nobler Treat :
The limber Nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
Inglorious from the Field of Battel flies :
Poor feeble Dotard, how could he advance
With his blue Head-piece, and his broken Lance ?
These Senses lost, behold a new Defeat,
The Soul, dislodging from another Seat.
What Musick, or enchanting Voice, can chear
A stupid, old, impenetrable Ear ?
The little Blood, that creeps within his Veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot Fever's Pains :
In fine, he wears no Limbs about him sound :
With Sores, and Sickneses beleagu'ed round.
His Loss of Members is a heavy Curse ;
But all his Faculties decay'd, a worse :
Well, yet suppose his Senses are his own,
He lives to be chief Mourner for his Son :
Before his Face his Wife and Brother burns ;
He numbers all his Kindred in their Urns.
These are the Fines he pays for living long,
And dragging tedious Life in his own Wrong :
Grief always green, a Household still in Tears,
Sad Pomps : A Threshold throng'd with daily Biers ;
And Liveries of black for Length of Years. Dryd. Juv.
And thou, alas ! Too soon and sure must bend
Beneath the Woes, which painful Age attend :
Inexorable Age ! Whose wretched State
All Mortals dread, and all Immortals hate. Cong. Hom.
Diseases, Ills, and Troubles numberless
Attend old Men, and with their Age increase :

In painful Toil they spend their wretched Years,
 Still heaping Wealth, and with that Wealth, new Cares;
 Fond to possess, and fearful to enjoy;
 Slow and suspicious in their Manag'ry;
 Full of Delays and Hopes, Lovers of Ease,
 Greedy of Life, morose; and hard to please;
 Envious at Pleasures of the Young and Gay;
 Where they themselves now want a Stock to play. (Hor. Oldh.

Old Men are only walking Hospitals,
 Where all Defects and all Diseases crowd,
 With restless Pain; and more tormenting Fear:
 Lazy, morose, full of Delays and Hopes,
 Oppress'd with Riches, which they dare not use.
 Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
 And fond of all the Follies of the past.

Thus all the Treasure of our flowing Years

Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away. Rosc. Hor.

Changes in froward Age are natural; (M. Queen.

Who hopes for constant Weather in the Fall? Dryd.

Old Age, of what delights it, speaks too much. Denh.

But old Men have Prerogative of Tongue,
 And Kings of Pow'r, and Parents that of Nature. Dr. Cleom.

Their Wisdom's but their Envy, to destroy
 And bar those Pleasures, which they can't enjoy. Oldh.

Is it not folly, when the Way we ride

Is short, for a long Journey to provide?

To Avarice some Title Youth may own,

To reap in Autumn what the Spring had sown;

And, with the Providence of Bees, or Ants,

Prevent, with Summer's Plenty, Winter's Wants:

But Age scarce sows, till Death stands by to reap,

And to a Stranger's Hand transfers the Heap:

Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,

And, to avoid a Mischiefe, makes it sure:

Such Madnes, as for fear of Death to die,

Is, to be poor for fear of Poverty. Denh.

Perhaps good Counsel may your Grief assuage;

Then tell your Pain: For Wisdom is in Age. Dryd.

(Chauc. The Wife of Bath's Tale.

—— Wisdom in hoary Heads appears;

And Understanding is matur'd by Years:

Rarely a beardless Oracle we know:

Judgment by Age must to Perfection grow. Blac. Job.

Those Arts Age wants not, which to Age belong;

Not Heat, but cold Experience, makes us strong. Denh.

O M B R E.

Belinda now, whom Thirst of Fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights :
 At Ombre singly to decide their Doom,
 And swells her Breast with Conquests yet to come.
 Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join :
 Each Band the Number of the sacred Nine.
 Behold four Kings, in Majesty rever'd,
 With hoary Whiskers and a forked Beard :
 And four fair Queens, whose Hands sustain a Flow'r,
 Th' expressive Emblem of their softer Pow'r ;
 Four Knaves in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,
 Caps on their Head, and Halberds in their Hand :
 And parti-colour'd Troops, a shining Train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet Plain.
 The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care ;
 Let Spades be Trumps, she said, and Trumps they were.
 Now move to War her sable Matadores,
 In Show like Leaders of the swarthy Moors :
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !
 Led off two Captive Trumps, and swept the Board :
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield ;
 And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field :
 Him Basto follow'd ; but his Fate, more hard,
 Gain'd but one Trump, and one Plebeian Card :
 With his broad Sabre next, a Chief, in years,
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears ;
 Puts forth one manly Leg, to sight reveal'd ;
 The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, that dares his Prince engage,
 Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of Lu,
 Sad Chance of War ! now, destitute of Aid,
 Falls, undistinguish'd, by the Victor Spade !
 Thus far both Armies to Belinda yield ;
 Now to the Baron Fate inclines the Field :
 His warlike Amazon her Host invades,
 Th' imperial Consort of the Crown of Spades :
 The Club's black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,
 Spight of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride :
 What boots the Royal Circle on his Head,
 His Giant Limbs in State unwieldy spread ?
 That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,
 And of all Monarchs only grasps the Globe ?

The Baron now his Di'monds pours apace;
 Th' embroider'd King, who shews but half his Face;
 And his resulgent Queen, with Pow'r's combin'd,
 Of broken Troops an easy Conquest find:
 Clubs, Di'monds, Hearts, in wild Disorder seen,
 With Throngs promiscuous strow the level Green.
 Thus when, dispers'd, a routed Army runs,
 Of Asia's Troops, or Africk's sable Sons,
 With like Confusion diff'rent Nations fly,
 In various Habits, and of various Dye;
 The pierc'd Battalions, disunited, fall
 In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.
 The Knave of Di'monds now exerts his Arts,
 And wins, oh shameful Chance! the Queen of Hearts.
 At this the Blood the Virgins Cheek forsook;
 A livid Paleness spreads o'er all her Look;
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching Ill,
 Just in the Jaws of Ruin, and Codille:
 And now, as oft in some distemper'd State,
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral Fate.
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
 Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen;
 He springs to Vengeance with an eager Face;
 And falls like Thunder on the prostrate Ace:
 The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky,
 The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply, Pope.

O M E N.

Mean Time ill-boding Prodigies affright
 King Osta, and dissuade his Men from Fight:
 The Birds of Heav'n the gazing Augurs scare,
 Crossing with inauspicious Flights the Air:
 The Fowl, as sacred kept, projected Meat
 Coldly regard, and sullenly retreat:
 From hollow Oaks obscene Night-Ravens sung,
 And clust'ring Bees upon their Ensigns hung:
 Bullocks, with Garlands crown'd, reluctant come, (Arth.
 Break from the Altar, and run lowing home. Blac. P.
 The Priests the Wood to burn the Victim lay,
 And a crown'd Bullock at the Altar slay:
 Their reeking Hands ransack in vain his Breast,
 To find the Heart of the prodigious Beast:
 The Priests grow pale, and from their Altar start,
 Finding a Victim slain without a Heart. Blac. P. Arth.
 Then first the trembling Earth the Signal gave,
 And flashing Fires enlighten all the Cave:

Hell from below, and Juno from above,
 And howling Nymphs were conscious to their Love :
 From this ill-omen'd Hour in Time arose
 Debate and Death, and all succeeding Woes. Dryd. Virg.

What mean these wing'd ill Omens of the Air,
 That, passing, brush me with their deadly Pinions,
 And seem the forlorn Hope of Fate? — Den. Rin. & Arm.

The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth ; an evil Sight !
 The Night-Crow cry'd, foreboding luckless Time ;
 Dogs howl'd ; and hideous Tempests shook down Trees :
 The Raven rook'd her on the Chimneys Top,
 And chatt'ring Pies in dismal Discord sung. Shak. Hen. 6. p. 3.

How dare you thus persuade me to distrust
 The Promises of Jove, which, where he makes,
 Are certain, and can never be recall'd,
 To follow what a Bird, inconstant Bird,
 Seems to forewarn, while, with uncertain Wings,
 Now here, now there, she cuts the empty Skies ?
 I care not where she flies, what Way she takes ;
 Or tow'rs the Right, where with his rising Beams
 The Sun salutes the Earth ; or tow'rs the Left,
 Where, setting, he involves the World in Darkness.
 But let us follow what great Jove decrees,
 Who reigns Almighty over Men and Gods.
 The only Omen, which forebodes Success,
 Is to fight bravely in our Countrey's Cause. Broome. Hom.

Ill Omens may the guilty tremble at,
 Make ev'ry Accident a Prodigy,
 And Monsters frame, where Nature never err'd :
 May the scar'd Conscience start at falling Meteors,
 And call the Scream of ev'ry hooting Owl,
 Or croaking Raven, Fate's most dreadful Voice :
 For me, I laugh at them : Should now the Heav'ns
 Flame with a thousand Fires, ne'er seen before,
 And Thunder beat the Winds from ev'ry Corner,
 Not for the Calm of all the Universe,
 Would I put off my Joys a Moment longer. Lee. Mith.

Glory, where art thou ? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
 Where are you fled ? There's Ice upon my Nerves :
 My Salt, my Metal, and my Spirits gone,
 Pall'd as a Slave, that's Bed-rid with an Ague :
 I wish my Flesh were off. What now ! Thou bleed'st !
 Three, and no more ! What then ? And why what then ?
 But just three Drops ! And why not just three Drops,
 As well as four or five, or five and twenty ?
 Must I stumble too? — — —

Away

Away ye Dreams : What if it thunder'd now ?
 Or if a Raven cross'd me in my Way ?
 Or now it comes, because last Night I dreamt
 The Council-Hall was hung with Crimson round,
 And all the Cieling plaister'd o'er with Black.
 No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rousing Lakes,
 Fathomless Caves, ye Dungeons of the Night ;
 Phantoms, be gone : If I must die, I'll fall
 True Politician, and desie you all. Dryd. D. of Guise.

Thus ended he ; then, with Observance due,
 The sacred Incense on her Altar threw :
 The curling Smoke mounts heavy from the Fires :
 At length it catches Flame, and in a Blaze expires :
 At once the gracious Goddess gave the Sign ;
 Her Statue shook, and trembled all the Shrine :
 Pleas'd Palamon the tardy Omen took :
 For, since the Flames pursu'd the trailing Smoke,
 He knew his Boon was granted ; but the Day
 To Distance driv'n, and Joy adjourn'd with long Delay.

(Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

The Flames ascend on either Altar clear,
 While thus the blameless Maid address'd her Pray'r :
 When lo ! The burning Fire, that shone so bright,
 Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd Light ;
 And left one Altar dark, a little Space ;
 Which turn'd, self-kindled, and renew'd the Blaze :
 That other Victor Flame a Moment stood,
 Then fell ; and lifeless left th' extinguish'd Wood :
 For ever lost, th' irrevocable Light
 Forsook the black'ning Coals, and sunk to Night :
 At either End it whistled as it flew,
 And as the Brands were green, so dropp'd the Dew ;
 Infected, as it fell, with Sweat of sanguine Hue.
 The Maid from that ill Omen turn'd her Eyes,
 And with loud Shrieks and Clamours rent the Skies :
 Nor knew what signify'd the boding Sign ;
 But found the Pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd the Wrath Di-

(vine. Dryd. Chau. Pal. & Arc.

The Champion ceas'd : There follow'd in the Close
 A hollow Groan, a murm'ring Wind arose :
 The Rings of Ir'n, that on the Doors were hung,
 Sent out a jarring Sound, and harshly rung :
 The bolted Gates flew open at the Blast ;
 The Storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast :
 The Flames were blown aside ; yet shone they bright,
 Fann'd by the Wind ; and gave a ruffled Light.

E c s

Then

Then from the Ground a Scent began to rise,
 Sweet-smelling, as accepted Sacrifice :
 This Omen pleas'd ; and, as the Flames aspire,
 With od'rous Incense Arcite heaps the Fire :
 Nor wanted Hymns to Mars ; nor heathen Charms :
 At Length the nodding Statue clash'd his Arms,
 And, with a sullen Sound, and feeble Cry,
 Half sunk, and half pronounc'd, the Word of Victory :
 For this, with Soul devout, he thank'd the God ;
 And, of Success secure, return'd to his Abode. Dryd.
 (Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

'Twas this the Morning Omens did foretel :
 Thrice from my trembling Hand the Patch-Box fell :
 The tott'ring China shook without a Wind ;
 Nay, Poll satè mure ; and Shock was most unkind ! Pope

O P I N I O N.

Opinion is the Rate of Things ;
 From hence our Peace does flow :
 I have a better Fare than Kings,
 Because I think it so. Orinda.

If what I lose, is in itself no Good ;
 But on Opinion founded, and Mistake ;
 Opinion then may all I've lost restore :
 'Tis but to think, that I am not unhappy. Hig. Gen. Conq.

O P P O R T U N I T Y.

—— How strangely am I tempted
 With Opportunity, which, like a suddain Gust,
 Has swell'd my calmer Thoughts into a Tempest !
 Accursed Opportunity !
 The Midwife, and the Bawd to all our Vices :
 That work't our Thoughts into Desires ; Desires
 To Resolutions : And these being ripe, and quicken'd,
 Thou giv'st them Birth, and bring'st them forth to Action.
 Thou, when my dire and bloody Resolutions,
 Like sick and froward Children, ——
 Were rock'd asleep by Reason or Religion,
 Thou, like a violent Noise, com'st rushing in, (Sophy.
 And mak'st them wake, and start to new Unquietness. Denh.
 Thou strong Seducer, Opportunity ! (Gran. p. 2.
 Of Womankind half are undone by thee. Dryd. Con. of
 I believe her honest yet :
 Her Body not acquainted with the Sin :
 But, if her Thoughts run foul, her Mind's a Whore, And

And the next Opportunity compleats
My black Dishonour. — South. Disapp.

She only wants an Opportunity,
Her Soul's a Whore already. Dryd. Troil. & Cres.

When Hudibras this Language heard,
He prick'd up's Ears, and stroak'd his Beard :

Thought he, this is the lucky Hour :

Wines work, when Vines are in the Flow'r.

This Crisis then I'll fet my Rest on,

And put her boldly to the Question. Hud.

Thus she, who Princes had deny'd,

With all their Pomp and Train,

Was in the lucky Minute try'd,

And yielded to the Swain. Roch.

Take heed, and mark your Opportunity :

For if the Woman lays it in your Way,

And you o'ersee it, she is lost for ever. Lee. Theod.

That Hour is lost;

The Gods and Opportunity ride Post. Lee. Sophon.

O R A C L E.

The God of Delphos did forewarn me
With thund'ring Oracles : Behold the swelling Priest !

Merbinks I have his Image now in View :

He mounts the Tripas in a Minutes Space,

His clouded Head knocks at the Temple Roof; (OEdip.

While from his Mouth these dismal Words are heard. Lee.

—— The God then shook the holy Ground;

The Laurels, and the lofty Hills around :

And from the Tripas rush'd a bell'wing Sound.

Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present God;

Who gave this Answer from his dark Abode. Dryd. Virg.

Where would thy fond, thy vain Inquiry go ?

What mystick Fate, what Secret wouldst thou know ?

What; would'st thou know, if, what we Value here,

Life, be a Trifle hardly worth our Care ?

What by old Age and Length of Days we gain,

More than to lengthen out the Sense of Pain ?

Or, if this World, with all its Forces join'd,

The universal Malice of Mankind,

Can shake or hurt the brave and honest Mind ?

If stable Virtue can her Ground maintain,

While Fortune feebly threatens, and frowns in vain ?

If Good in lazy Speculations dwell,

And barely be the Will of doing well ?

If Right be independent of Success,
 And Conquest cannot make it more or less?
 'Tis known; 'tis plain; 'tis all already told;
 And horned Ammon can no more unfold:
 From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,
 We act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:
 And, tho' the Priests are mute, and Temples still,
 God never wants a Voice to speak his Will:
 When first we from the teeming Womb are brought,
 With inborn Precepts then our Souls were fraught;
 And then the Maker his new Creatures taught:
 Then, when he form'd and gave us to be Men,
 He gave us all our useful Knowledge, then:
 Let those weak Minds, who live in doubt and fear,
 To juggling Priests for Oracles repair:
 One certain Hour of Death, to each decreed,
 My fix'd, my certain Soul from Doubt has free'd:
 The Coward and the Brave are doom'd to fall;
 And, when Jove told this Truth, he told us all. Row. Luc.
 Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man. Cong.
 (M. Bride.

Visions and Oracles still doubtful are,
 And ne'er expounded 'till th' Event of War:
 The Gods Foreknowledge on our Swords will wait;
 If we fight well, they must foreflew good Fate. Dr. T. Lov.
 How doubtful these Spectres Fate foretel;
 In double Sense and twilight Truth they dwell;
 Like fawning Courtiers for Success they wait; (Love.
 And then come smiling, and declare for Fate. Dryd. Tyr.
 Ev'n Oracles themselves
 Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd. Dryd. OEdip.

O R A N G E - T R E E.

From a warm Clime, and gen'rous Soil,
 This Plant, remov'd, deludes our Toil;
 Disdains what baffled Art has done,
 And, drooping, mourns the distant Sun:
 Yet, Mira, near thy Bosom plac'd,
 It shall new Life, new Pleasure taste;
 Sweets, more than Nature gave, dispence:
 Nor lend thee Charms, but borrow thence:
 See the young Fruit thy Pow'r confess!
 Ripen'd by thy auspicious Eyes
 And eager to bestow the Prize,
 For which thy matchless Beauties call,
 Each kindles to a golden Ball:
 Love's smiling Queen, whose tender Aid,
 Protects the Myrtle's fragrant Shade,

Fore-

Foreknowing what thy Charms would be,
Left to thy Choice this fairer Tree. Harr. To Mira
(with a Bough of an Orange-Tree.

O R A T O R.

As when of old some Orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where Eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great Cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected, while each Part, (Lost.
Motion, each Art won Audience ere the Tongue. Milt. Par.
As learned Orators, that touch the Heart,
With various Action raise their soothing Art :
Both Head and Hand affect the list'ning Throng,
And humour each Expression of the Tongue. Gay.

O R D E R.

Order, by which all Things are made,
And this great World's Foundation laid,
Is nothing else but Harmony,
Where different Parts are brought t' agree.
As Empires are still best maintain'd,
By th' Ways which first their Greatness gain'd ;
So in this universal Frame,
What made and keeps it, is the same.
Thus all Things unto Peace still tend ;
Ev'n Discords have it for their End..
The Cause why Elements still fight,
Is but their Instinct to unite.
Musick could never please the Sense,
But by united Excellence :
The sweetest Nore, which Numbers know,
If struck alone, would tedious grow. Orinda.

O R E S T E S, *haunted by Furies.*

Like mad' Orestes, when his Mother's Ghost,
Full in his Face, infernal Torches tofs'd ;
And shook her snaky Locks: He shuns the Sight ;
Lies o'er the Stage, surpriz'd with mortal-Fright, (Vir. }
The Furies guard the Door, and intercept his Flight. Dr. }
Why gasps the Earth with ghastly Yawns before me,
While Hell, unwilling, from the Centre bursts,
To shew me Forms, that fright my trembling Genius,
Blast all my Faculties; unhinge my Reason,
And in a Moment make me start to Madness? Den. Iphig.
Orestes.

Orestes then, starting in dreadful manner,
 Fix'd on the empty Air his staring Eyes;
 He shook his Temples, and his Teeth he gnash'd,
 And then he fetch'd a Groan, that seem'd to rend
 His vital Thread asunder; then, like a Lion,
 He formidably roar'd — Dost thou not see,
 Dost thou not see th' abominable Fiend?
 Dost thou not see th' inexorable Fury?
 Look, how her bloody Mouth spouts purple Foam,
 And her black Nostrils, Cataracts of Fire!
 Gods! how her cruel Eyes shoot Horrors thro' my Soul!
 Save me, y' eternal Pow'rs, for see, she comes!
 The dreadful Goddess comes! and now she raves,
 And now her hissing, curling Snakes erect
 Their coal-black Crests, and dart their forked Tongues:
 Do you see their odious Eyes? I can not bear them.
 Damnation! How their fiery Glances sting me!
 But, oh! what Shape, what dismal Shape is that,
 That, staring wide with stony Eyes behind them,
 Appears more dreadful than ten thousand Furies?
 The rest with hollow dying Sound
 Imperfectly pronouncing, ———
 He foam'd, he inward roul'd his ghastly Eyes,
 And, groaning, down he fell intranc'd before us. Den. Iphig.

O R N A M E N T.

The World is still deceiv'd with Ornament:
 In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious Voice,
 And cover'd with fair specious Subtleties,
 Obscures the Show of Reason? In Religion,
 What damned Error, but some sober Brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a Text?
 There is no Vice so artless, but assumes
 Some Mark of Virtue on its outward Parts;
 Hiding the Grossness with fair Ornament.
 How many Cowards, with Livers white as Milk,
 Have Backs of Brawn, and wear upon their Chins
 The Beard of Hercules, and frowning Mars!
 Look ev'n on Beauty: what are those crisped Locks,
 That make such wanton Gambols with the Wind,
 What, but the Dow'ry of a second Head;
 The Skull, that bred them, in the Sepulchre?
 Thus Ornament is as a beauteous Scarf,
 Veiling Deformity. ——— Shak. & Lansd. Jew of Ven.

O R P H E U S.

The Thracian Bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing Vest:
His flying Fingers, and harmonious Quill, (Dr. Vir.
Strike sev'n distinguish'd Notes, and sev'n at once they fill.

— His tuneful Thracian Lyre
Infernal Cerberus did soon assuage,
Lull'd him to Rest: and sooth'd his triple Rage. Row. Luc.

— The Thracian Swain
With Musick charm'd the Shades; brought back his fair,
His lov'd Eurydice to open Air. Laud. Virg.

Thus Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting Lyre,
The ruthless King with Pity could inspire;
And from the Shades below redeem his Wife. Dr. Virg.

For Crimes, not his, the Lover lost his Life;
To shun thy lawless Lust, his dying Bride,
Unwary, took along the River's Side:
Nor at her Heels perceiv'd the deadly Snake
That kept the Bank, in Covert of the Brake. Dr. Virg.
But, ere she knew the Foe, she felt the mortal Wound:
Orpheus to doleful Strains his Strings did move,
And strove to solace his uneasy Love:

Thee, thee, dear Wife, on desert Shores, alone,
He mourn'd at rising, and at setting Sun:
His restless Love did nat'ral Fears expel;
He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell:
He saw the Grove, where gloomy Horrors spread;
The Ghosts; the ghastly Tyrant of the Dead;
And those rough Pow'rs, that there severely reign,
Unus'd to Pity, when poor Men complain: Creech. Virg.

All Dangers past, at length the lovely Bride
In Safety goes with her melodious Guide:
He first, and close behind him follow'd she;
For such was Proserpine's severe Decree:
When strong Desires th' impatient Youth invade,
By little Caution, and much Love betray'd:
A Fault, which easy Pardon might receive,
Were Lovers Judges, or could Hell forgive.
For, near the Confines of ethereal Light,
And longing for the glimm'ring of a Sight,
Th' unwary Lover cast his Eyes behind,
Forgetful of the Law, nor Master of his Mind:
Strait all his Hopes exhal'd in empty Smoke;
And his long Toils were forfeit for a Look;

Three

Three Flashes of blue Lightning gave the Sign
 Of Cov'nants broke; three Peals of Thunder join.
 Then, instant, from his Eyes the fleeting Fair
 Retir'd, like subtile Smoke, dissolv'd in Air;
 And left her hopeless Lover in Despair.
 In vain, with folding Arms, the Youth assay'd
 To stop her Flight; and strain the flying Shade:
 He prays; he raves; all Means in vain he tries,
 With Rage inflam'd, astonish'd with Surprise:
 But she return'd no more, to bless his longing Eyes.
 Nor would th' infernal Ferry-man once more
 Be brib'd to waft him to the farther Shore:
 What should he do, who twice had lost his Love?
 What Notes invent? what new Petitions move?
 Her Soul already was consign'd to Fate;
 And shiv'ring in the leaky Skulker fate:
 For sev'n continu'd Months, if Fame say true,
 The wretched Swain his Sorrows did renew;
 Sad Orpheus thus his tedious Hours employs,
 Averse from Venus, and from nuptial Joys:
 Alone he tempts the frozen Floods, alone
 Th' unhappy Climes, where Spring was never known.
 He mourn'd his wretched Wife, in vain restor'd;
 And Pluto's unavailing Boon deplor'd.
 The Thracian Matrons, who the Youth accus'd
 Of Love disdain'd, and Marriage Rites refus'd,
 With Furies and nocturnal Orgies fir'd,
 At length against his sacred Life conspir'd:
 Whom ev'n the salvage Beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
 And strew'd his mangled Limbs about the Field:
 Then, when his Head, from his fair Shoulders torn,
 Wash'd by the Waters, was on Hebrus borne;
 Ev'n then his trembling Tongue invok'd his Bride;
 With his last Voice, Eurydice, he cry'd:
 Eurydice, the Rocks and River-Banks reply'd. Dr. Virg.
 So when the sacred Thracian Lyre was drown'd,
 In the Bistonian Women's mixed Sound,
 The wond'ring Stones, that came before to hear,
 Forgot themselves, and turn'd his Murd'ers there. Cowl.

O. R. S. I. N.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
 Wise Conduct, and Success in War:
 With solemn March, and stately Pace,
 But far more grave and solemn Face;

This

This Leader was of Knowledge great,
 Either for Charge, or for Retreat:
 He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,
 To fall back, and retreat, as well;
 None ever acted both Parts bolder,
 Both of a Chieftain, and a Soldier:
 He was of great Descent and high,
 For Splendour and Antiquity;
 And from celestial Origine
 Deriv'd himself in a right Line.
 Not as the antient Heros did,
 Who, that their base Births might be hid,
 Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
 And that they came in at a Windore,
 Made Jupiter himself, and others
 O'th' Gods Gallants to their own Mothers,
 To get on them a Race of Champions,
 Of whom old Homer first made Lampoons.
 Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
 Was his undoubted Ancestor:
 From him his great Forefathers came,
 And in all Ages bore his Name.
 Learned he was in med'cinal Lore,
 And by his Side a Pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
 Which Wounds nine Miles, point-blank, would soder;
 By skilful Chymist, with great Cost,
 Extracted from a rotten Post;
 But of a heav'nlier Influence
 Than that, which Mountebanks dispense;
 For, as when Slovens do amiss
 At others Doors, by Stool or Piss,
 The Learned write, a red-hot Spit,
 Being prudently apply'd to it,
 Will convey Mischief from the Dung
 Unto the Part, that did the Wrong,
 So this did Healing, and as sure
 As that did Mischief, this would cure.
 Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
 With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
 Incomprable: and, as the Prince
 Of Poets, Homer, sung long since,
 A skilful Leech is better far
 Than half a hundred Men of War,
 So he appear'd; and by his Skill,
 No less than Dint of Sword, could kill. Hud.

O U T - L A W.

For me, alas! Outcast of human Race,
 Love's Anger only waits, and dire Disgrace:
 For lo! these Hands in Murther are imbru'd;
 These trembling Feet by Justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away,
 A shameful Death attends my longer stay;
 And I this Night must fly from thee and Love,
 Condemn'd in lonely Woods a banish'd Man to rove.
 Vainly thou tell'st me, what the Woman's Care
 Shall in the wildness of the Wood prepare.
 Nor Solitude, nor gentle Peace of Mind,
 Mistaken Maid, shalt thou in Forests find:
 'Tis long since Cynthia and her Train were there;
 Or Guardian Gods made Innocence their Care.
 Vagrants and Out-laws shall offend thy View;
 For such must be my Friends; a hideous Crew,
 By adverse Fortune mix'd in social Ill;
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill:
 Their common Loves, a lewd abandon'd Pack;
 The Beadles Lash still flagrant on their Back;
 By Sloth corrupted; by Disorder fed;
 Made bold by Want, and prostitute for Bread:
 With such must Emma hunt the tedious Day,
 Assist their Violence, and divide the Prey:
 With such the must return at setting Light,
 Tho' not Partaker, Witness of their Night:
 Thy Ear, inur'd to charitable Sounds,
 And pitying Love, must feel the hateful Wounds
 Of Jest obscene, and vulgar Ribaldry;
 The ill bred Question, and the lewd Reply:
 Brought by long Habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent Oath, the dinsel Curse,
 The latest Weapon of the Wretch's War;
 And Blasphemy, sad Comrade of Despair:
 Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain;
 They steal not, but in Squadrons scour the Plain.
 And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue,
 The most have Right; the Wrong is in the few. Dr. Med.

Scriech - O W L.

The lesser Owl, the filthy Bird of Night, (Land. Virg.
 Which haunts 'mongst ruin'd Buildings, Tombs and Urns.
 Th

Th' obscure Bird clamour'd the live-long Night. Sh. Mac.
Thrice, in loud Screams, the Screech-Owl mourn'd. Hop.
Ovid.

He knew th' ill Omen by her screaming Cry,
And stridour of her Wings. — Dryd. Virg.
—— Forbear to fright
My tender Soul, ye baleful Birds of Night:
The lashing of your Wings I know too well;
The sounding Flight, and fun'ral Screams of Hell. Dr. Virg.

O X F O R D.

My artless Reed attempts this lofty Theme,
Where sacred Isis rouls her ancient Stream:
In cloister'd Domes, the great Philippa's Pride;
Where Learning blooms, while Fame and Worth preside:
Where the fifth Henry Arts and Arms was taught;
And Edward form'd his Crestly, yet unfought:
Where laurel'd Bards have struck the warbling Strings;
The Seat of Sages, and the Nurse of Kings. Tickell.

P.

P A I N.

He's doom'd to Pains, at which the Dam'd will tremble;
And take their own for Joys. — Den. Ap. & Virg.
Such Pains he felt, as Women in their Travail,
When the Ilithyæ, who preside o'er Births,
Those dreadful Parents of most racking Pangs,
Send forth their sharpest Darts, their keenest Pains,
To torture and distress the wretched Mother. Broome. Hom.
Long Pains, with use of bearing are half eas'd. Dr. St. of In.

P A I N T E R and P A I N T I N G.

Painters, who first Proportion understand,
With easy Practice reach a Master's Hand. Dryd.
—— Wise Artists mix their Colours so,
That by Degrees they from each other go:
Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring White,
Without offending the well-cozen'd Sight. Dryd.
Behold the Painter who with Nature strives:
He views her various Scenes, intent to trace
The Master-Lines that form her finish'd Face.

His Strokes affect with Nature's self to vie,
 And with false Life amuse the doubtful Eye.
 Such is the Artist's wond'rous Pow'r, that we
 Ev'n pictur'd Souls and colour'd Passions see;
 Where without Words, peculiar Eloquence!
 The busie Figures speak their various Sense. *Blac. Creat.*

His Pieces so with their live Objects strive,
 That both or Pictures seem, or both alive.
 Nature her self, amaz'd, does doubting stand,
 Which is her own, and which the Painter's, Hand. *Cow.*

Adonis painted by a running Brook,
 And Cytherea all in Sedges hid,
 Which seem to move and wanton with her Breath,
 Ev'n as the waving Sedges play with Wind:
 And Daphne roaming thro' a thorny Wood;
 Her Legs all scratch'd, that one would swear they bleed,
 While at the Sight the sad Apollo weeps: (of the Shrew.
 So workmanly the Blood and Tears are drawn! *Shak. Tam.*

Eain would I Raphael's Godlike Art rehearse,
 And shew th'immortal Labours in my Verse:
 Where, from the mingled Strength of Shade and Light,
 A new Creation rises to my Sight:
 Such heav'nly Figures from his Pencil flow!
 So warm with Life his blended Colours glow!
 From Theme to Theme with secret Pleasure tost;
 Amidst the soft Variety I'm lost. *Add.*

Prometheus could not with more curious Art
 True Shape and Beauty to his Clay impart:
 To give it Life he stole celestial Fire;
 But thou without that Help can'st Soul's inspire;
 And strike the flinty Heart, and kindle fierce Desire.
 Faint Draughts of Beauty raise but mean Delight;
 Kneller's give full Enjoyment to the Sight. ———

So Birds at the dissembled Clusters flew;
 Which with imposing Likeness Zeuxis drew:
 So common Art our mortal Sense controuls;
 But Kneller's Hand deceives unbody'd Souls. ———

I yield, O Kneller, to superior Skill,
 Thy Pencil triumphs o'er the Poet's Skill:
 If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her Lays,
 It is no more to rival thee, but praise:
 Oft have I try'd with unavailing Care,
 To trace some Image of the much lov'd Fair:
 But still my Numbers ineffectual prov'd,
 And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
 But thy unerring Hands, with matchless Art,
 Have shewn my Eyes th'Impression in my Heart.

The bright Idea both exists and lives;
 Such vital Heat thy genial Pencil gives!
 Its daring Point, not to the Face confin'd,
 Can penetrate the Heart, and paint the Mind.
 Others some faint Resemblance may express,
 Which, as 'tis drawn by Chance, we find by Guess:
 Thy Pictures raise no Doubts, when brought to view;
 At once they're known, and seem to us to know.
 Transcendent Artist! How complear thy Skill!
 Thy Pow'r to act is equal to thy Will.
 Nature and Art, in thee, alike contend,
 Not to oppose each other, but befriend:
 For, what thy Fausy has with Fire design'd,
 Is, by thy Skill, both temper'd and refin'd.
 As, in thy Pictures, Light consents with Shade,
 And each to other is subservient made,
 Judgment and Genius, so, concur in thee,
 And both unite in perfect Harmony. Cong.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
 The darling Idol of his captive Heart;
 And pleas'd the Mistress to the Painter fate,
 To have her Charms recorded by his Art:
 Th' amorous Master own'd her potent Eyes;
 Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew:
 Each flowing Line confirm'd his first Surprise;
 And, as the Piece advanc'd, the Passion grew.
 While Philip's Son, while Venus' Son was near,
 What diff'rent Tortures did his Bosom feel!
 Great was the Rival, and the God severe:
 Nor could he hide his Flame, nor durst reveal.
 The Prince, renown'd in Bounty as in Arms,
 With Pity saw the ill-conceal'd Distress;
 Quitted his Title to Campaspe's Charms,
 And gave the fair One to the Friends Embrace.
 Thus the more beautiful Chloe fate to thee,
 O Howard, emulous of the Grecian Art!
 But happy thou, from Cupid's Arrow free,
 And Flames that pierc'd thy Predecessor's Heart.
 Had thy poor Breast receiv'd an equal Pain,
 Had I been vested with the Monarch's Pow'r;
 Thou must have sigh'd, unhappy Youth, in vain;
 Nor from my Bounty had'st thou found a Cure.
 Yet to evince thee, that the Friend did feel
 A kind Concern for thy ill-fated Care;
 I would have sooth'd the Flame I could not heal.
 Giv'n thee the World, tho' I with-held the Fair. Prior.

'Tis

'Tis ev'ry Painter's Art to hide from Sight,
And cast in Shades, what, seen, would not delight. Dryd.

The famous Painter could allow no Place
For private Sorrow in a Prince's Face;
Yet, that his Piece might not exceed Belief,
He cast a Veil upon suppos'd Grief. Wall.

But Pencils can by one slight Touch restore
Smiles to that chang'd Face that wept before. Dryd,
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful Strife
With Nature's Scenes, nor gave the Canvas Life. Fenton.

Where Verrio's Colours fall,
They leave inanimate the naked Wall. Pope.
So when the faithful Pencil has design'd
Some fair Idea of the Master's Mind;
Where a new World leaps out at his Command,
And ready Nature waits upon his Hand;
When the ripe Colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just Shade and Light;
When mellowing Time does full Perfection give,
And each bold Figure just begins to live;
The treach'rous Colours in few Years decay;
And all the bright Creation fades away. Pope.

On the Discovery of a Lady's Painting.

Pygmalion's Fate revers'd is mine,
His Marble Love took Flesh and Flood:
All that I worshipp'd as divine,
That Beauty, now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of Life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his Wife.
A real Beauty, tho' too near,
The fond Narcissus did admire;
I doat on that which is no where;
The Sign of Beauty feeds my Fire.
No mortal Flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the Fuel. Wall.

Of the Misreport of her being painted.

As when a Sort of Wolves infest the Night
With their wild Howlings at fair Cynthia's Light,
The Noise may chase sweet Slumber from our Eyes,
But never reach the Mistress of the Skies:
So with the News of Sacharissa's Wrongs,
Her vexed Servants blame those envious Tongues;
Call Love to witness, that no painted Fire
Can scorch Men so, or kindle such Desire;
While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more

With this new Malice, than our Loves before;
 But from the Height of her great Mind looks down
 On both our Passions, without Smile or Frown.
 So little Care of what is done below,
 Hath the bright Dame, whom Heav'n affecteth so:
 Paints her, 'tis true, with the same Hand, which spreads
 Like various Colours thro' the flow'ry Meads;
 When lavish Nature, with her best Attire,
 Cloaths the gay Spring, the Season of Desire:
 Paints her, 'tis true, and does her Cheeks adorn
 With the same Art, wherewith she paints the Morn;
 With the same Art, wherewith she gildeth so
 Those painted Clouds, which form Thaumantias' Bow. Wall.

P A L L A S.

O Patroness of Arms, unsported Maid! Dryd. Virg.
 Pallas, the Guardian of the Bold and Wise. Add. Ovid.
 Goddess of Wisdom. ——— Pope. Hom.

——— The blue-ey'd Maid,
 Jove's heav'nly Daughter stood confess'd in Sight,
 Like a fair Virgin in her beauteous Bloom;
 Skill'd in th'illustrious Labours of the Loom. Pope. Hom.
 When lo! the Guardian Goddess of the Wise,
 Celestial Pallas stood before his Eyes:
 In Show a youthful Swain of Form divine,
 Who seem'd descended from some Princely Line:
 A graceful Robe her slender Body dress'd;
 Around her Shoulders flew the waving Vest:
 Her decent Hand a shining Jav'lin bore,
 And painted Sandals on her Feet she wore. Pope. Hom.
 She sternly cast her glaring Eyes around;
 That sparkled as they rowl'd, and seem'd to threat:
 Her heav'nly Limbs distil'd a briny Sweat:
 Twice from the Ground she leap'd: was seen to wield
 Her brandish'd Lance, and shake her horrid Shield. Dr. Virg.

Could angry Pallas, with revengeful Spleen,
 The Grecian Navy burn, and drown the Men?
 She, for the Fault of one offending Foe,
 The Bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
 With Whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the Ship:
 And bare expos'd the Bosom of the Deep:
 Then, as an Eagle gripes the trembling Game,
 The Wretch, yet hissing with her Father's Flame,
 She strongly seiz'd; and, with a burning Wound,
 Transfixt, and, naked, on a Rock she bound. Dryd. Virg.

Thus new-born Pallas did the Gods surprize,
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing Wound,
She struck the warlike Spear into the Ground:
Which sprouting Leaves did suddenly inclose,
And peaceful Olives shaded as they rose. Dryd.

Pallas, in Care of Human-kind,
The fruitful Olive first design'd:
Deep in the Glebe her Spear she lanc'd,
When, all at once, the laden Boughs advanc'd:
The Gods with Wonder view'd the reeming Earth,
And all, with one Consent, approv'd the beauteous Birth.

Cong.

So Pallas from the dusty Field withdrew;
And, when imperial Jove appear'd in View,
Resum'd her female Arts, the Spindle and the Clue;
Forgot the Sceptre she so long had sway'd,
And, with that Mildness, she had rul'd, obey'd:
Pleas'd with the Change, as unconcern'd as Jove,
When in Disguise he leaves his Pow'r above,
And drowns all other Attributes in Love. Stepn.

P A L M.

———— Palms by Oppression speed
Victorious; and the Victor's sacred Meed:
The Burden lifts them higher. ——— Cowl. David.
For Palms still spread the more, the more with-held. Stepn

P A L M E T T O.

Like the tall Pine it shoots its stately Head;
From the broad Top depending Branches spread:
No knotty Limbs the taper Body bears:
High on each Bough a single Leaf appears;
Which shrivel'd in its Infancy remains,
Like a clos'd Fan; nor stretches wide its Veins:
But, as the Seasons in their Circle run,
Ope its ribb'd Surface to the nearer Sun:
Beneath the Shade the weary Peasant lies;
Plucks the broad Leaf, and bids the Breezes rise:
Thus artificial Zephyrs round him fly;
And mitigate the Fever of the Sky. Gay.

P A N.

Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too;
His Cheeks and Temples of Vermilion Hue. Dryd. Virg.
—— The

— The Guardian of the Bees :
 — The God obscene, who frights away, (Virg.
 With his Lath Sword, the Thiefs and Birds of Prey. Dryd.
 And Pan, th' Arcadian God, with Berries prest,
 And red Vermilion painted, join'd the rest. Trap. Virg.
 The mighty Pan, whose pow'rful Hand sustains
 The sov'raign Crook, that mildly awes the Plains. Duke.
 The mighty Pan delights the list'ning Swains ;
 With Musick's softest Airs fills all the Plains.
 The Goat-fac'd Pan, whose Flocks securely feed ;
 With long hung Lip he blows his oaten Reed :
 The horn'd, the half beast God, when brisk and gay,
 With Pine-leaves crown'd, provokes the Swains to Play.
 Creech. Lucr.
 Pan taught to join with Wax unequal Reeds: (Virg.
 Pan loves the Shepherds, and their Flocks he feeds. Dryd.

PARADISE.

— — — A Mansion fair,
 Not fram'd of common Earth ; nor Fruits, nor Flow'rs :
 Of vulgar Growth ; but like celestial Bow'rs :
 The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit divine ;
 Where golden Apples on green Branches shine,
 And purple Grapes dissolve into immortal Wine.
 For Noon-day's Heat are closer Arbours made, (Inn.
 And for fresh Ev'ning Air, the op'ner Glade. Dryd. State of
Adam and Eve expell'd from Paradise.

O unexpected Stroke, worse than of Death !
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? Thus leave
 Thee, native Soil, these happy Walks and Shades,
 Fit Haunt of Gods ? Where I had Hope to spend
 Quiet, tho' sad, the Respite of that Day,
 That must be mortal to us both. O Flow'rs,
 That never will in other Climate grow,
 My early Visitation, and my last
 At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender Hand
 From the first op'ning Bud, and gave you Names,
 Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
 Your Tribes, or water from th'ambrosial Fount ?
 Thee lastly, nuptial Bow'r, by me adorn'd
 With what to Sight or Smell was sweet ; from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower World, to this obscure
 And wild ? How shall we breathe in other Air,
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits ? Milt. Par. Lost.
 Spoken by Eve.
 PAR-

P A R D O N.

Crimes pardon'd, others to those Crimes invite,
 Whilst Lookers on, severe Examples fright :
 When by a pardon'd Murd'rer Blood is spilt,
 The Prince that pardon'd has the greater Guilt.
 When Justice on Offenders is not done,
 Law, Government, Commerce, are overthrown;
 As besieg'd Traytors, with the Foe conspire
 To unlock the Gates, and set the Town on Fire. Denh.
 — Great Souls forgive not Injuries, 'till Time
 Has put their Enemies into their Pow'r,
 That they may shew Forgiveness is their own ;
 For else 'tis Fear to punish that forgives :
 The Coward, not the King. — Dryd. D. of Guise.
 Who cannot pardon, they can never love. Orinda.
 'Tis cheap to pardon, when you would not pay. Dr.D.Seb.

Begging P A R D O N.

Thus to the angry Gods offending Mortals,
 Made sensible by some severe Affliction,
 How all their Crimes are register'd in Heav'n :
 In that nice Court, how no rash Word escapes,
 But ev'n extravag'ant Thoughts are all set down :
 Thus the poor Penitents with Fear approach
 The rev'rend Shrines, and thus for Mercy bow :
 Thus, melting too, they wash the hallow'd Earth,
 And groan to be forgiv'n. — Lee. Theod.
 O from my Soul I do confess my self
 The very Blot of Honour ; I'm more black
 Than thou, in all thy Heat of just Revenge,
 With all thy glorious Eloquence, can'st make me. Lee. Theod.
 Spare my Remembrance, 'twas a guilty Day,
 And still the Blush hangs here. — Dryd. All for Love.
 Can you forgive the Sallies of my Passion ?
 For I have been to blame, Oh much to blame !
 Have said such Words, nay, done such Actions too,
 Base as I am, that my aw'd conscious Soul
 Sinks in my Breast ; nor dare I lift an Eye
 On him I have offended. Dryd. Troil. & Cres.
 — Oh whither shall I run to hide me ?
 Where shall I lower fall ? How shall I lie
 More grov'ling in your View, and sue for Mercy ?
 Yet 'tis some Comfort to my wild Despair,
 Some Joy in Death, that I may kiss your Feet,
 Black as I am with all my Guilt upon me. Lee. L. Judicant.

O my Statira, O my angry Dear!
 Turn thy Eyes on me; I would talk to them:
 What shall I say to work upon thy Soul?
 Where shall I throw me? Whither shall I fall?
 Before thy Eyes I'll have a Grave dug up,
 And perish quick, be bury'd strait alive:
 O give but, as the Earth grows heavy on me,
 A tender Look, and a relenting Word;
 Say but, 'Twas pity that so great a Man,
 Who had ten thousand Deaths in Battel 'scap'd,
 For one poor Fault so early should remove,
 And fall a Martyr to the God of Love. *Lec. Alex.*
 O turn thee! turn! thou barbarous Brightness, turn!
 Fear my last Words, and see my utmost Pangs. *Lec. Alex.*
 — No: thou shalt not force me from thee:
 Use me reproachfully, and like a Slave;
 Tread on me, buffet me, heap Wrongs on Wrongs
 On my poor Head, I'll bear it all with Patience;
 Shall weary out thy most unfriendly Cruelty;
 Lie at thy Feet, and kiss them, tho' they spurn me;
 Till, wounded by my Sufferings, thou relent, *(Pres.*
 And raise me to thy Arms with dear Forgiveness. *Otw. Ven.*
 I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well aveng'd it:
 I have not, since we parted, been at Peace,
 Nor known one Joy sincere: our broken Friendship
 Pursu'd me to the last Retreat of Love,
 Stood glaring like a Ghost, and made me cold with Horrors.
Rowe. Fair Pen.

O kill me here, or tell me my Offence;
 I'll never quit you else, but, on these Knees,
 Thus follow you all Day, 'till they're worn bare;
 And hang upon you like a drowning Creature. *Otw. Orph.*
 Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
 A Fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?
 For I must love thee, tho' it prove thy Ruin.
 Which Way shall I court thee? —
 What shall I do to be enough thy Slave,
 And satisfy the lovely Pride that's in thee?
 I'll kneel to thee, and weep a Flood before thee:
 Yet prithee, Tyrant, break not quite my Heart;
 But, when my Task of Penitence is over,
 Heal it again, and comfort me with Love. *Otw. Orph.*
 — I beg for Pity and Forgiveness:
 By the kind tender Names of Child and Father,
 Hear my Complaints, and take me to your Love;
 Remember, I'm your Daughter by a Mother,
 Virtuous and noble, faithful to your Honour,
 F f 2

Ob:

Obedient to your Will, kind to your Wishes,
 Dear to your Arms: By all the Joys she gave you,
 When in her blooming Years she was your Treasure,
 Look kindly on me; in my Face behold
 The Lineaments of hers, you've kiss'd so often, (Pref.
 Pleading the Cause of your poor cast-off Child. Otw. Ven.

—— Oh do not call to Memory
 My Disobedience, but let Pity enter
 Into your Heart, and quite deface th' Impression:
 For, could you think how mine's perplex'd, what Sadness,
 Fears and Despairs, distract the Peace within me,
 Oh! you would take me in your dear, dear Arms,
 Hover with strong Compassion o'er your Young One,
 To shelter me with a protecting Wing,
 From the black gather'd Storm, that's just, just breaking.
 (Otw. Ven. Pref.

—— Oh! there's but this short Moment
 'Twixt me and Fate: yet send me not with Curses
 Down to my Grave: afford me one kind Blessing
 Before we part: just take me in your Arms,
 And recommend me with a Pray'r to Heav'n,
 That I may die in Peace. —— Otw. Ven. Pref.

—— Think then you saw what pass'd at our last Parting:
 Think you beheld him like a raging Lion
 Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps,
 Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
 Of burning Fury: think you saw his one Hand
 Fix'd on my Throat, while the extended other
 Grasp'd a keen threat'ning Dagger: Oh! 'twas thus,
 We last embrac'd, when, trembling with Revenge,
 He dragg'd me to the Ground, and at my Bosom
 Presented horrid Death; cry'd out, My Friends!
 Where are my Friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd:
 For he yet lov'd, and that dear Love preserv'd me,
 To this last Trial of a Father's Pity:

If ever then I was your Care, now hear me:
 Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd Lives (Ven. Pref.
 Of his dear Friends, ere mine be made the Sacrifice, Otw.

Spare him, O spare him! Kings should delight in Mercy:
 I'll follow thus for ever on my Knees,
 And make your Way so slippery with Tears,
 You shall not pass. —— Lee. Alex.

Go not to Death like a dumb Sacrifice:
 Beg him to save my Life in saving thine. Dryd. D. Seb.
 Look, Tyrant, what Excess of Love can do!
 It pulls me down thus low, as to thy Feet;
 Nay, to embrace thy Knees with loathing Hands,

Which

Which blister when they touch thee: yet ev'n thus,
Thus far I can to save Sebastian's Life.

Spare him; O spare; Can you pretend to love,
And have no Pity: Love and that are Twins.

Here will I grow; —————

Thus compass you with these supplanting Cords,
And pull so long till the proud Fabrick falls. Dryd. D. Seb.

By all the Pow'r that's given thee o'er my Soul,

By thy resistless Tears, and conqu'ring Smiles,

By the victorious Love that still waits on thee;

Fly to thy cruel Father, save my Friend,

Or all our future Quiet's lost for ever:

Fall at his Feet, cling round his rev'rend Knees;

Speak to him with thy Eyes; and with thy Tears

Melt his cold Heart, and wake dead Nature in him:

Crush him in thy Arms, torture him with thy Softness,

Nor, 'till thy Pray'rs are granted, set him free,

But conquer him, as thou hast conquer'd me. Orw. Ven. Pr.

————— I beg you by these Tears;

These Sighs, and by th'ambitious Love you bear me,

By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Countrey,

That bleeds to Death, O seek the best of Kings,

Kneel, fling your stubborn Body at his Feet,

Your Pardon shall be sign'd, your Countrey sav'd,

Virgins and Matrons, all, shall sing your Fame,

And ev'ry Babe shall bless the Guises Name. Dr. D. of Guise.

Shall I, who to my kneeling Slave could say,

Rise up, and be a King; Shall I fall down,

And cry, Forgive me Cæsar? Shall I set

A Man, my Equal, in the Place of Jove,

As he could give me Being? No; that Word,

Forgive, would choak me up, and die upon my Tongue.

Dryd. All for Love.

————— Thus crawling on the Earth,

Would I thy Pardon meet; the only Thing (Orph.

Can make me view the Face of Heav'n with Hope. Orw.

I must be heard, I must have Leave to speak;

O look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,

With Pity and with Charity behold me:

Shut not thy Heart against a Friend's Repentance;

But, as there dwells a Godlike Nature in thee,

Listen with Mildness to my Supplications. Orw. Ven. Pref.

Let not thy Eyes then shun me, nor thy Heart

Detest me utterly: Oh! look upon me,

Look back and see my sad sincere Submission;

How my Heart swells, as ev'n 'twould burst my Bosom,

Fond of its Goal, and lab'ring to be at thee! Orw. Ven. Pref.

——— Whither shall I fly?
 Where hide me and my Miseries together?
 Where's now the Roman Constancy I boasted?
 Sunk into trembling Fears and Desperation:
 Not daring now to look up to that Face,
 Which us'd to smile ev'n on my Thoughts, but down
 Bending these miserable Eyes to Earth, (Pref)
 Must move in Penance, and implore much Mercy. Orw. Ven.
 For oh! I've lost what never can be counted;
 My Friend, O Belvidera, that dear Friend,
 Who, next to thee, was all my Heart rejoic'd in,
 Has us'd me like a Slave, shamefully us'd me:
 'Twould break thy pitying Heart to hear the Story:
 What shall I do? Resentment, Indignation,
 Love, Pity, Fear, and Mem'ry how I've wrong'd him,
 Distract my Quiet with the very Thought on't,
 And tear my Heart to Pieces in my Bosom. Orw. Ven. Pref.
 Not worth a Word, a Look, nor one Regard!
 Is then the Nature of my Fault so heinous,
 That, when I come to take my eternal Leave,
 You'll not vouchsafe to view me? This is Scorn,
 Which the fair Soul of gentle Athenais
 Would ne'r have harbour'd. ———

O, for the Sake of him, whom you ere-long
 Shall hold as fast as now your Wishes form him,
 Give me a patient Hearing: for, however
 I talk of Death, and seem to loath my Life,
 I would deliberate with my Fate a while,
 With snatching Glances eye thee to the last,
 Pause o'er a Loss like that of Athenais,
 And parley with my Ruin. ——— Lee. Theod.

Forgive the barb'rous Trespas of my Tongue:
 'Twas a hard Violence; I could have dy'd
 With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worst:
 Nay, at each Word that my Distraction utter'd, (Orph.)
 My Heart recoil'd, and 'twas half Death to speak them. Orw.

O stop this headlong Torrent of your Goodness:
 It comes too fast upon a feeble Soul,
 Half drown'd in Tears before: Spare my Confusion;
 For Pity spare, and say not first, you err'd:
 For I have yet not dar'd, thro' Guilt and Shame,
 To throw my self beneath your Royal Feet. Dryd. D. Sel.

P A R E N T.

A Father! that implies presiding Care,
 Cheerful to give, willing himself to want
 What'er thy Needs require. ——— Dryd. Cleom.

But

But when the Father is too fondly kind,
Such Seeds he sows, such Harvest shall he find.

Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Gulsc.

O think you are a Father : Soft Indulgence
Becomes that Name : tho' Nature give you Pow'r
To bind his Duty, 'tis with silken Cords :
Command him then as you command your self :
He is as much a Part of you, as are
Your Appetite and Will : and those you force not,
But gently bend, and make them pliant to your Reason.

Dryd. Mar. A-la-Mode.

What Right have Parents over Children, more
Than Birds have o'er their Young : Yet they impose
No rich-plum'd Mistress on their feather'd Sons ;
But leave their Love, more open and more free, (Riv. Lad.
Than all the Fields of Air, their spacious Birthright. Dryd.
Curst Rules ! that thus the noblest Loves engage

To wait the peevish Humours of old Age !
Think not the Lawfulness of Love consists
In Parents Wills, or in the Forms of Priests,
Such are but licens'd Rapes, that Vengeance draw
From Heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human Law :
Marriage the happiest Bond of Love might be, (Enck.
If Hands were join'd, only when Hearts agree. Lansd. Brit.

I know how far a Daughter owes Obedience :
But Duty has a Bound, like other Empires :
It reaches but to Life ; for all beyond it
Is the Dominion of another World,
Where you have no Command. — Dryd. Love Trium.

By my strong Grief, my Heart ev'n melts within me ;
I could curse Nature, and that Tyrant, Honour,
For making me thy Father, and thy Judge :

Thou art my Daughter still. — Rowe. Fair Pen.

See'st thou this Dagger, and this trembling Hand ?
Thrice Justice urg'd, and thrice the slack'ning Sinews
Forgot their Office, and confess'd the Father :
The stern, the rigid Judge, has been obey'd ;
Now Nature and the Father claim their Turns :
I have held the Balance with an Ir'n Hand,
And put off ev'ry tender human Thought
To doom my Child to Death ! but spare my Eyes,
The most unnat'ral Sight, lest their Strings crack,
My old Brain split, and I grow mad with Horror.

Rowe. Fair Pen.

What Pains can both a Prince and Parent find,
To punish an Offence of this degen'rate Kind ?

As I have lov'd thee, and yet love thee more,
 Than ever Father lov'd a Child before ;
 So, that Indulgence draws me to forgive :
 Nature, that gave thee Life, wou'd have thee live :
 But, as a publick Parent of the State,
 My Justice, and thy Crime, requires thy Fate :
 Fain wou'd I chuse a middle Course to steer ;
 Nature's too kind, and Justice too severe :
 Speak for us both ; and to the Balance bring,
 On either Side, the Father and the King :
 Heav'n knows, my Heart is bent to favour thee ;
 Make it but scanty Weight, and leave the rest to me. Dryd.
 (Boc. Sig. & Guise,

—— Oh, how blind
 Are Parents Eyes their Children's Faults to find. Dryd. Boc.
 (Sig. & Guise,

PARTING.

Thither she came to take her last Farewel,
 Her silent Look did her sad Business tell :
 Each took the other by the willing Hand,
 Striving to speak, but cou'd no Word command :
 With mutual Grief both were so overcome,
 The much they had to say had made them dumb.
 Sireno saw his fatal Hour draw near,
 And wanted Strength the parting Pang to bear :
 All drown'd in Tears he gaz'd upon the Maid ;
 And she with equal Grief the Swain survey'd. Scrope.

—— In taking Leave,
 Thro' the dark Lashes of her darting Eyes,
 Methought she shot her Soul at ev'ry Glance,
 Still looking back, as if she had a Mind (Theod.
 That you shou'd know, she left her Soul behind her. Lee.

—— Ev'n thus two friends, condemn'd,
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand Leaves,
 Loather a hundred Times to part than die. Shak. Hen. 6. p. 2.

If I depart from thee, I can not live ;
 And in thy Sight to die, what were it else,
 But like a pleasant Slumber in thy Lap ?
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest : (Hen. 6. p. 2.
 From thee to die, were Torture more than Death. Shak.

With Lowliness majestick she retir'd,
 And Grace that won, who saw to wish her Stay :
 With Goddess-like Demeanour forth she went,
 Nor unattended : For on her as Queen
 A Pomp of winning Graces waited still,

And

And from about her shot Darts of Desire
Into all Eyes to wish her still in Sight. Milt. Par. Lost.

But when she saw her Lord prepar'd to part;
A deadly Cold ran shiv'ring to her Heart:
Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to boxen Hue:
And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new. Dryd. Ovid.

Now she afresh her parting Tears renews;
Last with a Kiss she took a long Farewel,
Sigh'd with a sad Presage, and swooning fell. Dryd. Ovid.
She wept, and often cast her Eyes behind,
Forc'd from the Man she lov'd. — Dryd. Hom.

When Lovers meet it is all Extasie; (Ant. & Cl.
And when they part again they more than die. Sedl.

—— I part with thee,
As Wretches, that are doubtful of Hereafter,
Part with their Lives; unwilling, loth, and fearful;
And trembling at Futurity. — Rowe. Tamerl.

For ever gone! For ever parted from me!
O Theodosius! Till this cruel Moment,
I never knew how tenderly I lov'd thee:
But, on this everlasting Separation,
Methinks my Soul has left me; and my Time
Of Dissolution points me to the Grave. Lee. Theod.

—— 'Tis Death to part with thee but for a Moment:
That Moment only sure will break my Heart:
How dolefully it beats with dying blows,
As if with thee my very Soul departed! Den. Rin. & Arm.

—— To die and part,
Is a less Evil; but to part and live!
There, there's the Torment. — Lansd. Her Love.

As one who fears to die, but is condemn'd,
Still strives to trifle Time with idle Talk,
So I. —

As I approach the Precipice's Brink,
So steep, so terrible appears the Depth,
I fear — Parting is worse than Death (Love.

To both, and will to both bring certain Death. Lansd. Her.

To part, of ev'ry Evil is the worst. Lansd. Her. Love.

O 'tis impossible in Love to part
With what we love. — Lansd. Her. Love.

There is I know not what of sad Presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more:
That tells me, this is our last Farewel,
And these the parting Pangs, which Nature feels,
When Anguish rends the Heart-strings. — Rowe. Fair Pen.

—— 'Tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart; devour our Woes,

With mutual Appetite; and, mingling in
 One Cup, the common Stream of both our Eyes,
 Drink bitter Draughts with never-slaking Thirst,
 Thus better, than for any Cause to part: Cong. M. Bride.
 Methinks already in some barbarous Wild,
 Like a benighted Traveller, I walk,
 Viewing with wat'ry Eyes the sinking Sun,
 And Night displaying her sad Ensigns round;
 No friendly Village near me; all before,
 A horrid Maze of Death, without a Guide
 To cheer my heavy Steps: Despair and Death,
 Darkness and everlasting Horror round me:
 O wilt thou ne'er return to glad my Soul, South. Loy. Bro.
 Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst Incantment,
 And never more shall find the Way to Rest.
 But, oh Monimia, art thou indeed resolv'd
 To punish me with everlasting Absence?
 Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already:
 Methinks I stand upon a naked Beach,
 Sighing to Winds, and to the Seas complaining,
 Whilst afar off the Vessel sails away,
 Where all the Treasure of my Soul's embark'd:
 Wilt thou not turn? O could those Eyes but speak,
 I should know all; for Love is pregnant in them;
 They swell, they press their Beams upon me still:
 Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
 Give me but one kind Word to think upon, (Orw. Orph.
 And please my self with, while my Heart is breaking.
 My Heart unmov'd can Noise and Horror bear;
 Parting from you is all the Death I fear. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
 Why do you wave your Hand, and warn me hence?
 Come back; O stay, my Life flows after you!
 So looks the poor condemn'd, ———
 When Justice beck'ns, there's no Hope of Pardon;
 Sternly, like you, the Judge the Victim Eyes, (Guile.
 And thus, like me, the Wretch despairing dies. Dryd. D. of
 Heav'n knows, how loth I am to part from hence:
 So, from the Seal is soften'd Wax disjoin'd;
 So, from the Mother Plant the tender Rind. Dryd. Love Trium.
 ——— Think thy self me;
 And when thou speak'st, but let it first be long,
 Take off the Edge from ev'ry sharper Sound,
 And let our Parting be as gently made,
 As others Loves begin. ——— Dryd. All for Love.
 I've sworn I ne'er will see you more:
 I go! a last Embrace I must bequeath you:
 Farewel for ever! Ah, Guile, tho' now we part;

In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls shall meet—farewel,—and Ios sing above,
Where no Ambition, no Stare-Crime, the happier Spirits prove,
But all are blest, and all enjoy an everlasting Love. Dryd.
(D. of Guise..)

Since then the Gods and thou wilt have it so,
Go! (Can I live once more to bid thee?) Go,
Where thy Misfortunes call thee, and thy Fate:
Go, where the Gods thy Refuge have assign'd;
Go from my Sight, but never from my Mind. Dr. Alb. & Alb.
Where-e'er I go, my Soul shall stay with thee:
'Tis but my Shadow that I rake away: Dryd. K. Arth.

As when the Sun is down,
His Light is clipt into a thousand Stars;
So your sweet Image, tho' you shine not on me,
Will gild the Horrour of the Night, and make
A pleasing Scene of solitary Grief. Dryd. Love Trium.

I love thee with so strange a Purity,
That the blest'd Gods, angry with my Devotions,
More bright in Zeal than that I pay their Altars,
Will take thee from my Sight. ———
We've not an Hour allow'd for taking leave:
Ev'n that's bereft us too: our envious Fates
Justle betwixt, and part the dear Adieus (Troil. & Cres.
Of meeting Lips, clasp'd Hands, and lock'd Embraces. Dr.

——— Methinks I part,
As Souls are sever'd from their warmer Mansions,
To wander in the bleak and desert Air. Lee. Cas. Bon.

——— For when thou art gone,
The World to me is Chaos: yes, Teraminta,
So close the everlasting Sisters wove us, (L. J. Brur.
That when we part the Strings of both must crack. Lee.

Since we must part, oh! Snatch your self away,
Or I shall die with ling'ring: yet we shall meet,
In spite of Sighs we shall; at least in Heav'n!
O Teraminta? Once more to my Heart,
Once to my Lips, and ever to my Soul? Lee. L. J. Brur.

By Jove, 'tis ominous, our Parting is:
Her Face look'd pale too, as the torn'd away:
And when I rung her by the rosy Fingers,
Methought the Strings of my great Heart did crack. Lee. Alex.

I go; but must turn back for one last look:
Remember, O remember, dear Semandra,
That on thy Virtue all my Fortune hangs:
Semandra is the Business of the War;
Semandra makes the Fight, draws ev'ry Sword;
Semandra sounds the Trumpets, gives the Word;

So the Moon charms her wat'ry World below;
Wakes the still Seas, and makes them ebb and flow. Lee. Mithr.

O Stay! There's something, ere we part for ever,
That I wou'd speak, if I cou'd make it way: Lee. Mithr.

Speak then, and speak the mournfull'st Things you can,
To break both Hearts. — Lee. Mithr.

Farewel: Thus, kneeling at thy Feet, I pour
These parting Tears: allow this dying Kiss,
Which my cold Lips print on thy faithless Hand:

O all my Vows, for ever here I leave you:

And, since we never, never must behold
Each other more, I'll breathe them once again:

Farewel, Semandra: O, thou'lt never find,
In all thy search of Love, a Heart like mine.

Once more, farewell for ever, false Semandra.

What? yet again thy Name? will my charm'd Tongue
Sound Nothing but Semandra? Oh Semandra! Lee. Mithr.

Farewel, most lovely, and most lov'd of Man:

Why comes this dying Paleness o'er thy Face?

Why wander thus thy Eyes? Why do'st thou bend,

As if the fatal Weight of Death were on thee. Lee. Theod.

'Tis Death to part, and yet I must be gone. Lee. Glor.

O for one more, this Pull, this Tug of Heartstrings!

Farewel for ever. — Lee. L. J. Brut.

My Eyes won't lose the Sight of thee, (Ven. Pref.
But languish after thine, and ake with gazing. Orw.

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near Day:

It was the Nightingale and not the Lark,

That pierc'd the fearful Hollow of thy Ear:

Nightly on yond' Pomegranate-Tree she sings:

Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.

Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn:

No Nightingale. —

I must be gone, and live; or stay, and die.

Let me be taken; let me suffer Death:

I am content so thou wilt have it so.

By Heav'n, yon' Grey is not the Mornings Eye;

But the Reflection of pale Cynthia's Brightness:

Nor is't the Lark we hear, whose Notes do beat

So high, and echo in the Vault of Heav'n:

I'm all Desire to stay; no Will to go:

How is't, my Soul; let's talk, it is not Day.

Oh! 'tis, it is: fly hence, away, my Marius:

It is the Lark, and out of Tune she sings,

With grating Discords, and unpleasing Strainings:

Some say, the Lark and loathsome Toad change Eyes;

Now I cou'd wish they had chang'd Voices too;

Or that a Lethargy had seiz'd the Morning,
And she had slept, and never wak'd again,
To part me from th' Embraces of my Love:
What shall become of me, when thou art gone?

The Gods, that heard our Vows, and know our Loves,
Seeing my Faith, and thy unspotted Truth,
Will sure take Care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee:
Upon my Knees I'll ask them ev'ry Day,
How my Lavinia does; and ev'ry Night,
In the severe Distresses of my Fate,
As I perhaps shall wander thro' the Desert;
And want a Place to rest my weary Head on,
I'll count the Stars, and bless them as they shine,
And court them all for my Lavinia's Safety.

Oh Banishment! Eternal Banishment!
Ne'er to return! Must we ne'er meet again?
My Heart will break: I cannot think that Thought,
And live. Could I but see to th' End of Woe,
There were some Comfort: but eternal Torment
Is ev'n insupportable to Thought.
It cannot be that we shall part for ever.

Indeed it cannot ———
Once more I'll boldly claim Lavinia mine,
Whilst happiest Men shall envy at the Blessing,
And Poets write the Wonders of our Love.

I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or say, or do. I cannot let thee go.

A thousand Things wou'd, to this Purpose said,
But sharpen, and add weight to, this our Sorrow.

——— O I cou'd find out Things
To talk to thee for ever. ———

——— We ought to summon all
The Spirit of soft Passion up, to chear
Our Hearts, thus lab'ring with the Pangs of Parting.
But do'st thou think we e'er shall meet again?

I doubt it not; and all these Woes shall serve.
For sweet Discourses in our Time to come.

Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt from my Arms,
Like a stark Ghost, with Horrour in thy Visage:
Either my Eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

And, trust me, Love, in my Eye so dost thou.
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood. ——— Farewel.

Ha! Is he gone? My Lord, my Husband, Friend,
I must hear from thee ev'ry Hour i'th' Day:

Oh! by this Reck'ning I must be most old,
Ere I again behold my Marius. Nay,

Gone too already! 'Twas unkindly done:
 I had not yet imparted half my Soul;
 Not a third Part of its fond jealous Fears:
 But I'll pursue him for't, and be reveng'd;
 Hang such a tender Tale about his Heart,
 Shall make it tingle, as his Life were stung:
 Nay too—— I'll love him; never, never leave him,
 Fond as a Child, and resolute as Man. Shak. Rom. & Jul.

Otw. C. Mar.

So, get thee gone, that I may know my Grief: (p. 2.)
 'Tis but surmiz'd, while thou art standing by. Shak. Hen. 6.

To die is nothing, but to cease from Pain;
 For all the Shade and Darknes of the Grave
 Is to be sever'd from Armida's Eyes:
 That, only that's the last convulsive Gasp;
 The Separation of the Soul and Body.
 Oh my Armida! must, must we thus divide?

No, no, like Life I'll hold thee fast;
 Nor shall the Hand of Death unlock my Grasp.
 Thus clasp'd in Folds of everlasting Love,
 No Force can break the Circle of our Arms:
 But 'tis our Fate: Armida, we must yield.
 If I stay longer, I shall never go.

Oh Rodamond! How can I bear those killing Words!
 Stay till my Sighs and Pray'rs make Heav'n relent
 To pity and reverse thy Fate, thy cruel Fate,
 The Guilt of ev'ry Star! —— Hig. Gen. Contq.

—— The Hand of Fate

Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
 Quick, let us part! Perdition's in thy Presence,
 And Horror dwells about thee. ——

Destruction stands betwixt us: we must part:

Name not that Word; my frighted Thoughts run back,
 And startle into Madness at the Sound.

—— O stop those Sounds,
 Those killing Sounds! why do'st thou frown upon me?
 My Blood runs cold; my Heart forgers to heave,
 And Life it self goes out at thy Displeasure.

To my Confusion and eternal Grief,
 I must approve the Sentence that destroys me:
 The Mist, that hung about my Mind, clears up;
 And now, adieu the Terrors, that thy Vow
 Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
 More amiable, and risest in thy Charms.
 Lovely 'st of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul;
 Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,
 Bright'ning each other: Thou art all divine!

Portius.

Portius, no more! thy Words shoot thro' my Heart,
Melt my Resolves; and turn me all to Love.
Why are those Tears of Fondness in thy Eyes?
Why heaves thy Heart? Why swells thy Soul with Sorrow?
It softens me too much. Farewel, my Portius:
Farewel, tho' Death is in the Word, For ever.
Oh, how shall I repeat the Word, For ever!

Thus o'er the dying Lamp th' unsteady Flame
Hangs quiv'ring on a Point, leaps off by Fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its Hold:
Thou must not go: my Soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose. ———

'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common Accidents of Life; but here
Such an unlook'd for Storm of Ills falls on me,
It beats down all my Strength: I can not bear it
We must not part. ———

What do'st thou say? Not part?
Hast thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not Heav'ns, and Gods, and Thunder, o'er us?
Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st,
Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine. Add. Cato.

Then old Evander, with a close Embrace,
Strain'd his departing Friend; and Tears o'erflow his Face:
Would Heav'n, said he, my Strength and Youth recall!
Such if I stood renew'd, not these Alarms,
Nor Death, shou'd rend me from my Pallas' Arms:
Ye Gods! and mighty Jove! in pity bring
Relief, and hear a Father, and a King:
If Fate and you reserve these Eyes to see
My Son return with Peace and Victory;
If the lov'd Boy shall bless his Father's Sight;
If we shall meet again with more Delight;
Then draw my Life in Length; let me sustain,
In Hopes of his Embrace, the worst of Pain:
But if your hard Decrees, which Oh! I dread,
Have doom'd to Death his undeserving Head;
This, Oh! this very Moment, let me die;
While Hopes and Fears in equal Balance lie:
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful Charms,
I strain him close within these aged Arms;
Before that fatal News my Soul shall wound:
He said; and, swooning, sunk upon the Ground. Dr. Vng.

When what we love we ne'er must meet again
To lose the Thought is to remove the Pain. Dr. State of Inn.

P A S I P H A E.

In Ida's shady Vale a Bull appear'd,
 White as the Snow; the fairest of the Herd;
 A Beauty-Spot of Black there only rose,
 Betwixt his equal Horns and ample Brows:
 The Love and Wish of all the Cretan Cows.
 The Queen beheld him, as his Head he rear'd;
 And envy'd ev'ry Leap he gave the Herd:
 A secret Fire she nourish'd in her Breast;
 And hated ev'ry Heifer he carest'd:
 She cut him Grass; so much can Love command!
 She stroak'd, she fed him with her royal Hand;
 Was pleas'd in Pastures with the Herd to roam;
 And Minos by the Bull was overcome.
 The wretched Queen the Cretan Court forsakes;
 In Woods and Wilds her Habitation makes:
 She curses ev'ry beauteous Cow she sees:
 Ah! why dost thou my Lord and Master please;
 And think'st, ungrateful Creature as thou art,
 With frisking awkwardly to gain his Heart?
 Now she wou'd be Europa: Jo, now:
 One bore a Bull; and one was made a Cow:
 Yet she at last her brutal Blifs obtain'd;
 And in a wooden Cow the Bull sustain'd,
 Fill'd with his Seed, accomplish'd her Desire;
 'Till, by his Form, the Son betray'd the Sire. Dryd. Ovid.
 To please her Gallant she exchang'd her Shape;
 And, like a Cow, receiv'd the lusty Leap. Laud. Virg.
 She with a Bull in lewd Embraces join'd:
 Her teeming Womb the horrid Crime confess'd;
 Big with a human Bull, half Man, half Beast. Dryd. Ovid.
 He mourns the Madness of the Cretan Queen:
 Happy for her if Herds had never been:
 What Fury, wretched Woman, seiz'd thy Breast!
 The Maids of Argos, tho', with Rage possess'd,
 Their imitated Lowings, fill'd the Grove,
 Yet shunn'd the Guilt of this prepost'rous Love:
 Nor sought the youthful Husband of the Herd;
 Tho' tender and untry'd the Yoke he fear'd:
 Tho' soft, and white, as Flakes of falling Snow,
 And scarce his budding Horns had arm'd his Brow:
 Ah, wretched Queen! you range the pathless Wood;
 While, on a flow'ry Bank, he chews the Cud;
 Or sleeps in Shades; or thro' the Forest roves;
 And roars with Anguish for his absent Loves.

Ye Nymphs, with Toils his Forest Walk surround ;
 And trace his wand'ring Footsteps on the Ground :
 But, ah ! perhaps my Passion he disdains ;
 And courts the milky Mothers of the Plains :
 We search th' ungrateful Fugitive abroad ;
 While they at Home sustain his happy Load. Dryd. Virg.

P A S S I O N S.

—— My Passion swells too high ;
 And like a Vessel struggling in a Storm, (Riv. Lad.
 Requires more Hands than one to steer her upright. Dryd.

Struggle like the Priestesses with a God ;
 With that oppressing God, that works her Soul. Dryd. Cleom.
 I burn, I burn : the Storm, that's in my Mind,
 Kindles my Heart, like Fires provok'd by Wind :
 Love and Resentment, Wishes and Disdain (Lansd. Br. Ench.
 Blow all at once, like Winds, that Plough the Main.

I lie as open to the Gusts of Passion, (A-la-mode.
 As the bare Shore to ev'ry beating Surge. Dryd. Mar

—— My Heart rebel'd
 Against it self, my Thoughts were up in Arms,
 All in a Roar, like Seamen in a Storm,
 My Reason and my Faculties were wreck'd,
 The Mast, the Rudder, and the Tackling gone :
 My Body, like the Hull of some lost Vessel,
 Beaten and tumbled with my rouling Fears. Lee. L. J. Brut.

I am all Fire ! my Passion eats me up !
 It grows incorporate with my Flesh and Blood !
 My Pangs redouble ! now they cleave my Heart ! Lee. Theod.

My rising Soul strains to a higher Pitch,
 Than e'er it reach'd till now : Revenge and Love,
 Fury and Jealousy, and Thirst of Honour,
 All rage and roul within my troubled Mind,
 And work the Tempest high. ——— Hopk. Pyrrhus.

And all within is Anarchy and Up roar. Rowe. Fair Pen.

Clear me, ye Gods, and fix my Understanding

To this one View, lest I mistake all Measure,

And run to Madness. ——— Lee. Mithr.

O Man me, Reason, with thy utmost Force,
 Or Passion, with the dreadful Starts it makes, (Mithr.
 Will soon divorce my Soul from this weak Body. Lee.

O she has Passions, which out-strip the Wind,

And tear her Virtues up, as Tempests root

The Sea. ——— Cong. Mourn. Bride.

Amaz'd he stood, drown'd in a Sea of Thought
 Silent he look'd : Then Love to Madness wrought

And

And Grief with Fury mixt, which Shame brought forth,
Boil'd in his Breast, inflam'd by conscious Worth. *Laud. Virg.*

And when the Mind a vilest Passion shakes,
Of that Disturbance too the Soul partakes:
Cold Sweats bedew the Limbs, the Face looks pale,
The Tongue begins to falter, speech to fail,
The Ears are fill'd with Noise, the Eyes grow dim,
And feeble Shakings seize on ev'ry Limb. *Creech. Lucr.*
He's much disturb'd; a Sickness of the Soul! *Dryd. Love*
(Trium.)

Sole on the barren Sands the suff'ring Chief
Roar'd out for Anguish, and indulg'd his Grief:
Cast on his Kindred-Seas a stormy Look.
Then, fighting from the Bottom of his Breast,
Swoln with Disdain, resenting his Disgrace,
Revengeful Thoughts revolving in his Mind,
He wept for Anger, and for Love he pin'd. *Dryd. Hom.*
(Spoken of Achilles.)

His Passion cast a Mist before his Sense, (Pal. & Arc.
And either made, or magnify'd, th' Offence. *Dryd. Chauc.*

Our Passions always fatal Counsels give:
Thro' a fallacious Glass our Wrongs appear
Still greater than they are. — *Hig. Gen. Cong.*

— All Passions in Excess are Crimes. *Hig. Gen. Cong.*
Our restless Passions, like Tempests on the Main,
Drive Reason from the Guidance of our Lives,
And leave us Shipwreck'd on a barb'rous Coast. *South.*
(Loyal Brother.)

Great Nature, break thy Chain, that links together
The Fabrick of this Globe, and make a Chaos,
Like that within my Soul. Oh Heav'n unkind!
That gives us Passions, strong and unconfin'd,
And leaves us Reason for a vain Defence:
Too pow'rful Rebels! and too weak a Prince! *Dr. L. Trium.*

Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul, that swells
With sudden Gusts, and sinks as soon in Calms;
The Sport of Passions! — *Add. Cato.*

When headstrong Passion gets the Reins of Reason,
The Force of Nature, like too strong a Gale,
For Want of Ballast oversets the Vessel:
Then he's capricious, hum'rous as the Wind;
Deaf and inexorable as a Storm:
But strait he cools, and links into a Calm;
As mild and humble as a Child corrected. (Cong.)

Now wise as Man, and then as weak as Woman. *Hig. G.*
Passions, like raging Storms grow loud and high,
When they are most oppos'd. — *How. Vesp. Virg.*
These

These Starts are the Convulsions of weak Reason,
 When Fits of Passion grow too strong upon you :
 They may be ram'd, and brought from their Excess,
 And watch'd by Reason into Gentleness. How. Vest. Virg.
 Passions in Men oppress'd are doubly strong. Dr. K. Art.
 Great Souls by mightiest Passions are tormented. Den.

Rin. & Arm.
 Virtue, tho' arm'd, our Passions may surprize. Hig. G. Con.
 When with our Passions we make noble War. (Conq.
 'Tis glorious to retreat, and Victory to fly. Hig. Gen.
 ——— Passions without Power,
 Like Seas against a Rock but lose their Fury. Den. Soph.

P A T C H E S.

So looks the smiling Face of Day
 In Heav'n's gloomy black Array
 Of inoffensive Clouds, that fly
 O'er the bright Surface of the Sky ;
 From whence appears the purer Light,
 More splendid by the Foil of Night :
 As Cloe, in her Patches deck'd,
 Which more divine her Charms reflect ;
 So Beauty reconciles Extreams,
 And Brightness shines in jetty Beams. ———

P A T I E N C E.

Patience and Courage to support Afflictions, (Hom.
 Are Virtues which the Fates have lent Mankind. Oldisw.
 For Love of Heav'n ; with Patience undergo,
 A cureless Ill, since Fate will have it so. Dr. Ch. Pal. & Arc.
 How poor are they that have not Patience !
 What Wound did ever heal, but by degrees ? Shak. Othel.
 Like some well fashion'd Arch his Patience stood,
 And purchas'd Firmness from its greater Load. Oldh.
 The Night is long that never finds the Day. Sha. Macb.
 There is between my Will and all my Actions,
 A Guard of Patience. Dryd. Troil. & Cres.

I see thou hast pass'd Sentence on my Heart,
 And I'll no longer weep, or plead against it ;
 But, with the humblest, most obedient Patience,
 Meet thy dear Hands, and kiss them when they wound me :
 Indeed I'm willing : but, I beg thee, do it
 With some Remorse, and, when thou giv'st the Blow,
 View me with Eyes of a relenting Love,
 And shew me Pity ; for 'twill sweeten Justice :

Shew.

Shew Pity to me : Oh! and when thy Hands,
 Charg'd with my Fate, come trembling to the Deed,
 As thou hast done a thousand thousand times
 To this poor Breast, when kinder Rage has brought thee,
 When our string'd Hearts have leapt to meet each other,
 And melting Kisses seal'd our Lips together,
 When Joys have left me gasping in thy Arms. (Ven. Pref.
 So let my Death come now, and I'll not shrink from't. Orw.

———— I will bear it

With all the suff'rance of a tender Friend,
 As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
 The Artist's Hand, that ministers his Cure. Orw. Orph.
 ————— When did I complain,

Or murmur at my Fate? —————

I bore my Load of Infamy with Patience,
 As holy Men do Punishments from Heav'n, (Pen.
 Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee. Rowe. F.

Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O my Soul ;
 For are not thy Transgressions great and numberless ?
 Do they not cover thee, like rising Floods,
 And press thee, like a Weight of Waters, down ?
 Does not the Hand of Righteousness afflict thee,
 And who shall plead against it ? Who shall say
 To Pow'r Almighty, Thou hast done enough ?
 Or bid his dreadful Rod of Vengeance, stay ?
 Wait then with Patience, till the circling Hours
 Shall bring the Time of thy appointed Rest ;
 And lay thee down in Death. The Hireling thus
 With Labour drudges out the painful Day,
 And often looks with long expecting Eyes
 To see the Shadows rise, and be dismiss'd. Rowe. J. Shore.

But Patience is the Virtue of an Ass,
 That trots beneath his Burthen, and is quiet. Lanf. H. Lov.

P A T R I O T.

———— He hated Tyrants, nor could bear
 The Chain, which none but servile Souls will wear. Dr. Or.

———— He dares the Truth assert ;
 He never plays the double-dealing Part :
 The Patriot's Soul disdains the Trimmer's Art. ———— }
 A Patriot both the King and Country serves :

Prerogative, and Privilege preserves :
 Patriots in Peace assert the People's Right ;
 With noble Stubborness resisting Might :

No lawless Mandates from the Court receive;
Nor lend by Force, but in a Body give. Dryd.

Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot paint:
The Rebel ever proves the People's Saint. Dr. Abf. & Ach.
Gull'd with a Patriot's Name, whose modern Sense
Is one that would by Law supplant his Prince;
The People's Brave, the Politician's Tool:
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool. Dr. Abf. & Ach.

So Patriots, in time of Peace and Ease,
Forget the Fury of the late Disease:
Imaginary Dangers they create;
And loath th' Elixir, which preserv'd the State. Garth.

How oft a Patriot's best laid Schemes we find
By Party cross'd, or Faction undermin'd!
If he succeeds, he undergoes this Lot,
The Good receiv'd, the Giver is forgot. Cong.

P E A C E.

The rugged Bus'ness of the War is over. Dr. Love. Tri.
Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extends,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descends. —

Now dire Debate and impious War shall cease;
And the stern Age be soften'd into Peace. Dryd. Virg.

Contending Kings, and Fields of Death, too long
Have been the Subject of the British Song:
Who has not heard of fam'd Ramillia's Plain,
Bavaria's Fall, and Danube choak'd with Slain?
Exhausted Themes! a gentler Note I raise,
And sing returning Peace in softer Lays:
Their Fury quell'd, and martial Rage allay'd,
I wait our Heroes to the sylvan Shade:
Disbanded Hosts are imag'd in my Mind,
And warring Pow'rs in friendly Leagues combin'd. Tickell.

Charm, me, ye Pow'rs, with Scenes less nobly bright,
Far humbler Thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight:

Content to see the Horrors of the Field
By Plough-shares level'd, or in Flow'rs conceal'd:
O'er shatter'd Walls may creeping Ivy twine;
And Grass luxuriant cloath the harmless Mine;
Tame Flocks ascend the Breach without a Wound,
Or crop the Bastion; now a fruitful Ground;
While Shepherds sleep, along the Rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable Shade. Tickell.

Let Volga's Banks with ir'n Squadrons shine;
And Groves of Lances glitter on the Rhine:

Let

Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile Train,
 Be mine the Blessings of a peaceful Reign.
 No more my Sons shall dye with British Blood
 Red Iber's Sands, or Ister's foaming Flood,
 Safe on my Shore, each unmolested Swain
 Shall tend the Flocks, or reap the bearded Grain:
 The shady Empire shall retain no Trace
 Of War or Blood, but in the sylvan Chace;
 The Trumpets sleep, whilst chearful Horns are blown,
 And Arms employ'd on Birds and Beasts alone. Pope.

Spoken by the Thames.

Oh stretch thy Reign, fair Peace, from Shore to Shore,
 Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more:
 Till the freed Indians, in their native Groves,
 Reap their own Fruits, and woo their sable Loves;
 Peru once more a Race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with Gold:
 Exil'd by thee from Earth to deepest Hell,
 In brazen Bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell;
 Gigantrick Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there.
 There purple Vengeance, bath'd in Gore, retires,
 Her Weapons blunted, and extinct her Fires.
 There hateful Envy her own Snakes shall feel;
 And Persecution mourn her broken Wheel.
 There Faction roars; Rebellion bites her Chain;
 And gasping Furies thirst for Blood in vain. Pope.

For now the sacred Leaf a Landskip wears,
 Where Heav'n serene, and Air unmov'd, appears:
 The Rose and Lilly paint the verdant Plains,
 And Palm and Olive shade the sylvan Scenes:
 The peaceful Thames beneath his Banks abides,
 And soft, and still, the silver Surface glides:
 The Zephyrs fan the Fields, the whisp'ring Breeze,
 With fragrant Breath, murmurs thro' the Trees:
 The warbling Birds, applauding new-born Light,
 In wanton Measures wing their airy Flight:
 Above the Floods the finny Race repair,
 And bound aloft, and bask in open Air;
 They gild their scaly Backs in Phœbus' Beams,
 And scorn to skim the Level of the Streams:
 Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous Face,
 And blooms, and ripens with the Fruits of Peace.
 No more the lab'ring Hind regrets his Toil,
 But chearfully manures the greedy Soil;
 Secure thy Glebe a plenteous Crop will yield,
 And golden Ceres grace the waving Field:

Th' advent'rous Man, who durst the Deep explore,
 Oppose the Winds, and tempt the shelvy Shore,
 Beneath his Roof now takes unbroken Rest,
 Enough with native Wealth and Plenty blest.
 No more the forward Youth pursues Alarms,
 Nor leaves the sacred Arts for stubborn Arms:
 No more the Mothers from their Hopes are torn;
 Nor weeping Maids the promis'd Lover mourn:
 No more the Widow's Shrieks and Orphan's Cries
 Torment the patient Air, and pierce the Skies:
 But peaceful Joys the prosp'rous Times afford,
 And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd. Cong.

P E A C O C K.

The Bird, who draws the Car of Juno, vain
 Of his crown'd Head and of his starry Train. Dryd. Ovid.
 Have you not oft survey'd his various Dies;
 His Tail all gild'd o'er with Argus' Eyes?
 Have you not seen him in some sunny Day,
 Unfurl his Plumes, and all his Pride display?
 Then suddenly contract his dazzling Train,
 And with long trailing Feathers sweep the Plain? Gay.

P E A S A N T.

But now an aged Man, in rural Weeds,
 Foll'wing, as seem'd the Quest of some stray Ewe,
 Or wither'd Sticks together; which might serve
 Against a Winter's Day, when Winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,
 He saw approach. — Milt. Par. Reg.
 He milk'd the lowing Herd, he press'd the Cheese,
 Folded the Flock, and spun the woolly Fleece:
 In Urns the Bees delicious Dews he laid,
 Whose kindling Wax invented Day display'd:
 Wrested their iron Entrails from the Hills,
 Then with the Spoils his glowing Forges fills;
 And shap'd with vig'rous Strokes the ruddy Bar,
 To rural Arms, unconscious yet of War:
 He made the Ploughshare in the Furrow shine,
 And learn'd to sow his Bread, and plant his Wine:
 Now verdant Food adorn'd the Garden-Beds,
 And fruitful Trees shot up their branching Heads:
 Rich Balm from Groves, and Herbs from grassy Plains,
 His Fever sooth'd, or heal'd his wounded Veins. Blac.

He

He travels all his Life in one dull Road,
 And, drudging on in Quiet, loves his Load ;
 Seeking no farther than the Needs of Life,
 Knows what's his own ; and thus, exempt from Strife,
 He cherishes his homely careful Wife ;
 Lives by the Clod, and thinks of nothing high'r ;
 Has all, because he cannot much desire.
 Had I been born so low, I had been blest ;
 Of what I love, without Controul, possess'd :
 Never had Honour, or Ambition known,
 Nor ever, to be great, had been undone. *Otw. Tit. & Ber.*
 We'll fly to some far distant lonely Village,
 Forget our former State, and breed with Slaves ;
 Sweat in the Eye of Day, and, when Night comes,
 With Bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant Souls
 Sleep like the labour'd Hinds, and never think. *Lee. Theod.*
 Thus in a Circle runs the Peasant's Pain ;
 And the Year rowls within it self again :
 Ev'n in the lowest Months, when Storms have shed
 From Vines the hairy Honours of their Head.
 Not then the drudging Hind his Labour ends
 But to the coming Year his Care extends. *Dryd. Virg.*

Publick P E N A N C E.

I met her, as returning
 In solemn Penance from the publick Cross :
 Before her, certain Rascal Officers,
 Slaves in Authority, the Knaves of Justice :
 On either Side her, march'd an ill-look'd Priest,
 Who, with severe, with horrid haggard Eyes,
 Did, ever and anon, by Turns upbraid her,
 And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation :
 Around her, numberless the Rabble flow'd,
 Should'ring each other, crowding for a View,
 Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling ;
 Some pitying ; but those, alas ! how few !
 The most, such iron Hearts we are, and such
 The base Barbarity of human Kind,
 With Insolence and lewd Reproach pursu'd her,
 Hooting and railing ; and, with villanous Hands,
 Gath'ring the Filth from out the common Ways,
 To hurl upon her Head : Inhuman Dogs !
 But she still bore it with the greatest Patience :
 Submissive, sad, and lowly was her Look ;
 A burning Taper in her Hand she bore ;
 And, on her Shoulders, carelessly confus'd

With

With loose Neglect her lovely Tresses hung;
 Upon her Cheek a fairish Flush was spread;
 Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with Pain,
 While, barefoot as she trod the flinty Pavement,
 Her Footsteps all along were mark'd with Blood:
 Yet silent still she pass'd, and unrepining,
 Her streaming Eyes bent ever on the Earth,
 Except when, in some bitter Pang of Sorrow,
 To Heaven she seem'd in fervent Zeal to raise them,
 And beg that Mercy, Man deny'd her here. Rowe. J. Shore.

PERYCLIMENOS.

The Fate

Of Peryclimenes is wond'rous to relate:
 To him our common Grandfire of the Main
 Had giv'n to change his Form, and chang'd, resume again.
 Vary'd at Pleasure, ev'ry Shape he try'd;
 And in all Beasts Alcides still defy'd:
 Vanquish'd on Earth, at length he soar'd above;
 Chang'd to the Bird, that bears the Bolt of Jove:
 The new-disssembled Eagle, now endu'd
 With Beak and Pounces, Hercules pursu'd,
 And cuff'd his manly Cheeks, and tore his Face;
 Then safe retir'd, and tow'r'd in empty Space,
 Alcides bore not long his flying Foe:
 But, bending his inevitable Bow,
 Reach'd him in Air suspended as he stood,
 And in his Pinion fix'd the feather'd Wood:
 Light was the Wound; but in the Sinew hung
 The Point, and his disabled Wing unstrung:
 He wheel'd in Air, and stretch'd his Vans in vain:
 His Vans no longer could his Flight sustain:
 For while one gather'd Wind, one, unsupply'd,
 Hung drooping down, nor pois'd his other Side:
 He fell: the Shaft, that slightly was impress'd,
 Now from his heavy Fall with weight increas'd,
 Drove thro' his Neck, assant: he spurns the Ground; (Mer-
 And the Soul issues thro' the Weazon's Wound. D. Ovid.

PERSECUTION.

My Racks have set Men's Understandings right;
 My Dungeons bless'd them with convincing Light:
 Rebels have been subdu'd at my Expence;
 Inform'd by Whips, and tortur'd into Sense:

[Vol. 2.]

Gg

My

My Reasons always due Impressions made :
 Proofs, that are felt, are fittest to persuade :
 My Arguments with Ease are understood :
 Adapted to the Man, and clear to Flesh and Blood :
 And Reason, to our Senses clear and plain,
 Will quickly to the Mind Admission gain : (Blac. Eliza
 O, what convincing Force have Prisons, Want and Pain !

P E R S E U S.

Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrifick Shield
 Of Gorgon's Head to more Amazement charm'd the Foe ;
 Nor when on soaring Horse he flew to aid
 And save from Monsters Rage the beauteous Maid :
 Such wond'rous Charms can Godlike Valour show ! Cong.

P E T R O N I U S.

Fansy and Art in gay Petronius please ;
 The Scholar's Learning with the Courtier's Ease. Pope.

P H A E T O N.

From Phœbus' self the World no hazard run ;
 But could not bear one Day his vent'rous Son :
 He thro' new Ways the flaming Chariot drove ; (Cleop.
 And all was Fear below, and Fire above. Sedl. Ant. &

Sisters of Phaeton.

Next he sung
 The Sisters mourning for their Brother's Loss ;
 Their Bodies hid in Barks, and furr'd with Moss :
 How each a rising Alder now appears,
 And o'er the Po distils her gummy Tears. Dryd. Virg.

P H A N T O M.

Involv'd in Clouds Jove's Sister-Goddes flies,
 And drives a Storm before her thro' the Skies :
 Swift she descends, alighting on the Plain :
 Of Air condensed a Spectre soon she made,
 And, what Æneas was, such seem'd the Shade :
 Adorn'd with Dardan Arms, the Phantom bore
 His Head aloft ; a plummy Crest he wore :
 This Hand appear'd a shining Sword to wield ;
 And that sustain'd an imitated Shield.

With

With manly Mien he stalk'd along the Ground;
 Nor wanted Voice bely'd, nor vaunting Sound;
 Thus haunting Ghosts appear to waking Sight;
 Or dreadful Visions in our Dreams by Night:
 The Spectre seems the Daunian Chief to dare,
 And flourishes his empty Sword in Air:
 At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his Spear;
 The Phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for Fear:
 Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled;
 And with vain Hopes his haughty Fancy fed:
 Whither, O Coward? thus he call'd aloud;
 Nor found he spoke to Wind, and chas'd a Cloud:
 He said; and, brandishing at once his Blade,
 With eager Pace pursu'd the flying Shade:
 By Chance a Ship was fasten'd to the Shore:
 The Planks were ready laid for safe Ascent;
 For Shelter there the trembling Shadow bent:
 And skip'd, and skulk'd, and under Hatches went:
 Exulting Turnus, with regardless Haste,
 Ascends the Plank, and to the Gally pass'd:
 The guileful Phantom now forsook the Shroud,
 And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a Cloud. Dryd. Virg.

P H E A S A N T.

See! from the Brake the whirring Pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant Wings:
 Short is his Joy! he feels the fiery Wound,
 Flutters in Blood; and, panting, beats the Ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying Dyes,
 His purple Crest; and Scarlet-circled Eyes,
 The vivid Green his shining Plumes unfold;
 His painted Wings, and Breast that flames with Gold? Pope.

P H I L O M E L.

Then, ravish'd Philomel, the Song express'd;
 The Crime reveal'd; the Sisters cruel Feast;
 And how in Fields the Lapwing Tereus reigns;
 The warbling Nightingale in Woods complains;
 While Progne makes, on Chimney-Tops, her Moan;
 And hovers o'er the Palace, once her own. Dryd. Virg.

PHILOSOPHER and PHILOSOPHY.

With prying Eye some search where Nature plays;
 And trace the Wanton thro' her darksome Maze:

Whence Health from Herbs; how Groves from Seeds begun;
 How vital Streams in circling Eddies run,
 Some teach why round the Sun the Spheres advance,
 In the fix'd Measures of their mystick Dance:
 How Tides, when heav'd by pressing Moons, o'erflow;
 How Sun-born Iris paints her show'ry Bow. Tick.

How tow'rd's both Poles the Sun's fixt Journey bends;
 And how the Year his crooked Walk attends;
 Why from the Summer's Height he soon declines;
 And falls to visit the cold Winter Signs;
 And then returns: And why the nimble Moon
 Drives on her Chariot faster than the Sun;
 And in one Month does thro' the Zodiack go,
 While the grave Sun's a Year in walking thro':
 By what just Steps the wand'ring Lights advance,
 And what eternal Measures guide the Dance.
 Why, when the adverse Sun's bright Beauties flow,
 And strike the Clouds, they paint the gawdy Bow:
 And how the other Merceors rise and fall:
 What stamps the figur'd Snow, and moulds the Hail:
 And why the Water's Pride and Beauty's lost,
 When rigorous Winter binds the Floods with Frost. Cr/Loc.

Know'st thou where Darkness bears eternal Sway,
 Or where's the Source of everlasting Day?
 Why Eurus fans the Eastern Regions, borne
 Upon the Courfers of the balmy Morn?
 Or why sometimes the gentle Ev'ning Breeze
 Sleeps on the Waves, or murmurs thro' the Trees?
 Or why the Winds sometimes their Pinions try;
 Whisk o'er the Plain, and battel in the Sky?
 On ruddy Wings why forky Lightning flies,
 And rousing Thunder grumbles in the Skies?
 Know'st thou why Comets threaten in the Air,
 Heralds of Woe, Destruction and Despair,
 The Plague, the Sword, and all the Forms of War?
 Or why the driving Hail with rushing Sound
 Pours from on high, and rattles on the Ground?
 How hover Snows, and wanton in the Air,
 Fall by degrees, and cloath the hoary Year?
 Why pearly Rain in fruitful Showers flows,
 And on each Bud a sudden Spring bestows?
 Or why the Heav'ns are charg'd with gloomy Clouds,
 Which, rushing down, precipitate in Floods?
 Or how the Summer decks her self with Charms,
 Or hoary Winter locks his frozen Arms? Broome.
 On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and Skies,
 Mountainous Heaps of Wonders rise;

Whose row'ring Strength will ne'er submit
 To Reason's Batt'ries, or the Mines of Wit :
 Yet still inquiring, still mistaken Man,
 Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dares onward press,
 And, levelling at God his wand'ring Guess,
 That feeble Engine of his reas'ning War,
 Which guides his Doubts, and combats his Despair ;
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give,
 Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that Will,
 Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill ;
 Can tell us whence all Beings are, and how they move, and
 Thro' either Ocean, foolish Man !

That pregnant Word, sent forth again,
 Might to a World extend each Atom there ;
 For ev'ry Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for ev'ry Star.
 Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide ;
 And only lift thy stagg'ring Reason up
 To trembling Calvary's astonish'd Top ;
 Then mock thy Knowledge, and confound thy Pride,
 Explaining how Perfection suffer'd Pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd :
 How by her patient Victor Death was slain ;
 And Earth prophan'd yet blest'd with Deicide.
 Then down with all thy boasted Volumes, down ;

Only reserve the sacred One :

Low, reverently low,

Make thy stubborn Knowledge bow ;
 Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's Eyes ;

Deject thy self, that thou may'st rise ;

To look to Heaven be blind to all below.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimm'ring Light shall give

Her immortal Perspective ;

And Grace's Presence Nature's Loss retrieve :

Then thy enliven'd Soul shall see,

That all the Volumes of Philosophy,

With all their Comments, never could invent

So politick an Instrument ;

To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high Abode,

Where Moses places his mysterious God ;

As was that Ladder which old Jacob rear'd,

When Light divine had human Darkness clear'd ;

And his enlarg'd Ideas found the Road,

Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod. Prior.

Stoick PHILOSOPHY.

The Stoicks thought
 The Universe alive, and that a Soul,
 Diffus'd throughout the Matter of the whole,
 To all the vast unbounded Frame was giv'n, (Heav'n
 And ran thro' Earth, and Air, and Sea, and all the Deep of
 That this first kindled Life in Man and Beast;
 Life, that again flows into this at last:
 That no compounded Animal could die;
 But, when dissolv'd, the Spirit mounted high,
 Dwelt in a Star, and settled in the Sky. Add. Virg. }

Epicurean PHILOSOPHY.

They think, since Gods gave Things Beginning,
 And set this Whirligig a spinning,
 Supine they in their Heav'n remain,
 Exempt from Passion and from Pain;
 And frankly leave us human Elves,
 To cut and shuffle for our selves:
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
 As Matter and its Motions jumble. Prior.
 So Atoms, dancing round the Centre,
 They urge, made all Things at a venture. Prior.

P H O E B U S.

Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muse inspires; (Virg.
 And, in her Songs, the Warmth he gave, requires. Dryd.
 O Patron of Soracles' high Abodes;
 Phœbus, the ruling Pow'r among the Gods;
 Whom first we serve, whole Woods of unctuous Pine
 Are fell'd for thee; and to thy Glory shine:
 By thee protected, with our naked Soles,
 Thro' Flames unsindg'd we march, and tread the kindled
 Coals. Dryd. Virg.

Sing on this Pipe thy Phœbus; and the Wood,
 Where once his Fane of Parian Marble stood:
 On this his antient Oracles rehearse;
 And with new Numbers grace the God of Verse. Dr. Virg.
 Idol of the Eastern Kings;
 Awful as the God, who flings
 His Thunder round, and Lightning wings:
 God of Songs, and Orphean Strings! Lee. OEdip. Del.

Delphos and Tenedos my Rule obey,
 In sev'ral Isles I sev'ral Sceptres sway :
 All Nations offer Incense at my Shrine,
 And all those Beams, that light the World, are mine :
 I know, what Time bears in her teeming Womb ;
 And all that was, and is, and is to come :
 I teach soft Numbers to the mighty Nine,
 The wond'rous Harmony they make, is mine.
 Sure are the Wounds I send from ev'ry Dart.
 To the rich Earth soft Remedies I give,
 Allotting Man a longer Time to live ;
 To me the Use of ev'ry Herb is known. *Hapk. Ovid.*

Then Phœbus urg'd his Flight,
 With Fury kindled, from Olympus' Height ;
 His Quiver o'er his ample Shoulders threw ; *(Dr. Hom.)*
 His Bow twang'd, and his Arrows rattled as they flew.

Palace of P H O E B U S.

The Sun's bright Palace, on high Pillars rais'd,
 With burnish'd Gold, and flaming Jewels blaz'd :
 The folding Doors dispers'd a silver Light,
 And with a milder Gleam refresh'd the Sight :
 Of polish'd Iv'ry was the Cov'ring wrought,
 The Metals vy'd not with the Workman's Thought :
 For here the Figure of the Heav'ns was plac'd,
 Here circling Seas the rounded Earth embrac'd,
 And Gods and Goddesses the Waters grac'd.
 Ægeon here a mighty Whale bestrode ;
 Triton, and Proteus the deceiving God,
 With Doris here were form'd, and all her Train ;
 Some loosely swimming in the painted Main,
 While some on Rocks their dropping Hair divide,
 And some on Fishes thro' the Waters glide :
 Their Looks were all alike, tho' not the same ;
 For Looks alike the Sisterhood became ;
 On Earth a diff'rent Landskip courts the Eyes,
 Men, Towns, and Beasts, in various Prospect rise :
 And Nymphs, and Streams, and Woods, and rural Deities. }
 O'er all, the Heav'ns refulgent Image shines :
 On either Door were six engraven Signs. *Add. Ovid.*

Throne of P H O E B U S.

The God sits high exalted on a Throne
 Of blazing Gems, with purple Garments on :
 On ev'ry Side the Days, and Months ; and Year,
 And Hours, and Ages, on his Coasts appear :

Here blooming Spring with flow'ry Wreaths is bound,
 Here Summer stands in wheaten Garlands crown'd,
 Here Autumn from the trodden Vintage sweats,
 And hoary Winter in the Rear retreats. Add. Ovid.

Character of P H O E B U S.

A golden Axle did the Work uphold,
 Gold was the Beam, the Wheels were orb'd with Gold:
 The Spokes in Rows of Silver pleas'd the Sight,
 The Harnesses with studded Gems were bright,
 Apollo shin'd in the reflected Light:
 Soon as the Father saw the ruddy Morn,
 And the Moon shining with a blunter Horn,
 He bid the nimble Hours, without Delay,
 Bring out the Steeds, the nimble Hours obey:
 From their full Racks the gen'rous Steeds retire,
 Dropping Ambrosial Foams, and snorting Fire. Add. Ovid.

P H O E N I X.

As when

The Bird of Wonder dies, the Maiden Phoenix,
 Her Ashes new create another Heir,
 As great in Admiration as her self. Shak. Hen. 8.

So when the new-born Phoenix first is seen,
 Her feather'd Subjects all adore their Queen;
 And, while she makes her Progress thro' the East,
 From ev'ry Grove her num'rous Train's increas'd:
 Each Poet of the Air her Glory sings,
 And round him the pleas'd Audience clap their Wings. Dryd.

'Tis the Arabian Bird alone

Lives chaste, because there is but one:

But had Kind Nature made them two,

They would like Doves and Sparrows do. Roch.

PHYSICIAN and PHYSICK.

I found them in Consult: they shook their Heads,
 And, in most grave and solemn Wise, unfolded
 Matter, which little purposed, but Words
 Rank'd in right learned Phrase. — Rowe. Amb. Stepm.

For Hang-men, Women's Scorn, and Doctors Skill,
 All by a licens'd Way of Murder kill. Oldh.

Call our Physicians; haste, I'll give an Empire
 To save her. — Say, are these Wounds mortal?
 Raise your dash'd Spirits from the Earth, and say,
 Say, she shall live, and I will make you Kings:

Give

Give me this one, this poor, this only Life,
 And I will pardon you for all the Wounds,
 Which your Arts widen; all Diseases, Deaths,
 Which your damn'd Drugs throw thro' the ling'ring World.
 Lee. Alex.

The Sons of Art all Med'cines try'd,
 And ev'ry noble Remedy apply'd:
 With Emulation each essay'd
 His utmost Skill: nay more, he pray'd!
 Never was losing Game with better Conduct play'd.
 Death never won a Stake with greater Toil;
 Nor e'er was Fate so near a Foil:
 But, like a Fortrefs on a Rock,
 Th'impregnable Disease their vain Attempts did mock;
 They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
 With all the Cannon of the med'cinal War:
 No gentle Means could be essay'd:
 'Twas beyond Parly when the Siege was lay'd.
 Now Art was tir'd without Success:
 No Racks could make the stubborn Malady confess.
 The vain Insurances of Life
 Forsook th'unequal Strife.
 Death and Despair were in their Looks:
 No longer they consult their Memories or Books:
 Like helpless Friends, who view from Shore
 The lab'ring Ship, and hear the Tempest roar:
 So stood they with their Arms across,
 Not to assist; but to deplore
 Th'inevitable Loss. Dryd.
 But neither Pills nor Laxatives I like;
 They only serve to make a Well-man sick:
 Of these his Gain the sharp Physician makes;
 And often gives a Purge, but seldom takes:
 They not correct, but poison, all the Blood;
 And ne'er did any but the Doctors good:
 Their Tribe, Trade, Trinkets, I defy them all,
 With ev'ry Work of 'Porhecary's Hall. Dryd Chauc. The
 (Cock and the Fox.

So liv'd our Sires, ere Doctors learn'd to kill;
 And multiply'd with theirs, the Weekly Bill:
 Pity the gen'rous Kind their Cares bestow
 To search forbidden Truths, a Sin to know:
 To which, if human Science could attain,
 The Doom of Death, pronounc'd by God, were vain:
 In vain the Leech would interpose Delay;
 Fate fastens first, and vindicates the Prey:

What Help from Arts Endeavours can we have?
 Guibbons but guesſes; nor is ſure to ſave: (Grave.)
 But Maurus ſweeps whole Pariſhes, and peoples ev'ry
 And no more Mercy to Mankind will uſe,
 Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muſe.
 Would'ſt thou be ſoon diſpatch'd, and periſh whole?
 Truſt Maurus with thy Body, M--lb--rn with thy Soul.

The Tree of Knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
 Was eaſy found, but was forbid the Taſte:
 O, had our Grandſire walk'd without his Wiſe,
 He firſt had ſought the better Plant of Life:
 Now, both are loſt: yet, wand'ring in the Dark,
 Phyſicians, for the Tree, have found the Bark:
 They, lab'ring for Relief of human Kind,
 With ſharpen'd Sight ſome Remedies may find;
 Th'Apothecary-Train is wholly blind.

From Files a Random Recipe they take,
 And many Deaths of one Preſcription make.
 The Shop-man ſells, and by Deſtruction lives.
 Ungrateful Tribe, who, like the Viper's Brood,
 From Med'cine iſſuing, ſuck their Mother's Blood!
 Let theſe obey; and let the Learn'd preſcribe,
 That Men may die, without a double Bribe:
 Let them, but under their Superiors, kill;
 When Doct'ors firſt have ſign'd the bloody Bill. Dryd.

What, tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
 He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a Friend:
 Into the Right we err; and muſt confeſs,
 To Overſights we often owe Succeſs:
 Thus Beſſus got the Battel in the Play;
 His glorious Cowardiſe reſtor'd the Day:
 So the ſam'd Grecian Piece ow'd its Deſert
 To Chance, and not the labour'd Strokes of Art. Garth.

For ſave or ſlay, this Privilege we claim,
 Tho' Credit ſuffers, the Reward's the ſame. Garth.

Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhould never think
 Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink. Garth.

Erroneous Practice ſcarce could give you Pain:
 Too well you know, the Dead will ne'er complain. Garth.

Machaon, whoſe Experience we adore,
 Great, as your matchleſs Merits, is your Pow'r:
 At your Approach, the baffled Tyrant, Death,
 Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing Teeth. Gar.

To him the Strygan Pilot, ſmiling, ſaid,
 You need no Paſſport to demand our Aid:
 Phyſicians never linger on this Strand;
 Old Charon's preſent ſtill at their Command:

Our

Our awful Monarch and his Consort owe
To them the Peopling of their Realms below. Garth.

Now sick'ning Physick hangs her pensive Head,
And, what was once a Science, now's a Trade:
Her Sons ne'er rifle her mysterious Store;
But study Nature less, and Lucre more:
I shew'd, of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the Mæanders of their reflux Tide.
Then Willis, why spontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits, by mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cause.
But now such wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And Pæan's Art is by Divisions torn. Garth.

College of PHYSICIANS.

Not far from that most celebrated Place,
Where angry Justice shews her awful Face;
Where little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State;
There stands a Dome, majestic to the Sight,
And sumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;
A golden Globe, plac'd high with awful Skill,
Seems, to the distant Sight, a gilded Pill,
This Pile was, by the pious Patron's Aim,
Rais'd for a Use as noble as its Frame:
Nor did the Learn'd Society decline
The Propagation of that great Design:
But now those great Inquiries are no more;
And Faction skulks, where Learning shone before:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's Beams with fading Lustre shine:
No Readers here with hectic Looks are found,
Or Eyes in Rheum, thro' Midnight Watching drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Swear complains,
That nothing there, but empty Silence, reigns. Garth.

P I C T U R E S.

There was a Northern Nation, fierce and bold,
On whose dy'd Bodies, fearful to behold,
Wild Beasts inscrib'd, and ravenous Birds were borne,
Which their vast Limbs did dreadfully adorn:
So fierce they seem'd, as ready to devour
The naked Limbs, which the wild Monsters bore.

Their

Their hieroglyphick Armies, stain'd and smear'd
With various Colours, and strange Forms appear'd,
In pageant Armour, and a painted State,
Like Troops of Herald's, which on Triumphs wait. Blac. P.

P I C U S.

Above the rest, as Chief of all the Band,
Was Picus plac'd; a Buckler in his Hand;
His other wav'd a long divining Wand:
Girt in his Gabin Gown the Hero sate;
Yet could not with his Art avoid his Fate;
For Circe long had lov'd the Youth in vain;
Till Love, refus'd, converted to Disdain:
Then, mixing pow'rful Herbs with magick Art,
She chang'd his Form, who could not change his Heart:
Constrain'd him in a Bird, and made him fly,
With Party-colour'd Plumes, a chattering Pyc. Dryd. Virg.

P I L O T.

So fares the Pilot, when his Ship is toss'd
In troubled Seas, and all its Steerage lost:
He gives her to the Winds; and, in Despair,
Puts his last Refuge in the Gods and Pray'r. Add. Ovid.

Ev'ry Pilot

Can steer the Ship in Calms, but he performs
The skilful Part, can manage it in Storms. Den. Sophy.

Each petty Hand

Can steer a Ship becalm'd; but he, that will
Govern, and carry her to his Ends, must know
His Tides, his Currents; how to shift his Sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair, Weather;
Where her Springs are, her Leaks; and how to stop them;
What Sands, what Shelves, what Rocks do threaten her;
The Forces, and the Natures of all Winds,
Gusts, Storms, and Tempests; when her Keel ploughs Hell,
And Deck knocks Heav'n: then, then to manage her
Becomes the Name and Office of a Pilot. Johnf. Cat.

As if a Pilot, that appears

To sit still only, while he steers;
And does not make, nor Noise, nor Stir,
Like ev'ry common Mariner,
Knew nothing of the Card, nor Star,
And did not guide the Man of War. Hud.
Wife Pilots at the Port a Tempest fear. Sedl. Ant. & Cle.

Thus,

Thus, tacking off to catch the veering Winds,
The skilful Pilot works into the Bay. Tate. Loy. Gen.

P I T Y.

Pity's that Touch within, which Nature gave
For Man to Man, ere Fortune made a Slave:
Sure it descends from that dread Pow'r alone,
Who levels Thunder from his awful Throne;
And shakes both Worlds, yet hears the Wretched groan. }
'Tis what the ancient Sage could ne'er define;
Wonder'd; and call'd, Part human, Part divine:
'Tis that pure Joy, which Guardian-Angels know,
When timely they assist their Care below;
When they the Good protect, the Ill oppose. Steele.

Pity's the Harbinger of Love. Den. Iphig.
Pity is the Virtue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly. Shak. Tim. of Ath.
Pity does with a noble Nature suit. Dryd. Auren.
Where Pity rests, there Mercy too will lodge: Land. H. Loy.
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share. Rowe. F. Pen.

— — — O do not, do not speak:
There is an Eloquence in silent Pity,
Beyond Expression. — — — Hopk. Pyrrhus.
Such Sanctity, such Tenderness, so mix'd (M. Bride.
With Grief, as would draw Tears from Inhumanity. Cong.
None are so hateful to the Gods, as those (Love.
Who with hard Hearts delight in others Grief. Land. Her.
Into her gentle Breast I'll pour my Sighs,
The only Balm to my afflicted Mind:
Her gen'rous Pity softens ev'ry Grief;
For all the Wretched love to be condol'd.
Such is the Use and noble End of Friendship,
To bear a Part in ev'ry Storm of Fate; (Conq.
And, by dividing, lighter make the Weight. Hig. Gen.

I find a Pity hangs upon his Breast, (Lern.
Like gentle Dew, that cools all cruel Passions. How. D. of
Pity is Heav'n's and yours: nor can she find (& Arc.
A Throne so soft, as in a Woman's Mind, Dryd. Ch. Pal. &

— — — He cast his Eyes aside,
And saw a Quire of mourning Dames, who lay
By two and two across the common Way;
At his Approach they rais'd a rueful Cry,
And beat their Breasts, and held their Hands on high:
Creeping and crying, 'till they seiz'd at last
His Courser's Bridle, and his Feet embrac'd.

'Tis

'Tis thine, O King, th' Afflicted to redress:
 Let fall some Drops of Pity on our Grief;
 If what we beg be just, and we deserve Relief.
 At this she shriek'd aloud: the mournful Train
 Echo'd her Grief; and, grov'ling on the Plain,
 With Groans, and Hands upheld, to move his Mind, (Arc.
 Besought his Pity to their helpless Kind. Dryd. Ch. Pal. &

Have you put off
 All Sense of human Nature? keep a little,
 A little Pity to distinguish Manhood;
 Lest other Men, tho' cruel, should disclaim you, (Pen.
 And judge you to be number'd with the Beasts. Rowe. Fair
 Objects of Pity, when the Cause is new,
 Still work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd:
 Had Cæsar's Body never been expos'd,
 Brutus had gain'd his Cause. — Dryd. Sp. Fryar.

P L A G U E.

Then on a sudden came a deadly Year;
 A dreadful Plague infected all the Air:
 The Men, and Beasts, and Fowls, and Fishes, pin'd;
 And Trees and Plants in one Destruction join'd:
 All sudden dy'd, or drag'd a ting'ring Death:
 Hot Sirius scorch'd the Plains with his contagious Breath;
 Parch'd was the Grass, and blighted was the Corn.

Laud. Virg.

Now deadly Plagues invade the lazy Air,
 Reek to the Clouds, and hang malignant there:
 From Nefis such the Stygian Vapours rise,
 And with Contagion taint the purer Skies;
 Such too Typhoeus' steamy Caves convey,
 And breathe blue Poisons on the golden Day:
 Thence liquid Streams the mingling Plague receive,
 And deadly Potions to the thirsty give:
 To Man the Mischief spreads; the fell Disease
 In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails seize;
 A rugged Scurf, all loathly to be seen,
 Spreads, like a Bark, upon his filken Skin;
 Malignant Flames his swelling Eye-balls dart,
 And seem with Anguish from their Seats to start;
 Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Visage fray,
 And mark, in crimson Streaks, their burning Way;
 Low droops his Head, declining from its Height,
 And nods and totters with the fatal Weight,
 With winged Haste the swift Destruction flies,
 And scarce the Soldier sickens ere he dies.

Now.

Now falling Crowds at once resign their Breath,
 And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.
 Careless their putrid Carcasses are spread;
 And, on the Earth their dank, unwholesome Bed,
 The Living rest in common with the Dead. Rowe. Luc. }

A Plague, thus rais'd, laid learned Athens waste:
 Thro' ev'ry Street, thro' all the Town it pass'd,
 Blasting both Man and Beast with pois'nous Wind:
 Death fled before, and Ruin stalk'd behind.
 From Egypt's burning Sands the Fever came,
 More hot than those that rais'd the deadly Flame.
 The Wind, that bore the Fate, went slowly on,
 And, as it went, was heard to sigh and groan:
 At last, the raging Plague did Athens seize;
 The Plague, and Death attending the Disease:
 Then die the Men by Heaps, by Heaps they fall,
 And the whole City made one Funeral.
 First, fierce, unusual Torments, seiz'd the Head;
 The glowing Eyes, with blood-shot Beams, look'd red;
 Like blazing Stars, approaching Fate foreshew'd:
 The Mouth and Jaws were fill'd with clotted Blood;
 The Throat with Ulcers; the Tongue could speak no more;
 But, overflow'd, and down'd in putrid Gore,
 Grew useless, rough, and scarce could make a Moan;
 Nay, scarce enjoy'd the wretched Pow'r to groan.
 Next, thro' the Jaws, the Plague reach'd ev'n the Breast:
 And there, the Heart, the Seat of Life, possess'd:
 Then Life began to fail: Strange Stinks now come
 From ev'ry putrid Breast, as from a Tomb: }

A sad P. e. sage, that Death prepar'd the Room.
 The Body weak, the Mind did sadly wait
 And fear'd, but could not fly, approaching Fate:
 To these fierce Pains were join'd continual Care,
 And sad Complaining, Groans, and deep Despair.
 The Body, red with Ulcers, swell'd with Pains,
 As when the sacred Fire spreads o'er the Veins:
 But all within was Fire: such fierce Flames burn,
 No Cloaths could be endur'd, no Garments worn;
 But all, as if the Plague, that fir'd their Blood,
 Destroy'd all Virtue, Modesty, and Good;
 Lay naked, wishing still for cooling Air,
 Or ran to Springs, and hop'd to find it there:
 And some leapt into Wells, in vain the Heat,
 Or still increas'd, or still remain'd as great:
 In vain they drank; for when the Water came
 To th' burning Breast, it hiss'd before the Flame: }

And

And thro' each Mouth such Streams of Vapours rise,
 Like Clouds, they darken'd all the ambient Skies:
 The Pains continu'd; and the Body dead
 And senseless all before the Soul was fled:
 Physicians came, and saw; and shook their Head.
 No Sleep, the pain'd and weary'd Man's Delight;
 Their fiery Eyes, like Stars, wak'd all the Night.
 And when Death came at last, it chang'd the Nose,
 And made it sharp, and press'd the Nostrils close;
 Hollow'd the Temples; forc'd the Eye-balls in;
 And chill'd, and harden'd all, and stretch'd the Skin.
 They lay not long; but soon their Life resign:
 The Warning was but short; eight Days or nine:
 Some lost their Eyes; and some prolong'd their Breath
 By Loss of Hands: so strong the Fear of Death!
 The Minds of some did dull Oblivion blot;
 And they their Actions and themselves forgot.
 And, tho' the scatter'd Bodies naked lay,
 Yet Beasts refus'd; the Birds fled all away;
 They us'd their Wings to shun the easy Prey. Cr. Lucr.
 And at full Meals they hunger, pine, and die.
 The Vultures afar off, that saw the Feast,
 Rejoic'd, and call'd their Friends to taste:
 They rally'd up their Troops in Haste:
 Along came mighty Drove,
 Forsook their Young Ones, and their Groves,
 Each one his native Mountain and his Nest:
 They come; but all their Carcasses abhor;
 And now avoid the dead Men before,
 Than weaker Birds the living Men before:
 But if some bolder Fowls the Flesh assay,
 They were destroy'd by their own Prey. Sprat.
 (Plague of Athens.)
 The Plague walk'd thro' the Woods: in ev'ry Den
 Beasts lay, and sigh'd, and groan'd, and dy'd, like Men.
 The faithful Dogs dropp'd down in ev'ry Street,
 And dy'd at their departing Master's Feet.
 All the Infected lay in deep Despair,
 Expecting coming Death with constant Fear:
 Pale Ghosts still walk before their Eyes, and fright:
 No dawning Hopes broke thro' their dismal Night;
 No Thoughts of Help.
 Besides; the fierce Infection, quickly spread,
 When one poor Wretch was fall'n, to others fled.
 One kill'd, the Murderer straight casts his Eye
 Around; and, if he saw a Witness by,
 Kill'd him for Fear of a Discovery.

Those

Those Wretches too, that, greedy to live on,
 Or fled, or left infected Friends alone,
 Strait felt their Punishment; and quickly found,
 No Flight could save, no Place secure from Wound:
 A strong Infection all their Walks attends;
 They fall as much neglected as their Friends:
 Like rotten Sheep, they die in wretched State;
 And none to pity, or to mourn, their Fate.
 Those, whom their Friends Complaints and piteous Cries
 Had forc'd to come, and see their Miseries,
 Receiv'd th'infectious, and the fatal Breath;
 An innocent Murd'rer, he that gave Death!
 Some rais'd their Friends a Pile; that Office done,
 Return'd, and griev'd, and then prepar'd their own:
 A treble Mischief this, and no Relief;
 Not one but suffer'd Death, Disease, or Grief.
 The Shepherd 'midst his Flocks resign'd his Breath;
 Th'infectious Ploughman burnt and starv'd to Death;
 By Plague and Famine both the Deed was done:
 The Ploughman was too strong to yield to one.
 Here, dying Parents, on their Children cast,
 There Children, on their Parents, breath'd their last. (Lucr.
 The Friend, that hears his Friends last Cries,
 Parts his Grief for him, and then dies;
 Lives not enough to close his Eyes.

The Father at his Death

Speaks his Son Heir with an infectious Breath:

The Servant needs not here be slain,
 To serve his Master in the other World again:
 They languishing together lie;
 Their Souls away together fly.
 The Husband gasps; his Wife lies by:
 It must be her Turn next to dye.

The Husband and the Wife

Too truly now are one, and live one Life.

That Couple, which the Gods did entertain,

Had made their Prayer here in vain:

No Fates in Death could them divide;

They must, without their Privilege, together both have dy'd.

Sprat. Plague of Athens.

Men flock'd from ev'ry Part; all Places fill'd;
 Where Crowds were great, by Heaps the Sickness kill'd:
 Some in the Streets, some near the Fountains lay,
 Which quench'd their Flame, but wash'd their Souls away.
 Death now had fill'd the Temples of the Gods:
 The Priests themselves, not Beasts, are th' Altars Loads.

Now

Now no Religion, now no Gods were fear'd;
 Greater than all the present Plague appear'd;
 All Laws of Burial lost; and all confus'd;
 No solemn Fires, no decent Order us'd:
 But, as the State of Things would then permit,
 Men burnt their Friends; nor look'd on Just, and Fit.
 Some, O imperious Want! a Carcass spoil,
 And burn their Friend upon another's Pile;
 And then would strive, and fight, and still defend;
 And often rather die, than leave their Friend:
 The other lost his Pile by pious Theft;
 A poor Possession! all that Fate had left! Creech. Lucr.
 Draw back, draw back, thy Sword, O Fate,
 Lest thou repent, when 'tis too late;
 Lest by thy making now so great a Waste,
 By spending all Mankind upon one Feast, (Athena.
 Thou starve thy self at last. Sprat. Plague of
 At length, kind Heav'n their Sorrows bade to cease,
 And stay'd the pestilential Foes Increase:
 Fresh Breezes from the Sea begin to rise,
 While Boreas thro' the lazy Vapour flies, (Skies.)
 And sweeps, with healthy Wings, the rank polluted
 Now sprightly Strength, now chearful Health returns,
 And Life's fair Lamp, rekindled, brightly burns. Rowe. Luc.

PLAINTIFF.

— He that first complains,
 Th' Advantage of the Bus'ness gains:
 For Courts of Justice understand
 The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand;
 Who, what he pleases, may aver;
 The other, nothing, till he swear:
 Is freely admitted to all Grace,
 And lawful Favour, by his Place:
 And, for his bringing Custom in,
 Has all Advantages to win. Hud.

PLANT.

— — And now the Muse
 Sings how the Soul of Plants, in Prison held,
 And bound with sluggish Fetters, lies conceal'd;
 'Till, with the Spring's warm Beams almost releas'd
 From the dull Weight, with which it lay oppress'd,
 Its Vigour spreads, and makes the teeming Earth
 Heave up, and labour with the sprouting Birth:

The active Spirit Freedom seeks in vain;
 It only works and twists a stronger Chain:
 Urging its Prison's Sides to break away,
 It makes that wider, where 'tis forc'd to stay:
 'Till, having form'd its living House, it rears
 Its Head, and in a tender Plant appears.
 Hence springs the Oak, the Beauty of the Grove;
 Hence grows the Cedar; hence the swelling Vine
 Does round the Elm its purple Clusters twine:
 Hence painted Flow'rs the smiling Gardens bless,
 Both with their fragrant Scent, and gawdy Dress.

Blac. Pr. Arth.

P L A Y E R.

When on the Stage, to the admiring Court,
 We strove to represent Alcides' Fury,
 In all that raging Heat and Pomp of Madness,
 With which the stately Seneca adorn'd him,
 So lively drawn, and painted with such Horror:
 Soon we were forc'd to give it o'er; so loud
 The Virgins shriek'd, so fast they dy'd away! LEE. Theod.
 Like a dull Actor, now I have forgot
 My Part, and stop ev'n to a full Disgrace. Shak. Coriol.

P L E A S I N G.

Pleasant as Winter Suns or Summer Shade. Dryd. Ovid.

——— 'Tis strange how't comes to pass,
 That no one Man is pleas'd with what he has.
 So Horace sings. ——— And sure, as strange is this;
 That no one Man's displeas'd with what he is.
 The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
 Are with their Persons and their Parts content.
 Nor is that all: So odd a Thing is Man,
 He most would be what least he should; or can.
 Hence homely Faces still are foremost seen,
 And cross-shap'd Fops affect the nicest Mien:
 Cowards extol true Courage to the Skies;
 And Fools are still most forward to advise:
 Th'untrussed Wretch to Secrecy pretends,
 Whisp'ring his Nothing round to all his Friends.
 Dull Rogues affect the Politicians Part,
 And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with Art:
 Who nothing has to lose, the War bewails;
 And he, who nothing pays, at Taxes rails.

Thus

Thus Man, perverse, against plain Nature strives,
 And, to be artfully absurd, contrives.
 Nature to each allots his proper Sphere,
 But, that forsaken, we, like Comets, err:
 Toss'd thro' the Void, by some rude Shock we're broke,
 And all our boasted Fire is lost in Smoke.
 Next to obtaining Wealth, or Pow'r, or Ease,
 Men most affect in general to please:
 Of this Affection Vanity's the Source,
 And Vanity alone obstructs its Course.
 That Telescope of Fools, thro' which they spy,
 Merit remote, and think the Object nigh:
 The Glâs remov'd, would each himself survey,
 And, in just Scales, his Strength and Weakness weigh;
 Pursue the Path, for which he was design'd,
 And to his proper Force adapt his Mind.
 Scarce one, but to some Merit might pretend,
 Perhaps might please; at least would not offend.
 All Rules of Pleasing in this one unite,
 Affect not any Thing in Nature's Spight.
 Baboons and Apes ridiculous we find;
 For what? For ill resembling Human-kind.
 None are, for being what they are, in fault;
 But for not being what they would be thought. Cong.

P L E A S U R E

Alas, how poor a Trifle's all
 That Thing which here we Pleasure call!
 Since what our very Souls has cost,
 Is hardly got, and quickly lost. Orinda.
 There's no such Thing as Pleasure here;
 'Tis all a perfect Cheat:
 It does but shine, and disappear;
 Its Charms are but Deceit.
 The empty Bribe of yielding Souls;
 Which first betrays, and then controuls.
 It looks, indeed, at Distance fair;
 But soon as we approach,
 The Fruit of Sodom will impair
 And perish at a Touch:
 In Being, than in Fânsy, less;
 And we expect more than possess.
 What art thou then, thou winged Air,
 More weak and swift than Fame;
 Whose next Successor is Despair,
 And its Attendants Shame?

Ther.

Th'experienc'd Prince sure Reason had,
 Who said of Pleasure, it is mad. Orinda.
 Pleasure, the Guide of Life and Mistress too! Cr. Lucr.
 Delight's the Bent of Nature. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.
 What more can most substantial Pleasure boast,
 Than Joy when present, Memory when past? Farqu.
 After the Fierceness of a common Pleasure,
 A suddain Heaviness is natural. Lee. Mithr.
 As Dangers in our Love make Joys more dear;
 So Pleasure's sweetest, when 'tis mix'd with Fear.
 Dryd. Assig.
 The Pleasures of old Age brook no Delay,
 Seldom they come, and soon they fly away. Dryd. Assig.
 That Part of Bliss is least, which we receive: (Conq.
 The nobler Pleasure springs from what we give. Hlg. Gen.

P L O T.

O think what anxious Moments pass between
 The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods:
 Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
 Fill'd up with Horrour all, and big with Death!
 Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
 On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke
 Determines all, and closes our Design. Add. Cato.
 Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
 Than executed. ——— Add. Cato.
 How like Conspirators, at their first Meeting,
 With Caution we gaze silent on each other,
 Expecting who shall start the Bus'ness first. Tate. Loy. Gen.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary Things,
 To raise up Commonwealth, and pull down Kings. Dryd.
 (Abf. & Achit.)

The Popish Plot.

From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curse:
 Bad in it self; but represented worse;
 Rais'd in Extreame, and in Extreame decry'd;
 With Oaths affirm'd; with dying Vows deny'd:
 Not weigh'd, or winnow'd, by the Multitude;
 But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude:
 Some Truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with Lies,
 To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise:
 Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
 Believing Nothing, or believing all. Dryd. Abf. & Ach.

P L U T O.

P L U T O.

From Heav'n I spring; and Saturn was my Sire:
The Pow'r of Pluto stretches all around;
Uncircumscrib'd by Nature's utmost Bound:
Where Matter, mould'ring, dies; where Forms decay
Thro' the vast trackless Void extends my Sway.——

So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid:
Then grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize;
Nor envy'd Jove his Sunshine and his Skies. Add. Caro.

The Ravisher thus sooth'd the weeping Fair;
And check'd the Fury of his Steeds with Care:
Possess'd of Beauties Charms he calmly rode;
And Love first soften'd the relentless God.——

P O E S Y and P O E T.

O sacred Poesy! O boundless Pow'r!
What Wonders dost thou trace, what hidden Worlds explore!
Thro' Seas, Earth, Air, and the wide circling Sky,
What is not fought and seen, by thy all piercing Eye? Cong

O Poesy divine! O sacred Song!
To thee bright Fame, and Length of Days belong:
Thou, Goddess, thou, Eternity canst give;
And bid secure the mortal Hero live. Rowe. Luc.

Lampoons, like Squibs, may make a suddain Blaze;
But Time and Thunder pay Respect to Bays;
Achilles' Arms dazzle our present View,
Kept by the Muse as radiant and as new,
As from the Forge of Vulcan first they came;
Thousands of Years are past, and they the same:
Such Care she takes to pay Desert with Fame! Wall. }

Poets have this to boast; without their Aid
The freshest Laurels, nipt by Malice, fade;
And Virtue to Oblivion is betray'd: }
The proudest Honours have a narrow Date,
Unless they vindicate their Names from Fate. Hal. }

The Painters draw arm'd Heroes as they fit:
The Task in Battel does the Muses fit:
They, in the dark Confusion of a Fight,
Discover all; instruct us how to write.
And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield
Hid in the Smoke and Tumult of the Field:
Ages to come shall know that Leader's Toil,
And his great Name on whom the Muses smile. Wall. Riches

Riches and Titles with your Life must end;
 Nay, can not, ev'n in Life, your Fame defend:
 Verse can give Fame; can fading Beauties save;
 And after Death redeem them from the Grave:
 Embalm'd in Verse, thro' distant Times they come;
 Preserv'd, like Bees, within an Amber Tomb.
 Poets, like Monarchs on an Eastern Throne,
 Restrain'd by Nothing but their Will alone,
 Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
 And, as they please, give Infamy or Fame:
 For, as the Sun, that in the Marshes breeds
 Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome Weeds,
 With the same Rays, on rich and pregnant Earth,
 To pleasant Flow'rs, and useful Fruits gives Birth;
 So Favours, cast on Fools, get only Shame;
 On Poets shed, produce eternal Fame;
 Their gen'rous Breasts warm with a genial Fire,
 And more, than all the Muses can, inspire. *Walsh.*

But Honours, which from Verse their Source derive,
 Shall both surmount Detraction and survive:
 And Poets have unquestion'd Right to claim,
 If not the greatest, the most lasting, Name. *Cong.*

Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward Light;
 Mere human Pains can ne'er come by't;
 The God, not we, the Poem makes;
 We only tell Folks what he speaks:
 Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
 How like Brutes Organs are to ours,
 They grant, if higher Pow'rs think fit,
 A Bear may soon be made a Wit:
 And that, for any Thing in Nature,
 Pigs may squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satire. *Prior*
 Me from the Womb the Midwife Muse did take;
 She cut my Navel; wash'd me, and my Head.

With her own Hands she fashioned;
 She did a Cov'nant with me make;
 And circumcis'd my tender Soul; and thus she spake:

Thou of my Church shalt be;
 Hate and renounce, said she,
 Wealth, Honour, Pleasure; all the World for me:
 Thou neither great at Court, nor in the War,
 Nor at th' Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling Bar:
 Content thy self with the small barren Praise,

Which neglected Verse does raise:
 She spake, and all my Years to come
 Took their unlucky Doom.
 Their sev'ral Ways of Life let others chuse;

Their

Their sev'ral Pleasures let them use;
 But I was born for Love, and for a Muse. Cowl.
 Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in;
 And wheedles with deluding Hopes to win;
 But, when they hit, and most successful are,
 They scarce come off with a bare saving Share. Oldh.

Of all those Fools, who with ill Stars are curst
 Sure, scribbling Fools, call'd Poets, fare the worst:
 For they're a Sort of Fools, which Fortune makes;
 And, after she has made them Fools, forsakes:
 With Nature's Goss' tis quite a different Case;
 For Fortune favours all her Ideor Race:
 In her own Nest the Cuckoo-Eggs we find;
 O'er which she broods to hatch the changling Kind:
 No Portion for her own she has to spare;
 So much she doats on her adopted Care. Cong.

Poets, inspir'd, write only for a Name;
 And think their Labours well repay'd with Fame. Cong. O.
 I pity from my Soul unhappy Men,
 Condemn'd by want to prostitute their Pen;
 Who must, like Lawyers, either starve or plead;
 And follow, right or wrong, where Guineas lead:
 But you Pomposian, wealthy, pamper'd Heirs,
 Who to your Countrey owe your Swords and Cares;
 Let no vain Hopes your easy Mind seduce:
 For rich ill Poets are without Excuse:
 'Tis very dang'rous tam'ring with a Muse;
 The Profit's small; and you have much to lose:
 For, tho' true Wit adorns your Birth or Place,
 Degen'rate, Lines degrade th' attainted Race. Rolc.

As an ill Consort, and a coarse Perfume
 Disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast:
 So Poésie, whose End is to delight,
 Admits of no Degrees: but must be still
 Sublimely good, or despicably ill. Rolc. Hor.

But few, oh few! Souls, pre-ordain'd by Fate,
 The Race of Gods have reach'd that envy'd Height:
 No Rebel Titan's sacrilegious Crime,
 By heaping Hills on Hills, can thither climb:
 The griev'd Ferry-Man of Hell deny'd
 Aeneas Entrance, till he knew his Guide.
 How justly then will impious Mortals fall,
 Whose Pride wou'd soar to Heav'n without a Call? Rolc.

Before the radiant Sun a glimmering Lamp;
 Adult'rate Metals to the Sterling Stamp;
 Appear not meaner, than mere human Lines,
 Compar'd to those whose Inspiration shines:

These,

These, nervous; bold; those languid and remiss;
 There, cold Salutes; but here, a Lover's Kiss:
 Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong Tide,
 With foaming Waves, the passive Soan divide;
 Whose lazy Waters without Motion lay;
 While he, with eager Force, urg'd his impetuous Way. *Rosc.*
 Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound,
 Which never does the Ear with Harshness wound,
 Are necessary, but yet vulgar, Arts:
 For all in vain these superficial Parts
 Contribute to the Structure of the Whole,
 Without a Genius too: For that's the Soul;
 A Spirit, which inspires the Work throughout;
 As that of Nature moves the World about:
 A Heat, which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ:
 'Tis something of Divine, and more than Wit:
 Itself unseen, yet all Things by it shown;
 Describing all Men, but describ'd by none:
 Where do'st thou dwell? What Caverns of the Brain
 Can such a vast and mighty Thing contain?
 When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy Absence mourn,
 O where do'st thou retire, and why do'st thou return,
 Sometimes, with pow'rful Charms, to hurry me away,
 From Pleasures of the Night, and Bus'ness of the Day?

(Norm.)

Whoever vainly on his Strength depends,
 Begins like Virgil; but like Mævius ends;
 That Wretch, in Spight of his forgotten Rhymes,
 Condemn'd to live to all succeeding Times,
 With pompous Nonsense and a bell-wing Sound,
 Sung lofty Ilum tumbling to the Ground:
 And, if my Muse can thro' past Ages see,
 That noisy, nauseous, gaping Fool was he;
 Exploded, when, with universal Scorn,
 The Mountains labour'd, and a Mouse was born. *Rosc.*
 The Soil, intended for Pierian Seeds,
 Must be well purg'd from rank pedantick Weeds.
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes
 At the rude Rumbling Baraliptron makes:
 For none have been with Admiration read,
 But who, besides their Learning, were well bred. *Rosc.*
 He, that brings fullsome Objects to my View,
 With nauseous Images my Fanfy fills,
 And all goes down like Oxymel of Squills:
 Instruct the list'ning World how Maro sings
 Of useful Subjects and of lofty Things:

These will such true, such bright Ideas raise,
 As merit Gratitude, as well as praise:
 But foul Descriptions are offensive still,
 Either for being like, or being ill:
 For who, without a Qualm, has ever look'd
 On holy Garbage, tho' by Homer cook'd
 Whose railing Heros, and whose wounded Gods
 Make some believe he snores as well as nods. Rosc.

Still green with Bays each antient Altar stands,
 Above the Reach of sacrilegious Hands:
 Secure from Flames; from Envy's fiercer Rage;
 Destructive War; and all-devouring Age:
 See, from each Clime the Learn'd their Incense bring:
 Hear, in all Tongues consenting Pæans ring:
 In Praise so just ev'ry Voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral Chorus of Mankind:
 Hail Bards triumphant! Born in happier Days!
 Immortal Heirs of universal Praise!

Whose Honours with Increase of Ages grow,
 As Streams roul down, enlarging as they flow!
 Nations unborn your mighty Names shall sound,
 And Worlds applaud, that must not yet be found!
 O, may some Spark of your celestial Fire,
 The last, the meanest, of your Sons inspire;
 That on weak Wings, from far, pursues your Flights;
 Glows while he reads; but trembles as he writes,
 To reach vain Wits a Science little known,
 T'admire superior Sense, and doubt their own. Pope,

Over our Passions still they so prevail
 That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
 The Dull are forc'd to feel, the Wise to weep. Norm.

Such Praise is yours, while you the Passions move,
 That 'tis no longer feign'd, but real, Love;
 Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art:
 We only warm the Head, but you the Heart:
 Always you warm; and, if the rising Year,
 As in hot Regions, brings the Sun too near,
 'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,
 Which in our colder Climates will not grow:
 They only think you animate your Theme
 With too much Fire, who are themselves all Phlegm:
 Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest Pace,
 Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race:
 Despise those Drones, who praise, while they accuse,
 The too much Vigour of your youthful Muse:
 That humble Style, which they their Virtue make,
 Is in your Pow'r: you need but stoop and take:

Your

Your beauteous Images must be allow'd
 By all, but some vile Poets of the Crowd:
 But how shou'd any Sign-Post-Dauber know
 The Worth of Titian or of Angelo:
 Hard Features ev'ry Bungler can command:
 To draw true Beauty asks a Master's Hand. Dr. to Nat. Lec.
 Some secret Magick works in ev'ry Line:
 We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r divine. Codd'r.
 Cowley! All Heav'n sure fill'd thy Breast
 And made thy Pen indite;
 At least some Angel taught thee first to write:
 He sate upon thy Pen, and mov'd thy Hand,
 As proud of his Command,
 As when he makes the dancing Orbs to reel,
 And spins out Poetry from the celestial Wheel.
 Like thine was fam'd Arion's Verse;
 Which to the list'ning Fish he did rehearse:
 The list'ning Fish, that heard his Lute,
 Curs'd Nature, which had made them mute:
 The very Waves
 Became his Slaves;
 They laid aside their boist'rous Noise,
 And danc'd to his harmonious Voice:
 The friendly Dolphin briskly sails, as proud,
 Like Atlas, Porter of the Skies, to take
 A Heav'n of Musick on his Back:
 With such a Grace thy Numbers flow;
 And with the same majestick Sweetness go:
 His Verse was only carry'd o'er the Seas;
 But there's a Sea of Wit in these:
 Like thine was great Amphion's Song,
 Which drag'd the wond'rous Stones along;
 And cut and carv'd, and made them shine:
 A Work outdone by none but thine!
 The Poet saw the Building rise;
 And knew not how to trust his Eyes:
 The willing Mortar, ready temper'd, came,
 And many a Tree advanc'd into a Beam:
 He saw the Streets appear;
 Streets that must needs be tuneful there:
 He saw the Walls dance round his Pipe;
 The glorious Temple shew its Head;
 The Infant City to perfection ripe;
 And all Things, like the first Creation, by a Word were made:
 Such is thy Verse, which will secure thy Fame,
 Beyond the Reach of Time or Fame;

Thou shalt their Malice and their Rage defie,
 As round and full as the great Circle of Eternity. *Sprat.*
 Tho' in your Verse the Nine their beauteous Scrookes re-
 And the turn'd Lines on golden Anvils beat, *to do (peat,*
 It looks as if they struck them at a Heat;
 So all serenely great, so just, refin'd,
 Like Angels Love to human Seed inclin'd,
 It starts a Giant, and exalts the Kind:
 'Tis Spirit seen, whose fiery Atoms roul,
 So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul! *Lee to Dryd.*

Your File does polish what your Fanny cast;
 Works are long forming, which must always last:
 Rough, iron Sense, and stubborn to the Mould,
 Touch'd by your chymick Hand, is turn'd to Gold:
 A secret Grace fashions the flowing Lines,
 And Inspiration thro' the Labour shines. *Chetw. to the*
(Earl of Rose)

Thy Verse, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring Song,
 Can make the vanquish'd great, and Coward strong;
 Thy Verse can shew ev'n Cromwel's Innocence; *(Wall.*
 And complement the Storms, that bore him hence. *Add. to*

Inhuman Sacharissa! not to love
 The Man, whose Verse wou'd Rocks to pity move;
 E'er since Amphion sung, they Sense retain;
 And Verse may soften all Things but Disdain;
 As him, the pointed Light'ning of your Eyes,
 Me, the bright Beauties of his Wit, surprize:
 In vain like him I sigh, like him I mourn;
 For Waller's Muse has Sacharissa's Scorn. ———

Like Sampson's Riddle is that pow'rful Song;
 Sweet as the Honey; as the Lion strong. *Stepn.*

One glitt'ring Thought no sooner strikes our Eyes
 With silent Wonder, but new Wonders rise:
 As in the Milky Way a shining White
 O'erflows the Heav'ns with one continu'd Light;
 That not a single Star can shew his Rays;
 Whilst jointly all promote the common Blaze:
 What Muse but his cou'd equal Hints inspire,
 And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to his Lyre?
 Well pleas'd in him he soars with new Delight,
 And plays in more unbounded Verse, and takes a nobler
(Flight. Add. of Cowley.

But Milton, next, with high and haughty Stalks,
 Unfetter'd in majestick Numbers walks:
 No vulgar Hero can his Muse engage;
 Nor Earth's wide Scene confine his hallow'd Rage:
 See! See! he upward springs; and, tow'ring high,
 Spurns the dull Province of Mortality; *Shakes*

Shakes Heav'n's eternal Throne with dire Alarms;
 And sets th' Almighty Thunderer in Arms:
 How are you struck with Terror and Delight
 When Angel with Archangel joins in Fight!
 When great Messiah's out-spread Banner shines,
 How does the Chariot rattle in his Lines!
 What sounds of brazen Wheels, what Thunders, scare
 And stun, the Reader with the Din of War!
 With Fear my Spirits and my Blood retire,
 To see the Seraphs sunk in Clouds of Fire! Add.

Great Dryden next; whose tuneful Muse affords
 The sweetest Numbers and the firest Words:
 Whether, in comick Sounds, or tragick Airs,
 She form her Voice, she moves our Smiles or Tears:
 If Satire or heroick Strains she writes,
 Her Hero pleases, and her Satire bites:
 From her no harsh, unartful Numbers fall;
 She wears all Dresses, and she charms in all. Add.

Shakespear, whose useful Genius, happy Wit,
 Was fram'd and fashion'd at a lucky Hit:
 The Pride of Nature, and the Shame of Schools;
 Born to create, and not to learn from Rules. Sedl.
 By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Criticks taught,
 With rough majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
 And Strength and Nature made Amends for Art. Rowe.

The Bard, who first adorn'd our native Tongue,
 Tun'd to his British Lyre this ancient Song;
 Which Homer might without a Blush rehearse;
 And leaves a doubtful Palm in Virgil's Verse:
 He match'd their Beauties where they most excel;
 Of Love sung better, and of Arms as well. Dr. of Chaucer.

See that bold Swan to Heav'n sublimely soar;
 Pursue at Distance, and his Steps adore. Tick.

Phoebus himself, indulgent to thy Muse.

Has to thy Country sent this kind Excuse:

Fair northern Laks, it is not thro' neglect

I court thee at a Distance, but Respect.

I can not act, my Passion is so great;

But I'll make up in Light what wants in Heat:

On thee I will bestow my longest Days,

And crown thy Sons with everlasting Bays:

My Beams, that reach thee, shall employ their Pow'rs,

To ripen Souls of Men; not Fruits and Flow'rs:

Let warmer Climes my fading Favours boast;

Poets and Stars shine brightest in thy Frost. Dorset, To

(Sir Tho. St. Serfe.

Come

Come all ye Criticks : Find one Fault who dare,
 For, read it backward, like a Witch's Prayer,
 'Twill do as well : Throw not away your Jest
 On solid Nonsense, that abides all Tests :
 Thou hast a Brain ; such as it is, indeed :
 On what shou'd else thy Worm of Fausy feed ?
 Yet in a Filberd have I often known
 Maggots survive when all the Kernel's gone :
 This Simile shall stand in thy Defence
 'Gainst those dull Rogues, that now and then write Sense :
 Thy Wit's the same, whatever be thy Theme ;
 As some Digestions turn all Meat to Phlegm :
 ——— They lie that say, thy Brain is barren,
 Where deep Conceits, like Maggots, breed in Carrion :
 Thy stumbling founder'd Muse can trot as high,
 As any other Pegasus can fly :
 So the dull Eel moves nimbler in the Mud,
 Than all the swift finn'd Racers of the Flood :
 As skilful Divers to the Bottom fall
 Sooner than those that cannot swim at all ;
 So, in this Way of writing without Thinking,
 Then hast a strange Alacrity in sinking. Dorſ.

That poor Cur's Fate and thine are one,
 That had his Tail peg'd in a Bone ;
 About he runs : No body 'll own him ;
 Men, Boys and Dogs, are all upon him :
 And first the greater Wits were at thee ;
 Now ev'ry little Fool will pat thee :
 Fellows, that ne'er were heard or read of,
 If thou writ'st on, will write thy Head off :
 Thus Mastives only have a Knack,
 To cast the Bear upon his Back :
 But when th' unwieldy Beast is thrown,
 Mungrils will serve to keep him down. ———

'Tis best sometimes your Censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the Dull be vain :
 Your Silence there is better than your Spite :
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on, their drowzy Course they keep ;
 And, lash'd so long, like Tops, are lash'd asleep :
 False steps but help them to renew the Race,
 As, after Stumbling, Jades will mend their Pace :
 What Crowds of these, impertinently bold,
 In Sound and jingling Syllables grown old,
 Still run on Poets in a frantick Vein,
 Ev'n to the Dregs and Squeezings of the Brain ;

Strain

Strain out the last dull Droppings of their Sense;
And rhyme with all the Rage of Impotence! Pope.

Be gone, ye Criticks, and restrain your Spite;
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write:
The heaviest Muse the swiftest Course has gone;
As Clocks run fastest when most Lead is on:
What, tho' no Bees around your Cradle flew;
Nor on your Lips distill'd their golden Dew:
Yet oft we have discover'd, in their Stead,
A swarm of Drones, that buzz'd about your Head:
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling Lyre,
Attentive Blocks stand round you, and admire:
Wit, pass'd thro' thee, no longer is the same,
As Meat, digested, takes a diff'rent Name:
But Sense must sure thy safest Plunder be,
Since no Reprizals can be made on thee:
Thus thou may'st rise; and, in thy daring Flight,
Tho' ne'er so weighty, reach a wond'rous Height:
So, forc'd from Engines, Lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous Ships move nimbly thro' the Sky.—

All human Things are subject to decay;
And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:
This Flecknoe found; who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
In Prose and Verse was own'd, without Dispute,
Through all the Realms of Nonsense, absolute:
This aged Prince, now flourishing in Peace,
And bless'd with Issue of a large Increase,
Worn out with Bus'ness, did at length debate
To settle the Succession of the State:
And, pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,
Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd: For Nature pleads that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me:
Shadwel alone my perfect Image bears,
Mature in Dulness from his tender Years:
Shadwel alone of all my Sons is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full Stupidity:
The rest to some faint Meaning make Pretence,
But Shadwel never deviates into Sense:
Some Beams of Wit on other Souls may fall,
Strike thro' and make a lucid Interval;
But Shadwel's genuine Night admits no Ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:
Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the Eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:

Thoughtless, as Monarch Oaks, that shade the Plain
 And, spread in solemn State, supinely reign :
 Heywood and Shirley were but Types of thee,
 Thou last great Prophet of Tautology :
 All Arguments, but most thy Plays, persuade,
 That for anointed Dulness thou wert made :
 Born for a Scourge of Wit, and Flail of Sense :

His Brows thick Fogs, instead of Glories grace,
 And lambent Dulness play'd around his Face :
 As Hannibal did to the Alars come,
 Sworn by his Sire a mortal Foe to Rome ;
 So Shadwel swore, nor should his Vow be vain,
 That he to Death true Dulness wou'd maintain ;
 And, in his Father's Right, and Realm's Defence,
 Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor Truce with Sense.
 The King himself the sacred Unction made,
 As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade :
 In his sinister Hand, instead of Ball,
 He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale :
 Love's Kingdom to his Right he did convey ;
 At once his Sceptre, and his Rule of Sway.
 His Temples last with Poppies were o'erspread,
 That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his Head :
 Just at that Point of Time, if Fame not lie,
 On his left Hand twelve rev'rend Owls did fly :
 So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's Brook,
 Presage of Sway from twice six Vultures took.
 The Sire then shook the Honours of his Head,
 And from his Brows Damps of Oblivion shed
 Full on the filial Dulness : long he stood,
 Repelling from his Breast the raging God ;
 At length burst out in this prophetick Mood.

— My Son, advance
 Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance :
 Success let others teach ; learn thou from me
 Pangs without Birth, and fruitless Industry :
 Nor let one Thought accuse thy Toil of Wit :

— Let thy Fools charm the Pit,
 And in their Folly shew the Writers Wit :
 Yet still thy Fools shall stand in thy Defence,
 And justify their Author's Want of Sense :
 Let them be all by thy own Model made
 Of Dulness, and desire no foreign Aid ;
 That they to future Ages may be known,
 Not Copies drawn, but Issue of thy own :
 Nay, let thy Men of Wit too be the same ;
 All full of thee, and differing but in Name :

And

And when false Flow'rs of Rhetrick thou would'st cull;
 Trust Nature; do not labour to be dull;
 But write thy best, and top.
 Let Father Time no fire thy Mind with Praise,
 And Uncle Ogleby thy Envy raise:
 Nor let thy mountain Belly make Pretence
 Of Likeness; thine's a Tympany of Sense:
 A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ;
 But sure, thou'rt but a Kinderkin of Wit:
 Like mine, thy gentle Numbers softly creep,
 Thy tragick Muse gives Smiles, thy Comick, Sleep:
 With what'er Gall thou set'st thy self to write,
 Thy inoffensive Satires never bite:
 In thy felonious Heart tho' Venom lies,
 It does but touch thy Irish Pen, and dies.
 Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase Fame
 In keen Jambicks, but mild Anagram:
 Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy Command
 Some peaceful Province in acrostick Land;
 There thou may'st Wings display, and Altars raise,
 And torture one poor Word ten thousand Ways:
 He said: but his last Words were scarcely heard:
 For Bruce and Longvill had a Trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming Bard;
 Sinking, he left his Druggert Robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean Wind:
 The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's Part,
 With double Portion of his Father's Art. Dryd. Mac. Fleec.

POETESSES.

We allow'd you Beauty, and we did submit
 To all the Tyrannies of it:
 Ah! cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?
 Orinda does in that too reign,
 Does Man behind her in proud Triumph draw,
 And cancel Great Apollo's Salick Law.
 We our old Title plead in vain;
 Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain:
 They talk of Sappho; but, alas, the Shame!
 Ill Manners soil the Lustre of her Fame:
 Orinda's inward Beauty shines so bright,
 That, like a Lantern's fair inclosed Light,
 It thro' the Paper shines where she does write.
 Her Wit no Mine of Death can e'er devour:
 On her embalmed Name it will abide:
 An everlasting Pyramide,
 As high as Heav'n the Top, as Earth the Basis wide. CowL.
 H. h 5 Oh.

Oh had not Beauty Darts enough to wound,
 But it must pierce us with poetick Sound?
 Whilst Phœbus suffers female Pow'rs to tear
 Wreaths from his Daphne, which they justly wear. King. O.

Of unnatural Flights in Poetry.

Poets, like Lovers, shou'd be bold and dare;
 They spoil their Bus'ness with an Over-Care;
 And he, who servilely creeps after Sense,
 Is safe, but ne'er will reach an Excellence:
 And, tho' he stumble in a full Career,
 Yet Rashness is a better Fault than Fear. Dryd.

He saw the Way; but, in so swift a Pace,
 To chuse the Ground might be to lose the Race:
 Thus, when a Tyrant for his Theme he had,
 He loos'd the Reins, and bid his Muse run mad. Dryd.

A rapid Poem, with such Fury writ,
 Shews Want of Judgment, not abounding Wit:
 We're better pleas'd to see a River lead
 His gentle Streams along a flow'ry Mead;
 Than from high Rocks to hear loud Torrents roar
 With foamy Waters on a muddy Shore. Soame Boil.

Tho' Poets may of Inspiration boast,
 Their Rage, ill-govern'd, in the Clouds is lost:
 He, that proportion'd Wonders can disclose,
 At once his Fausy and his Judgment shows. Wall.

As when some Image of a charming Face,
 In living Paint, an Artift tries to trace,
 He carefully consults each beauteous Line,
 Adjusting to his Object his Design;
 We praise the Piece, and give the Painter Fame
 But as the bright Resemblance speaks the Dame:
 Poets are Limners of another Kind,
 To copy out Ideas in the Mind:
 Words are the Paint by which their Thoughts are shewn,
 And Nature is their Object to be drawn:
 The written Picture we applaud, or blame
 But as the just Proportions are the same:
 Who, driv'n with ungovernable Fire,
 Or void of Art, beyond these Bounds aspire,
 Gigantick Forms, and monstrous Births alone
 Produce, which Nature, shock'd, disdains to own.
 The noisy Culverin, o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
 And bursts, unaiming, in the rended Sky:
 Such franctick Flights are like a Madman's Dream,
 And Nature suffers in the wild Extream:

Like

Like Castles, built by magick Art in Air,
 That vanish at Approach, such Thoughts appear ;
 But, rais'd on Truth, by some judicious Hand,
 As on a Rock, they shall for Ages stand :
 Yet let the bold Advent'rer be sure
 That ev'ry Line the Test of Truth endure ;
 On this Foundation may the Fabrick rise,
 Firm and unshaken, till it touch the Skies :
 From Pulpits banish'd, from the Court, from Love,
 Abandon'd Truth seeks Shelter in the Grove :
 Cherish, ye Muses, this forsaken Fair,
 And take into your Train the beauteous Wanderer. Land.

Figures in Poetry.

Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
 Art's needless Varnish to make Nature shine,
 Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face ;
 And in Descriptions only claim a Place :
 But, to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,
 From Lovers in Despair fine Things to force,
 Must needs succeed : For who can chuse but pity
 A dying Hero miserably witty ?
 But oh ! the Dialogues, where Jest and Mock
 Are held up like a Rest at Shittle-Cock !
 Or else, like Bells, eternally they chime ;
 They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhyme. Norm.

Divine Poesie.

No more of Courts, of Triumphs: or of Arms ;
 No more of Valour's Force, or Beauty's Charms :
 The Themes of vulgar Lays with just Disdain,
 I leave unsung ; the Flocks, th' amorous Swain. (Creat. }
 The Pleasures of the Land, and Terroures of the Main. Bla. }

Thou, who did'st David's royal Stem adorn,
 And gav'st him Birth, from whom thy self wast born ;
 Ev'n thou my Breast with such blest Rage inspire,
 As mov'd the tuneful Strings of David's Lyre :
 Guide my bold Steps with thy old trav'ling Flame,
 In these untrodden Paths to sacred Fame :
 Lo ! with pure Hands thy heav'nly Fires to take,
 My well-chang'd Muse I a chaste Vestal make :
 From Earth's vain Joys, and Love's soft Witchcraft free,
 I consecrate my Magdalene to thee :
 Lo ! this great Work, a Temple to thy Praise,
 On polish'd Pillars of strong Verse I raise :
 Too long the Muses Land has Heathen been ;
 Their Gods too long were Devils ; their Virtues, Sin :

But

But thou, eternal Word, hast call'd forth me,
Th' Apostle, to convert that World to thee;
T' unbind the Charms, that in flight Fables lie,
And teach, that Truth is truest Poesy. Cowl. David

O let me glory, glory in my Choice:
Whom should I sing, but him, who gave me Voice?
This Theme shall last, when Homer's shall decay;
When Arts, Arms, Kings and Kingdoms melt away;
And canst, Pow'r is immortal? can it be,
That this high Province was reserv'd for me?
Whate'er the new, the rash Adventure cost,
In wide Eternity I dare be lost:
I dare launch out, and shew the Muses more,
Than e'er the learned Sisters saw before:
In narrow Limits they were wont to sing,
To teach the Swain, or celebrate the King:
I grasp the Whole; no more to Parts confin'd,
I lift my Voice, and sing to Human-Kind:
I sing to Men and Angels: Angels join,
When such my Theme, their sacred Hymns with mine.

He, that did first this Way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the Almighty Face to Face:
Eldest of Poets! he beheld the Light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal Night:
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell,
How that Confusion into Order fell:
The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long,
As his, and Deborah's triumphant Song:
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire;
But that which governs the celestial Quire:
Heav'n to the pious did this Art reveal;
And from their Store succeeding Poets steal.
In boundless Verse the Fancy soars too high,
For any Object but the Deity.
A meaner Subject when with these we grace,
A Giant's Habit on a Dwarf we place.
Verse shews a rich inestimable Vein,
When, dropt from Heaven, 'tis thither sent again.
Of Bounty 'tis, that he admits our Praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
For, as that Angel up to Heav'n did rise
Borne on the Flame of Manoah's Sacrifice;
So, wing'd with Praise, we penetrate the Sky,
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly:
The whole Creation, by our Fall made groan,
His Praise to echo, and suspend their Moan:

For that he reigns, all Creatures should rejoice;
 And we with Songs supply their Want of Voice.
 The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
 In Songs of Praise their present Union show:
 Their Joys are full, our Expectation long;
 In Life we differ, but we join in Song.
 Angels and we, assisted by this Art,
 May sing together, tho' we dwell apart. Wall.

Degen'rate Minds, in mazy Errours lost,
 May combat Heav'n, and impious Triumphs boast:
 But while my Veins feel animating Fires;
 And vital Air this breathing Breast inspires;
 Grateful to Heav'n, I'll stretch a pious Wing; (Great.
 And sing his Praise, who gave me Pow'r to sing. Blac.

Pindarick Poetry.

If Life should a well-order'd Poem be,
 In which he only hits the White,
 Who joins true Profit with the best Delight,
 The more Heroick Strain let others take,
 Mine the Pindarick Way I'll make:
 The Matter shall be grave, the Numbers loose and free:
 It shall not keep one settled Pace of Time;
 In the same Tune it shall not always chime,
 Nor shall each Day just to his Neighbour rhyme:
 A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,
 And yet shall manage all without Offence,
 Or to the Sweetness of the Sound, or Greatness of the Sense.
 Nor shall it never from one Subject start,
 Nor such Transitions to depart,
 Nor its set Way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,
 Nor through Lanes a Compass take;
 As if it fear'd some Trespas to commit,
 When the wide Air's a Road for it. Cowl.
 Stop, stop, my Muse, allay thy vig'rous Heat,
 Kindled at a Hint so great,
 Hold thy Pindarick Pegasus closely in,
 Which does to Rage begin,
 And this steep Hill would gallop up with violent Course;
 'Tis an unruly, and a hard-mouth'd Horse,
 Fierce, and unbroken yet,
 Impatient of the Spur or Bit;
 Now prounces stately, and anon flies o'er the Place,
 Disdains the servile Law of any settled Pace,
 Conscious and proud of his own nat'ral Force,
 'Twill no unskillful Touch endure.
 But sings Writer and Reader too, that sits not sure. Cowl.
Comedy.

Comedy.

At Athens first old Comedy began,
 When round the Streets the reeling Actors ran;
 In Country Villages and crossing Ways,
 Contending for the Prizes of their Plays:
 And glad, with Bacchus, on the grassy Soil,
 Leap'd o'er the Skins of Goats besmear'd with Oil:
 Thus Roman Youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
 In rude Saturnian Rhymes express their Joy:
 With Taunts, and Laughter loud, their Audience please,
 Deform'd with Vizards, cut from Barks of Trees. *Dr. Virg.*
 In her best Light the Comick Muse appears,
 When she, with borrow'd Pride, the Buskin wears:
 So when Nurse Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
 With shambling Legs, long Chin, and foolish Eyes;
 With dangling Hands he strokes th' imperial Robe,
 And, with a Cuckold's Air, commands the Globe:
 The Pomp and Sound the whole Buffoon display'd,
 And Ammon's Son more Mirth than Gomez made. *Smith.*

Elegy.

Soft Elegy, design'd for Grief and Tears,
 Was first devis'd to grace some mournful Herse:
 Since, to a brisker Note, 'tis taught to move,
 And cloaths our gayest Passions, Joy and Love. *Oldh. Hor.*
 The Elegy, of sweet, but solemn, Voice,
 And of a Subject grave exacts the Choice;
 'The Praise of Beauty, Valour, Wit, contains;
 And there too, oft, despairing Love complains:
 In vain alas! for who by Wit is mov'd?
 That Phoenix she deserves to be belov'd:
 But noisy Nonsense, and such Fops as vex
 Mankind, take most with that fantastick Sex.
 This to the Praise of those who better knew:
 The Many raise the Value of the Few.
 Their greatest Fault, who in this Kind have writ,
 Is not Defect in Words, nor Want of Wit:
 But, should the Muse harmonious Numbers yield.
 And ev'ry Couplet be with Fausy fill'd;
 If yet a just Coherence be not made
 Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid
 So right, that ev'ry Step may higher rise,
 Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the Skies;
 'Tis Epigram, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will;
 But not an Elegy, nor writ with Skill. *Norm.*

Epigram.

Epigram.

Thus does the little Epigram delight,
 And charm us with its Miniature of Wit :
 While tedious Authors give the Reader Pain,
 Weary his Thoughts, and make him toil in vain ;
 When in less Volumes we more Pleasure find,
 And what diverts, still best informs the Mind. Yald.

Ode.

The Ode is bold, —————
 She mounts to Heav'n in her ambitious Flight :
 Amongst the Gods and Heroes takes Delight :
 Of Pisa's Wrestlers tells the sinewy Force ;
 And sings the dusty Conqu'rou's glorious Course :
 To Simois' Streams it fierce Achilles brings,
 And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's Kings :
 Sometimes she flies, like an industrious Bee,
 And robs the Flow'rs by Nature's Chymistry ;
 Describes the Shepherd's Dances, Feasts, and Bliss,
 And boasts from Phyllis to surprize a Kiss,
 When gently she resists with feign'd Remorse,
 That what she grants may seem to be by Force :
 Her gen'rous Style at Random oft will part,
 And by a brave Disorder shews her Art. Soame. Boil.

A higher Flight [*than Elegy*] and of a happier Force
 Are Odes, the Muses most unruly Horse ;
 That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no Rest,
 But foams at Mouth, and moves like one possess'd :
 The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
 With Fury too, as well as Fausy, fir'd :
 Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,
 The Language still must soft and easy run :
 These Laws may seem a little too severe,
 But Judgment yields, and Fausy governs there ;
 Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,
 And makes the Work much easier than it shews. Norm.

Pastoral Poetry.

As a fair Nymph, when rising from her Bed,
 With sparkling Di'monds dresses not her Head ;
 But, without Gold, or Pearl, or costly Scents,
 Gathers from neighb'ring Fields her Ornaments :
 Such, lovely in its Dress, but plain withal,
 Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral :
 Its humble Method nothing has of fierce,
 But hates the rattling of a lofty Verse :

There,

There, native Beauty pleases and excites,
 And never, with harsh Sounds, the Ear affrights:
 It sings of Gardens, Fields, of Flow'rs, and Fountains;
 Teaches the Shepherd how to tune the Flute;
 Of Loves Rewards to tell the happy Hour;
 Daphne a Tree, Narcissus made a Flower;
 And by what Means the Eclogue yet has Pow'r
 To make the Woods worthy a Conquerour.

Songs

And next, of Songs, which now so much abound,
 Without his Song, no Poet is to be found:
 A most offensive Weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets against Apollo's Laws;
 Tho' nothing seem more easy, yet no Part
 Of Poetry requires a nicer Art:
 For, as in Rows of richest Pearl there lies
 Many a Blemish, that escapes our Eyes,
 The least of which Defects is plainly shewn
 In some small Ring, and brings the Value down;
 So Songs should be to just Perfection wrought
 Exact Propriety of Words and Thought;
 Expression easy, and the Fanny high;
 Yet that nor seem to creep, nor this to fly:
 No Word transpos'd, but in such Order all,
 As, tho' hard wrought, may seem by Chance to fall.

Tragedy.

To wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art;
 To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart;
 To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
 Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the Tragick Muse first trod the Stage,
 Commanding Tears to stream thro' ev'ry Age;
 Tyrants no more their savage Nature kept:
 And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Epick Poetry.

By painful Steps we are at last got up
 Parnassus Hill, on whose bright airy Top
 The Epick Poets so divinely show,
 And with just Pride behold the rest below:
 Heroick Poems have a just Pretence
 To be the utmost Reach of human Sense:
 A Work of such inestimable Worth,
 There are but two the World has yet brought forth
 Homer

Homer and Virgil ! with what awful Sound
 Do these meer Words the Ears of Poets wound ?
 Just as a Changeling seems before the rest
 Of Men, or rather as a two-leg'd Beast ;
 So these gigantick Souls amaz'd we find
 As much above the rest of human Kind :
 Nature's whole Strength united ! Endless Fame
 And universal Shouts attend their Name. Norm.

Poetical Inscriptions.

Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
 The ready Triumphs of thy finish'd Wars ;
 Smile on my Verse. Is there in Fate an Hour,
 To swell my Numbers with my Emperour ?
 Is there in Fate an Hour reserv'd for me,
 To sing thy Deeds in Numbers worthy thee ?
 In Numbers, like to thine ; could I rehearse
 Thy lofty Tragick Scenes, thy labour'd Verse,
 The World another Sophocles in thee,
 Another Homer should behold in me.
 Amidst the Laurel on thy Front divine,
 Permit my humble Ivy Wreath to twine :
 Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be thine.

Staff. & Dryd. Virg.

I first transferr'd to Rome Silician Strains ;
 Nor blush'd the Dorick Muse to dwell on Mantuan Plains :
 But when I try'd her tender Voice, too young,
 And fighting Kings, and bloody Battels sung ;
 Apollo check'd my Pride, and bid me feed
 My fatt'ning Flocks ; nor dare beyond the Reed :
 Admonish'd thus, while ev'ry Pen prepares,
 To sing thy Praises, Varus, and thy Wars ;
 My Past'ral Muse her humble Tribute brings ;
 And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings :
 For all who read ; and, reading, not disdain
 These rural Poems, and their lowly Strain,
 The Name of Varus oft inscrib'd shall see,
 In every Grove, and ev'ry vocal Tree,
 And all the sylvan Reign shall sing of thee.
 Thy Name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
 Shall in the Front of every Page be shown :
 For he, who sings thy Praise, secures his own. Dr. Virg.

And you, great Prince, whose Empire's unconfin'd
 As Earth and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,
 Shall I, beginning with these rural Lays,
 Ever my Muse to such Perfection raise,
 As without Rashness to attempt your Praise,

And

And thro' the Subject World your Deeds rehearse?
Deeds worthy of the Majesty of Verse!

My First Fruits now I to your Altar bring:

You, with a riper Muse, I last will sing. *Chet. Virg.*

To thee, O Montague, these Strains are sung:

For thee my Voice is tun'd, and speaking Lyre is strung:

For ev'ry Grace of ev'ry Muse is thine;

In thee their various Fires united shine;

Darling of Phoebus and the tuneful Nine!

To thee alone I dare my Song commend,

Whose Nature can forgive, and Pow'r defend;

And shew, by Turns, the Patron and the Friend:

O, had your Genius been to Leisure born,

And not more bound to aid us than adorn;

Albion in Verse with antient Greece had vy'd, *(Cong.)*

And gain'd alone a Fame, which there sev'n States divide.

Mecenas, now thy needful Succour bring:

O thou, the better Part of my Renown,

Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown:

Embark with me, while I new Tracks explore,

With flying Sails, and Breezes from the Shore:

O steer my Vessel with a steady Hand;

And coast along the Shore in sight of Land.

Without thee nothing lofty can I sing:

Come then; and, with thy self, thy Genius bring:

With which inspir'd, I brook no dull Delay;

Cytheron loudly calls me to my Way;

Thy Hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue their Prey. *Dr. Vir.*

O true Descendant of a Patriot Line,

Who, whilst thou shar'st their Lustre, lend'st them thine:

Vouchsafe this Picture of thy self to see:

'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee:

The Beauties to th' Original I owe;

Which when I miss, my own Defects I show:

Nor think the Kindred Muses thy Disgrace;

A Poet is not born in ev'ry Race:

Two of a House few Ages can afford;

One to perform, another to record:

Praise-worthy Actions are by thee embrac'd;

And 'tis my Praise to make thy Praises last. *Dryd.*

Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold,

What Pow'r the Charms of Beauty had of old:

No Wonder, if such Deeds of Arms were done;

Inspir'd by two fair Eyes, that sparkled like your own. *Dr.*

P O I S O N.

——— The Royal Dame,
 Fixt on her Fate, against th' expected Hour,
 Procur'd the Means to have it in her Pow'r:
 For this she had distill'd, with early Care,
 The Juice of Simples, friendly to Despair;
 A Magazine of Death. ——— Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.
 'Tis here, the deadly Drug, prepar'd in Powder,
 Hot as Hell-Fire: ———
 Not the Nonacrian Fount, nor Lethe's Lake,
 Could sooner numb thy nimble Faculties
 Than this, to Sleep eternal. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.
 A Dose less hot had burst thro' Ribs of Iron. Dr. D. Seb.
 I drench'd him with a Draught so deadly cold,
 It soon congeal'd ———
 The Channel of his Blood and froze him dry. Dr. D. Seb.
 Ev'n now a fatal Draught works out my Soul,
 Ev'n now it curdles, in my shrinking Veins,
 The lazy Blood, and freezes at my Heart. Smith. Ph. & Hip.
 ——— Touch not the poison'd Gifts,
 Infected by the Sender; touch 'em not:
 Myriads of bluest Plagues lie underneath them, (Love.
 And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk. Dryd. All for
 In vain is Art: the Aconite works sure;
 Its mortal Cold congeals the Blood,
 And freezes all the Springs of Life. Hig. Gen. Cong.
 He drank the Draught, when strait a Fainting seiz'd him;
 His Eyes wept Blood, his Ears, his Nose, and Mouth
 Pour'd forth whole Streams, and all his Sweat was Blood:
 His Hairs and Nails dropt off, as Autumn Leaves,
 When Tempests rise, fall from the wither'd Trees. ———
 ——— The Poison pass'd unseen, (of Par.
 Like a close Murd'rer, thro' the Lanes of Life. Lee: Mass.
 How has this Poison lost its wonted Way?
 It should have burnt its Passage, not have linger'd
 In the blind Labyrinths and crooked Turnings
 Of humane Composition: now it moves
 Like a slow Fire, that works against the Wind. Dr. D. Seb.
 As when quick Poison rankles in our Veins,
 No Herbs, no Remedies can ease our Pains:
 The fatal Foe pursues th' intestine Strife,
 And by degrees works down the fainting Springs of Life.---

P O L I T I C I A N.

— There was a Politician,
 With more Heads than a Beast in Vision,
 And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
 Than all the Whores of Babylon:
 So politick, as if one Eye
 Upon the other were a Spy;
 That, to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink.
 He 'ad seen three Governments run down,
 And had a Hand in ev'ry one;
 Was for them, and against them all;
 But barb'rous when they came to fall,
 For, by trappanning th' old to Ruin,
 He made his Int'rest with the new one;
 Play'd true and faithful, tho' against
 His Conscience, and was still advanc'd:
 By giving Aim from Side to Side,
 He never fail'd to save his Tide;
 But got the Start of ev'ry State;
 And at a Change ne'er came too late.
 Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
 As many Ways as in a Lath.
 By turning, wriggle like a Screw,
 Int' highest Trust, and out for new;
 For when he 'ad happily incur'd,
 Instead of Hemp, to be prefer'd,
 And past upon the Government,
 He play'd his Trick, and out he went.
 But being out, and out of Hopes
 To mount his Ladder more of Ropes,
 Would strive to raise himself upon
 The publick Ruine, and his own.
 So little did he understand
 The desperate Feats he took in Hand:
 For when he 'ad got himself a Name
 For Frauds and Tricks, he spoil'd his Game:
 And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
 For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
 So right his Judgment was cut fit,
 And made a Tally to his Wit;
 And both together, most profound
 At Deeds of Darkness under Ground:
 As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd
 By Vermine impotent and blind. Hud.

True Politicians neither love nor hate, Dr. Abf. & Ach.

P O L L U X.

Thus Pollux, off'ring his alternate Life,
Could free his Brother; and can daily go
By Turns aloft, by Turns descend below. Dryd. Virg.

P O L Y D O R E.

Not far, a rising Hillock stood in View;
Sharp Myrtles, on the Sides, and Cornels grew:
There, while I went to crop the sylvan Scenes,
And shade our Altar with their leafy Greens;
I pull'd a Plant: With Horror I relate
A Prodigy so strange, and full of Fate!
The rooted Fibres rose; and, from the Wound,
Black bloody Drops distill'd upon the Ground:
Mute, and amaz'd, my Hair with Horror stood;
Fear shrunk my Sinews, and congeal'd my Blood:
Man'd once again, another Plant I try;
That other gush'd with the same sanguine Dye: —

— Again I tug'd with all my Strength;
And bent my Knees against the Ground: once more
The violated Myrtle ran with purple Gore:
Scarce dare I tell the Sequel: From the Womb
Of wounded Earth, and Caverns of the Tomb,
A Groan, as of a troubled Ghost, renew'd
My Fright; and then these dreadful Words ensu'd:
Why dost thou thus my bury'd Body rend?
O spare the Corps of thy unhappy Friend:
Spare to pollute thy pious Hands with Blood:
The Tears distil not from the wounded Wood;
But ev'ry Drop, this living Tree contains,
Is kindred Blood, and ran in Trojan Veins;
O fly from this unhospitable Shore,
Warn'd by my Fate; for I am Polydore!
Here Loads of Lances, in my Blood embred,
Again shoot upward, by my Blood renew'd.

When Troy with Grecian Arms was closely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the Wars Event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent:
Loaded with Gold, he sent his Darling, far
From Noise and Tumults, and destructive War;
Committed to the faithless Tyrant's Care,
Who, when he saw the Pow'r of Troy decline,
Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join

Broke

Broke ev'ry Bond of Nature, and of Truth ;
And murder'd, for his Wealth, the royal Youth. Dr. Virg.

P O L Y P H E M U S.

The Cyclops, who defy'd th' Ætherial Throne,
And thought no Thunder louder than his own:
The Terrour of the Woods, and wilder far
Than Wolves in Plains, or Beasts in Forests are:
Th' inhuman Host, who made his bloody Feasts
On mangled Members of his butcher'd Guests,
Yet felt the force of Love, and fierce Desire,
Forgot his Caverns, and his woolly Care,
Assum'd the Softness of a Lover's Air,
And comb'd, with Teeth of Rakes, his rugged Hair;
Now with a crooked Scythe his Beard he fleeks,
And moves the stubborn Stubble of his Cheeks:
Now in the cristal Stream he looks, to try
His Simagres, and rowls his glaring Eye:
His Cruelty and Thirst of Blood are lost,
And Ships securely sail along the Coast. Dryd. Ovid.

His Flocks, unled,
Their Shepherd follow'd, and securely fed:
A Pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing Ships requir'd it for a Mast,
He wielded for a Staff, his Steps to guide;
But laid it by, his Whistle while he try'd:
A hundred Reeds, of a prodigious Growth,
Scarce made a Pipe, proportion'd to his Mouth:
Which, when he gave it Wind, the Rocks around,
And wat'ry Plains, the dreadful Hiss resound. Dr. Ovid.

Behold the Giant Polypheme's dark Cave,
A Dungeon wide and horrible, the Walls
On all Sides furr'd with mouldy Damps, and hung
With Clots of ropy Gore, and human Limbs,
His dire Repast: Himself's of mighty Size,
Hoarse in his Voice, and in his Visage grim;
Intractable, that riots on the Flesh
Of mortal Men, and swills the vital Blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid Grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either Hand a Man:
I saw him, when, with huge tempestuous Sway,
He dash'd and broke them on the Grundfil Edge;
The Pavement swam in Blood; the Walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with Brains. He lap'd the Blood,
And chew'd the tender Flesh, still warm with Life;
That swell'd and heav'd it self amidst his Teeth,

As sensible of Pain. ———

The Giant, gorg'd with Flesh, and Wine, and Blood,
Lay stretch'd at Length, and snoring in his Den,
Belching raw Gobbets from his Maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple Wine, and cruddled Gore confus'd:
We gather'd round, and to his single Eye,
The single Eye, that in his Forehead glar'd
Like a full Moon, or a broad burnish'd Shield,
A forky Staff we dext'rously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious Socket turning round,
Scoop'd out the big round Jelly from its Orb.
A hundred Cyclops live among the Hills,
Gigantick Brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid Strides o'er the high Mountains Tops,
Enormous in their Gait: ———

As thus he spoke,

We saw descending from a neighb'ring Hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary Steps and slow,
The groping Giant with a Trunk of Pine
Explor'd his Way: around, his woolly Flocks
Attended grazing; to the well known Shore
He bent his Course, and on the Margin stood,
A hideous Monster, terrible, deform'd,
Full in the Midst of his high Front there gap'd
The spacious Hollow, where his Eye-ball roul'd,
A ghastly Orifice: He rins'd the Wound,
And wash'd away the Strings and clotted Blood
That cak'd within; then, stalking thro' the Deep,
He fords the Ocean, while the topmost Wave
Scarce reaches up his middle Side: we stood
Amaz'd be sure: a sudden Horrour chill
Ran thro' each Nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry Vein,
Till, using all the Force of Winds and Oars,
We sped away: he heard us in our Course,
And with his out-stretch'd Arms around him grop'd.
But finding nought within his Reach, he rais'd
Such hideous Sounds, that all the Ocean shook:
Ev'n Italy, tho' many a League remote,
In distant Echo's answer'd, Ætna roar'd,
Thro' all its inmost winding Caverns roar'd:
Rows'd with the Sound, the mighty Family
Of one-ey'd Brothers hasten to the Shore,
And gather round the bell-wing Polypheme,
A dire Assembly: we with eager Haste
Work ev'ry Oar, and from afar behold
An Host of Giants cov'ring all the Shore. Add. Virg.

P O M O N A.

The fair Pomona flourish'd in his Reign :
 Of all the Virgins of the Sylvan Train,
 None taught the Trees a noble Race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable Care :
 To her the shady Grove, the flow'ry Field,
 The Streams and Fountains, no Delights could yield ;
 'Twas all her Joy the rip'ning Fruits to tend,
 And view the Boughs with happy Burdens bend :
 No Dart she wielded, but a Hook did bear,
 To lop the Growth of the luxuriant Year ;
 To decent Form the lawless Shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient Branches where to spring :
 Now the cleft Rind inserted Grasse receives,
 And yields an Offspring more than Nature gives :
 Now gliding Streams the thirsty Plants renew,
 And feed their Fibres with reviving Dew.
 These Cares alone her Virgin Breast employ,
 Averse from Venus, and the nuptial Joy. Pope. Ovid.

P O M P E Y.

He, though not equal to our Fathers found,
 Nor by their strictest Rules of Justice bound,
 Yet from his Faults this Benefit we draw,
 He, for his Country's Good, transgress'd her Law
 To keep a bold licentious Age in Awe.
 Rome held her Freedom still, tho he was great ;
 He sway'd the Senate, but he rul'd the State.
 When Crowds were willing to have worn his Chain,
 He chose his private Station to retain,
 That all might free, and equal all, remain.
 War's boundless Pow'rs he never fought to use ;
 Nor ask'd, but what the People might refuse :
 Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his Store,
 Yet still he gather'd but to give the more :
 And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
 He drew the Sword, but knew its Rage to charm,
 And lov'd Peace best, when he was forc'd to arm :
 Unmov'd with all the glitt'ring Pomp of Pow'r,
 He took with Joy, but laid it down with more,
 His chaster Household, and his frugal Board,
 Nor Lewdness did, nor Luxury, afford,
 Ev'n in the highest Fortunes of their Lord.

his noble Name, his Countrey's Honour grown,
 Was venerably round the Nations known,
 And, as Rome's fairest Light, and brightest Glory, shone.
 In him, Senate and People all at once are gone;
 Nor need the Tyrant blush to mount the Throne.
 Oh happy Pompey! happy in thy Fate!
 Happy by falling with the falling State!
 Thy Death a Benefit the Gods did grant;
 Thou might'st have liv'd those Pharian Swords to want:
 Freedom, at least, thou do'st by dying Gain,
 Nor liv'st to see thy Julia's Father reign:
 Free Death is Man's first Bliss; the next is to be slain.
 Rowe. Luc. Spoken by Cato.

Burning the P O P E.

Sir Edmund-bury first, in woful Wife,
 Leads up the Show, and milks their maudlin Eyes:
 There's not a Butcher's Wife, but dribs her Part,
 And pities the poor Pageant from her Heart:
 But guiltless Blood to Ground must never fall:
 There's Antichrist behind to pay for all.
 The Punk of Babylon in Pomp appears;
 A lewd old Gentleman of sev'nty Years;
 Whose Age in vain our Mercy would implore,
 For few take Pity on an old cast Whore
 The Dev'l, who brought him to the Shame, takes Part,
 Sits Cheek by Jowl, in black, to cheer his Heart,
 Like Thief and Parson in a Tiburn-Cart.
 The Word is giv'n; and, with a loud Huzza,
 The mitred Moppet from his Chair they draw:
 On the slain Corps contending Nations fall:
 Alas! what's one poor Pope among 'em all!
 He burns! Now all true Hearts your Triumphs ring;
 And next, for Fashion, cry, God save the King. Dryd.

POPULACE.

Oh wretched we! a vile submissive Train!
 Fortune's tame Fools, and Slaves in ev'ry Reign! Pope. Stat.
 Thus think the Crowd, who eager to engage,
 Quickly take Fire, and kindle into Rage:
 Who ne'er consider, but, without a Pause,
 Make up in Passion what they want in Cause. Creech. Juv.
 The People in 'all gen'ral Ills are prone
 To suddain Change: gull them but with Freedom,
 [Vol. 2.] I i And

And you shall see them toss their Tails, and gad,
As if some Breeze had stung them. — Dryd. OEdip.

I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd; and with a thousand antick Mouths
Gabbled Revenge; Revenge was all the Cry. Lee. OEdip.

The Publick is the Lees of vulgar Slaves:
Slaves with the Minds of Slaves: so born, so bred:
Yet such as these, united in a Herd,
Are call'd the Publick: Millions of such Cyphers
Make up the publick Sum: An Eagle's Life
Is worth a World of Crows: Are Princes made
For such as these? who, were one Soul extracted (Crel.
From all their Beings, could not raise a Man. Dr. Troil. &

Yet what are Princes, but for such as these?
'Tis Adoration, some say, makes a God:
And who should pay it? Where would be their Altars,
Were no inferior Creatures here on Earth?
Ev'n those, who serve, have their Expectances,
Degrees of Happiness, which they must share,
Or they'll refuse to serve. — Shak. Troil. & Crel.

The Crowd, to restless Motion still inclin'd,
Are Clouds, that rack according to the Wind;
Driv'n by their Chiefs, they Storms of Hail-stones pour,
Then mourn, and soften to a silent Show'r. Dryd.

The People ——— (Mass. of Par.
Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Pow'r. Lee.

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing Fears in secret Murmurs vent;
Still prone to Change, tho' still the Slaves of State,
And sure, the Monarch, whom they have, to hate:
Madly they make new Lords, then tamely bear,
And softly curse, the Tyrants, whom they fear.

—— They groan beneath the Sway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey:
These, Envy to the Great, and vulgar Spight,
With Scandal arm'd, th'ignoble Mind's Delight. Pope. Stat.

The People prosp'rous Greatness ever hate;
And love their Princes only in Affliction. D'Av. Love. & Hon.

—— These Slaves,
These wide-mouth'd Brutes, that bellow thus for Freedom;
Oh! how they run before the Hand of Pow'r,
Flying for Shelter into ev'ry Brake!

Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep, they break their Herd,
When the Wolf's out, and ranging for his Prey. Orw. C. Mar.

What are the People, but a Herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous Rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the
Praise? They

They praise, and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other :
 And what Delight to be by such extol'd,
 To live upon their Tongues, and be their Talk? Milt. P. Reg.

—— The common Crew :
 In Knots they stand, or in a Rank they walk,
 Serious in Aspect, earnest in their Talk :
 Partious, and fav'ring this or t'other Side,
 By their strong Fanfies, and weak Reason, guide.
 All spoke as partial Favour mov'd the Mind; (& Arc.
 And, safe themselves, at others Cost divin'd. Dr. Chau. Pal.

P O P U L A R.

—— I see you court the Crowd,
 When with the Shouts of the rebellious Rabble
 I see you borne on Shoulders to Cabals ;
 Where you all plot the royal Henry's Death ;
 Cloud the majestick Name with Fumes of Wine ;
 Infamous Scrouls, and treasonable Verse :
 While, on the other Side, the Name of Guise
 By the whole Kennel of the Slaves is rung :
 Pamphleteers, Ballad-mongers, sing your Ruin,
 While all the Vermin of the vile Parisians
 Toss up their greasy Caps where'er you pass,
 And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.

—— By Heav'n I'd earth my self,
 Rather than live to act such black Ambition :
 But, oh ! you seek it with your Smiles and Bows,
 This Side and that Side, congeing to the Crowd :
 You have your Writers too, that cant your Battels ;
 That style you the new David ! Second Moses !
 Prop of the Church ! Deliv'rer of the People !
 Thus from the City, as from the Heart, they spread
 Thro' all the Provinces ; alarm the Countreys ;
 Where they run forth in Heaps bell'wing your Wonders.
 Dryd. D. of Guise.

All Nations bow their Heads with Homage down ;
 And kiss the Feet of this exalted Man :
 The Name, the Shout, the Blast from ev'ry Mouth,
 Alexander ! Alexander bursts
 Your Cheeks, and with a Crack so loud, ——
 Drowns the Voice of Heav'n : Like Dogs, you fawn,
 The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him :
 Mankind starts up to hear his Blasphemy ;
 And, if this Hunter of the barb'rous World

But wind himself a God, you echo him
With universal Cry. ——— Lee. Alex.

——— Triumphant Brutus,
Like Jove, when follow'd by a Train of Gods,
To mingle with the Fates, and doom the World,
Ascends the brazen Steps o' th' Capitol,
With all the humming Senate at his Heels:
While you are but the Ape, the Mimick God
Of this new Thunderer, who appropriates
Those Bolts of Pow'r, which ought to be divided:
Now by the Gods, I hate his upstart Pride,
His abject Soul, that stoops to court the Vulgar,
His Scorn of Princes, and his Lust to th' People:
O Collatine, have you not Eyes to find him?
Why are you rais'd, but to set off his Honours?
A Taper by the Sun, whose sickly Beams
Are swallow'd in the Blaze of his full Glory:
He, like a Meteor, wades th' Abyss of Light,
While your faint Lustre adds but to the Beard,
That awes the World. When late thro' Rome he pass'd,
Fix'd on his Courser, mark'd you how he bow'd
On this, on that Side, to the gazing Heads,
That pav'd the Streets, and all imbosc'd the Windows;
That gap'd with Eagerness to speak, but could not,
So fast their Spirits flow'd to Admiration,
And that to Joy, which thus at last broke forth:
Brutus! God Brutus! Father of thy Country!
Hail Genius, hail! Deliv'rer of lost Rome!
Shield of the Commonwealth, and Sword of Justice!
Hail Scourge of Tyrants! Lash of lawless Kings!
All hail! they cry'd, while the long Peal of Praises,
Tormented with a thousand echoing Cries,
Ran like the Volley of the Gods along:
But, when you follow'd, how did their bellying Bodies,
That ventur'd from the Casements more than half
To look at Brutus; nay, that stuck, like Snails,
Upon the Walls, and, from the Houses Tops,
Hung down, like clust'ring Bees, upon each other:
How did they all draw back at Sight of you, (L. J. Brut.
To laze, and loll, and yawn, and rest from Rapture! Lee.

P O R T E N T S.

My Loss by dire Portents the Gods foretold:
For had I not been blind, I might have seen
Yon' riven Oak, the fairest of the Green:

And

And the hoarse Raven, on the blasted Bough,
With frequent Croaks presag'd the coming Blow. (Virg. Dryd.

A Marble Temple stood within the Grove,
Sacred to Death, and to her murder'd Love.
Oft, when she visited this lonely Dome,
Strange Voices issu'd from her Husband's Tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away;
Invite her to his Grave, and chide her Stay. Dryd. Virg.

Then dire Portents she sees,
To hasten on the Death her Soul decrees:
Strange to relate! For when, before the Shrine,
She pours in Sacrifice the purple Wine,
The purple Wine is turn'd to putrid Blood;
And the white offer'd Milk converts to Mud. Dryd. Virg.

The Sun reveals the Secrets of the Sky:
And who dares give the Source of Light the Lye?
The Change of Empires often he declares;
Pierce Tumults, hidden Treasons, open Wars:
He first the Fate of Cæsar did foretel,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell:
In Iron Clouds conceal'd the publick Light;
And impious Mortals fear'd eternal Night.
Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone;
Nature her self stood forth, and seconded the Sun;
Earth, Air, and Seas, with Prodigies were sign'd;
And Birds obscene, and howling Dogs divin'd:
What Rocks did Ætna's bell'wing Mouth expire
From her torn Entrails! and what Floods of Fire!
What Clanks were heard, in German Skies afar,
Of Arms, and Armies, rushing to the War!
Dire Earthquakes rent the solid Alps below;
And, from their Summers, shook th' eternal Snow.
Pale Spectres in the Close of Night were seen;
And Voices heard of more than mortal Men:
In silent Groves dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke;
And Streams ran backward, and their Beds forsook:
The yawning Earth disclos'd th' Abyss of Hell:
The weeping Statues did the Wars foretel;
And holy Sweat from brazen Idols fell.
Blood sprang from Wells: Wolves howl'd in Towns by Night;
And boding Victims did the Priests affright:
Such Peals of Thunder never pour'd from high;
Nor Lightning flash'd from so serene a Sky:
Red Meteors ran along th' ethereal Space;
Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their Place. Dryd. Virg.

P O S I E.

As all Words in few Letters live,
 Thou to few Words all Sense dost give:
 'Twas Nature taught you this rare Art,
 In such a little much to shew;
 Who all the Good, she did impart
 To Woman-kind, epitomiz'd in you. Cowl. To a Lady
 who made Polies for Rings.

P O V E R T Y.

But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
 And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
 With scanty Offals, and small-acid Tiff.
 Wretched Repast! my meagre Corps sustain:
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home;
 In Garret vile; and, with a warming Puff,
 Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube, as black
 As Winter's Chimney, or well polish'd Jet,
 Exhale Mundungus' ill perfuming Smoke:
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size,
 Smokes Cambro-Britain, vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, antient Kings,
 Full famous in romantick Tale, when he
 O'er many a craggy Hill, or fruitless Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of ram'd Cestrian Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides. — Phil.

Nothing in Poverty so ill is borne,
 As its exposing Men to grinning Scorn. Oldh. Juv.

Rarely they rise by Virtue's Aid, who lie,
 Plung'd in the Depth of helpless Poverty. Dryd. Juv.

Want whets the Wit, 'tis true; but Wit, not blest
 With Fortune's Aid, makes Beggars at the best:

Wit is not fed, but sharpen'd with Applause;

For Wealth is solid Food, and Wit but hungry Sawse.

Dryd. Love Trium.

Thro' tatter'd Cloaths great Vices strait appear;
 Robes and fur'd Gowns hide all: Place Sins with Gold,
 And the strong Lance of Justice, hurtless, breaks: (Lear.
 Arm it in Rags, and Pygmy's Straw does pierce it. Shak. K.

— Wealthy Men,

That have Estates to lose, whose conscious Thoughts
 Are full of inward Guilt, may shake with Horrour
 To have their Actions sifted; or appear
 Before the Judge; but the Poor that know themselves

As innocent as poor, that have no Fleece,
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take sure Hold, may smile with Scorn on all
That can be urg'd against them. — Beaum. Span. Curate.

If Poverty be my upbraided Crime,
And you believe in Heav'n, there was a Time,
When he, the great Controller of our Fate,
Deign'd to be Man, and liv'd in low Estate:
Which he, who had the World at his Dispose,
If Poverty were Vice, would never chuse.
Philosophers have said, and Poets sing,
That a glad Poverty's an honest Thing.
The ragged Beggar, tho' he want Relief,
Has not to lose, and sings before the Thief, Dryd. Chauc.
The Wife of Bath's Tale.

P O W E R.

Pow'r is that luscious Wine, which still the Bold,
The Wise, and Noble, most intoxicates:
Still I have fought, as if in Beauries Sight,
Out-suffer'd Patience, bred in Captives Breasts;
Taught Fast, till Bodies, like our Souls, grew light;
Out-watch'd the Jealous, and out-labour'd Beasts:
These were my Merits; My Reward is Pow'r;
An outward Trifle, bought with inward Peace:
Got in an Age, and ris'd in an Hour,
When ferv'ish Love, the People's Fit, shall cease. D'Aven.
Short is the Date of all flagitious Pow'r. Lansd. Br. Ench.
—— The hungry Monster, Pow'r,
That feeds on all, and then it self devours. D'Aven. Circe.

P R A I S E.

Praise, the fine Diet, we are apt to love,
If given to Excess, will hurtful prove. Oldh.
Such is the Mode of these censorious Days,
The Art is lost of knowing how to praise:
Praising is harder much than finding Fault. Norm.
Fiction may deck the Truth with spurious Rays;
And round the Hero cast a borrow'd Blaze:
Thy great Exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native Light:
Rich of themselves, their genuine Charms they boast;
And they, who paint them truest, praise them most. Add.
O, I have heard him wanton in his Praise; (Orph.)
Speak Things of him might charm the Ears of Envy. Orw.
Envy

Envy it self is dumb, in Wonder lost,
 And Factions strive who shall applaud him most. Add.
 How sweet Applause is from an honest Tongue! Steele. Fun.
 But Tongues could never reach, what Minds so nobly
 (meant. D'Aven.
 Thought can but equal, and all Words are less. Dr. Virg.
 Praise, undeserv'd, is Scandal in Disguise. ———
 What cannot Praise effect in mighty Minds, (& Ach.
 When Flatt'ry sooths, and when Ambition blinds? Dr. Abf.
 Th' ambitious Youth, too covetous of Fame,
 Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame,
 Unwarily was led from Virtue's Ways, (Abf. & Ach.
 Made drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praise. Dryd.
 He's one of Virtue's Fools, that feeds on Praise. Dryd.
 (Abf. & Ach.

P R A Y E R.

Mark, Birtha, this unrighteous War of Pray'r! D'Av.
 How all the World's Devotions disagree!
 None beg the same: The Pray'rs of all the best,
 Are little more than Curses for the rest. How. Vest. Virg.
 For Pray'r the Ocean is, where diversely
 Men steer their Course, each to a sev'ral Coast;
 Where all our Actions so discordant be,
 That half beg Winds, by which the rest are lost.
 D'Aven. Gond.
 They storm'd the Skies with their repeated Pray'rs.
 Of their arm'd Pray'rs th'innnumerable Crowd
 Knock'd at the Gates of Heav'n, and knock'd aloud:
 They all assail'd the Throne:
 So great a Throng not Heav'n it self could bear;
 'Twas almost borne by Force, as in the Giants War. Dryd.
 The sacred Wrestler, 'till a Blessing given,
 Quits not his Hold; but, halting, conquers Heav'n. Wall.
 ——— His pure Thoughts were borne,
 Like Fumes of sacred Incense, o'er the Clouds,
 And wafted thence on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
 Of Light, to the bright Source of all. ——— Cong. M. Bride.
 ——— It by Pray'r
 Incessant, I could hope to change the Will
 Of him who all Things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous Cries:
 But Pray'r against his absolute Decree
 No more avails than Breath against the Wind, (Lost.
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth. Milt. Par.

Pray'rs

Pray'rs are the Alms of Churchmen to the Poor;
They send to Heav'n's, but drive us from their Door.
Shak. Haml.

My Words fly up; my Thoughts remain below;
Words without Thoughts never to Heaven go.
Shak. Haml.

A sad Procession in the Streets is seen:
All mount the Cliff where Pallas' Temple stands;
Pray'rs in their Mouths, and Presents in their Hands:
With Censers first they fume the sacred Shrine;
Then in one common Supplication join.
Dryd. Virg.

His Steps bold Arcite to the Temple bear,
To adore with Pagan Rites the Pow'r Armipotent:
Then prostrate, low, before his Altar lay,
And rais'd his manly Voice, and thus began to pray.

There, falling on his Knees before the Shrine,
He thus implor'd with Pray'rs her Pow'r Divine.

There, kneeling, with her Hands across her Breast,
Thus lowly she prefer'd her chaste Request.
Dryd. Chauc.
Pal. & Arc.

Apollo heard; and, granting half his Pray'r,
Stifled in Winds the rest, and toss'd in empty Air.
Dr. Virg.

P R E S B Y T E R I A N.

For his Religion, it was fit
To march his Learning and his Wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of errant Saints, whom all Men grant
To be the true Church militant:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of Pike and Gun;
Decide all Controversies by
Infallible Artillery;
And prove their Doctrine orthodox,
By Apostolick Blows and Knocks;
Call Fire, and Sword, and Desolation,
A godly thorow Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended,
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odd perverse Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:

More peevish, cross, and spleenetick,
 Than Dog distract, or Monkey sick :
 That with more Care keep Holiday
 The Wrong, than others the right, Way :
 Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd too,
 By damnaing those, they have no Mind to :
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for Spite.
 The self same Thing they will abhor
 One Way, and long another for :
 Free-Will they one Way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow :
 All Piety consists therein
 In them, in other Men all Sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defie
 That which they love most tenderly ;
 Quarrel with main'd Pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest Friend, Plum-Porridge :
 Fat Pig and Goose it self oppose,
 And blaspheme Custard thro' the Nose. Hud.

P R E S B Y T E R Y.

Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a free-State :
 A Commonwealth of Popery,
 Where ev'ry Village is a See,
 As well as Rome ; and must maintain
 A Tithe-Pig Metropolitan :
 Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon
 Commands the Keys for Cheese and Bacon ;
 And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
 By's Holiness, the Churches Head ;
 More haughty and severe in's Place,
 Than Gregory or Boniface.
 Such Church must surely be a Monster,
 With many Heads ; for if we conster
 What in th' Apocalypse we find,
 According to th' Apostles Mind,
 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
 With many Heads did ride upon,
 Which Heads denote the sinful Tribe
 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-Elder, Scribe. Hud.

Self-PRESERVATION.

Self-Preservation is the first of Laws;
 And if, when Subjects are oppress'd by Kings,
 They justify Rebellion by that Law,
 As well may Monarchs turn the Edge of Right (Fly-
 To cut for them, when Self-Defence requires it. Dryd. Sp-
 When Force invades the Gift of Nature, Life,
 The eldest Law of Nature bids defend:
 And if in that Defence a Tyrant fall,
 His Death's his Crime, not ours. — Dryd. D. Seb.
 What Courage tamely could to Death consent,
 And not, by striking first the Blow prevent? Dryd. Auren-

P R I D E.

Pride, whose Alloy does best Endowments mar,
 As Things most lofty smaller still appear. Oldh.
 Pride, of all others the most dang'rous Fault,
 Proceeds from Want of Sense, or Want of Thought. Rol-
 Of all the Causes, which conspire to blind
 Man's erring Judgment, and misguide the Mind,
 What the weak Head with strongest Byas rules,
 Is Pride, the never-failing Vice of Fools.
 Whatever Nature has in Worth deny'd,
 She gives in large Recruits of needful Pride:
 For, as in Bodies, thus in Souls, we find
 What wants in Blood and Spirits, swell'd with Wind:
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our Defence,
 And fills up all the mighty Void of Sense:
 If once right Reason drives that Cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless Day. Pope.

P R I E S T.

The awful Guides of Heav'nly Government!
 That teach us Penance, Fast, and Abstinence;
 To punish Bodies for the Soul's Offence. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
 The Drugger-Men of Heaven. Dryd. D. Seb.
 Ill does he represent the Pow'r's above,
 Who nourishes Debate, nor preaches Love. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
 ——— Kings went too far,
 To trust the preaching Pow'r on State Affairs,
 To heav'nly Demagogues: ———
 Tis a Limb lapt from their Prerogative, (D. Seb.)
 And so much of Heav'n's Image blotted from them. Dryd.
 You

You saucily teach Monarchs to obey,
 And the wide World in narrow Cloysters sway :
 Set up by Kings as humble Aids of Pow'r,
 You that, which bred you, Viper-like, devour :
 You Enemies of Crowns! ——— Dryd. Ind. Emp.

The high Priests Form the Fury then assumes :
 For the Priest's Form is fittest to engage
 Princes in Blood, and move destructive Rage. Blac. P. Arth.
 ——— Ill befall

Such meddling Priests, who kindle up Confusion, (Shore,
 And vex the quiet World with their vain Scruples. Rowe. J.

Were all thy Tribe like thee, it well might startle
 Our lay unlearned Faith, when thro' such Hands
 The Knowledge of the Gods is reach'd to Man :
 But thus those Gods instruct us, that not all,
 Who, like Intruders, thrust into their Service,
 And turn the holy Office to a Trade,
 Participate their sacred Influence. Rowe. Amb. Stepm.

Do not, as some ungracious Pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny Way to Heav'n,
 While, like a puff'd and reckless Libertine,
 Himself the Primrose Path of Dalliance treads,
 And reaks not his own Read. ——— Shak. Haml.

—— The License of a foreign Reign
 Did all the Dregs of bold Socinus drain :
 Then first the Belgian Morals were extoll'd,
 We their Religion had, and they our Gold :
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the Nation ;
 And taught more pleasant Methods of Salvation ;
 Where Heav'n's free Subjects might their Rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
 Pulpits their sacred Satire learn'd to spare ;
 And Vice admir'd to find a Flatterer there.
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the Skies ;
 And the Press groan'd with licens'd Blasphemies. Pope.

Good Parson.

He, letting down the golden Chain from high,
 Still drew his Audience upward to the Sky
 And oft, with holy Hymns, he charm'd their Ears ;
 A Musick more melodious than the Spheres !
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His Lyre ; and, after him, he sung the best.
 He preach'd the Joys of Heav'n, and Pains of Hell ;
 And warn'd the Sinner with becoming Zeal ;
 But on eternal Mercy lov'd to dwell.

The

The Countrey-Churls, according to their Kind,
 Who grudge their Dues, and love to be behind,
 The less he sought his Off'rings, pinch'd the more;
 And prais'd a Priest, contented to be poor:
 For mortify'd he was to that Degree,
 A poorer than himself he would not see.
 True Priests, he said, and Preachers of the Word,
 Were only Stewards of their Sov'raign Lord:
 Nothing was theirs; but all the publick Store,
 Intrusted Riches to relieve the Poor:
 If they should steal, for Want of his Relief,
 He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.
 Wide was his Parish, not contracted close
 In Streets; but here and there a straggling House:
 Yet still he was at hand, without Request,
 To serve the Sick, to succour the Distress'd:
 Tempting, on foot, alone, without Affright,
 The Dangers of a dark tempestuous Night.
 All this the good old Man perform'd alone;
 Nor spar'd his Pains: for Curate he had none;
 Nor durst he trust another with his Care:
 Nor rode himself to Pauls, the publick Fair,
 To chaffer for Preferment with his Gold,
 Where Bishopricks and Sine-cures are sold.
 The Prelate, for his holy Life, he priz'd;
 The worldly Pomp of Prelacy despis'd:
 Not, but he knew, the Signs of earthly Pow'r
 Might well become St. Peter's Successour:
 The holy Father holds a double Reign:
 The Prince may keep his Pomp; the Fisher must be plain.
 Such was the Saint, who shone with ev'ry Grace,
 Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's Face:
 God saw his Image lively was express'd;
 And his own Work, as in Creation, bleis'd.
 The Tempter saw him too, with envious Eye;
 And, as on Job, demanded Leave to try:
 He took the Time when Richard was depos'd;
 And High and Low with happy Harry clos'd.
 This Prince, tho' great in Arms, the Priest withstood;
 Near tho' he was, yet not the next of Blood:
 Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the Throne;
 A King can give no more than is his own:
 The Title stood entail'd, had Richard had a Son.
 Conquest, an odious Name, was laid aside,
 Where all submitted, none the Battel try'd.

The

The senseless Plea of Right by Providence;
 Was, by a flatt'ring Priest, invented since;
 And lasts no longer than the present Sway;
 But justifies the next, who comes in Play.
 The People's Right remains: let those who dare,
 Dispute their Pow'r, when they the Judges are.
 He join'd not in their Choice; because he knew
 Worse might, and often did, from Change, ensue.
 Much to himself he thought; but little spoke:
 And, undpriv'd, his Benefice forsook.
 Now, thro' the Land, his Cure of Souls he stretch'd;
 And, like a primitive Apostle, preach'd.
 Still chearful, ever constant to his Call;
 By many follow'd; lov'd by most; admir'd by all.
 In Deference to his Virtues, I forbear
 To shew you what the rest in Orders were:
 This Brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
 He needs no Foyle; but shines by his own proper Light.
 Dryd.

P R I S O N.

Deep in a Dungeon was the Captive cast,
 Depriv'd of Day, and held in Fetters fast. Dryd. Booc.
 (Cym. & Iphig.)

——— A dreadful Din was wont
 To grate the Sense, when enter'd here, from Groans
 And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of Chains,
 And Crash of rusty Bars, and creaking Hinges:
 And ever and anon the Sight was dash'd
 With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
 Of grim and ghastly Executioners. Cong. Mourn. Bride.

P R I V A T I O N.

Privation is a Misery
 As much above bare Wretchedness,
 As that is short of Happiness:
 So when the Sun does not appear,
 'Tis darker 'cause it was once here. Suck. Aglaura.

P R O D I G I E S.

Portents and Prodigies are grown so frequent,
 That they have lost their Name.—— Dryd. All for Love.

— Our Ensigns, as they stood
Display'd before our Troops, took Fire untouch'd,
And burnt to Tinder. —
Three Ravens brought their Young Ones in the Streets,
Devouring them before the Peoples Eyes;
Then bore the Garbage back into their Nests:
A Noise of Trumpets, rattling in the Air,
Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men. *Otw. C. Mar.*

— The Air was fill'd with dreadful Cries,
And suddain Night o'erspread the darken'd Skies:
Phantoms and Fiends, and wand'ring Fires appear'd,
And Screams of ill-presaging Birds were heard.
The Forest shook, and flinty Rocks were cleft,
And frightened Streams their wonted Channels left. *Cong.*

Scarce had we step'd on the forbidden Ground;
When the Woods shook, the Trees stood bristling up,
A living Trembling nodded thro' the Leaves:
And strait a rumbling Sound, like bell'wing Winds,
Rose and grew loud: confus'd with Howls of Wolves,
And Grunts of Bears, and dreadful Hiss of Snakes,
Shrieks more than humane: Globes of Hail pour'd down
An armed Winter, and inverted Day. *Dryd. K. Arth.*

The Spirit of King Philip, in those Arms
We saw him wear, pass'd groaning thro' the Court,
His dreadful Eyeballs rowld their Horrour upwards;
He wav'd his Arms, and shook his wond'rous Head.
I've heard, that, at the Crowing of the Cock,
Lions will roar, and Goblins steal away;
But this majestick Air stalks stedfast on,
Spight of the Morn, that calls him from the East,
Nor minds the Op'ning of the Iv'ry Door. *Lee. Alex.*

Scarce had the Night, upon her Carr ascending,
Thrown her black Influence round the mournfull Hemisphere,
When a mad Whirlwind's subterranean Blast
Made the Dome tremble from its deep Foundation,
And shook the dreadful Glories of its Spires:
The yawning Vault disclos'd its gloomy Entrails,
And, lab'ring, from its inmost Caverns groan'd:
And then a Troop of Ghosts, bloody and baleful,
And wonderfully pale, sprung glaring up.
Then vanishing, so ruefully they shriek'd,
That all the ghastful Hollow of the Dome
Multiplying Horrour dismally resounded.
Then on a suddain, of their own Accord,
The massy Gates, with jarring Sound, flew open;
Grating harsh Thunder on their brazen Hinges. *Den. Iphig.*

In a lone Isle o'th Temple while I walk'd,
A Whirlwind rose, that, with a violent Blast,
Shook

Shook all the Dome: the Doors around me clapt:
 The iron Wicket, that defends the Vault,
 Where the long Race of Ptolomies is laid,
 Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead:
 From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
 An armed Ghost starts up: the Boy-King last
 Rear'd his inglorious Head: a Peal of Groans
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice
 Cry'd, Egypt is no more. My Blood ran back;
 My shaking Knees against each other knock'd;
 On the cold Pavement down I fell intranc'd,
 And so unfinish'd left the horrid Scene. Dryd. All for Love.

P R O M E T H E U S.

The bold Prometheus, whose untam'd Desire
 Rival'd the Sun with his own heav'nly Fire;
 Now doom'd the Scythian Vulture's endless Prey,
 Severely pays for animating Clay. Rosc. Virg.
 Condemn'd on Caucasus to lie,
 Still to be dying, nor to die,
 With certain Pain, uncertain of Relief, (Of Ven.
 True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Grief! Lanfd. Jew.
 Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
 And stole from Heav'n the Seed of Fire:
 A Train of Ills, a ghastly Crew,
 The Robbers blazing Track pursue;
 Fierce Famine, with her meagre Face,
 And Fevers of a fiery Race
 In Swarms th'offending Wretch surround,
 All brooding on the blasted Ground;
 And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
 Comes up, to shorten half our Date. Dryd. Hor.

P R O M O N T O R Y.

A Promontory, sharp'ning by Degrees,
 Ends in a Wedge, and overlooks the Seas:
 On either side, below, the Waters flow. Dryd. Ovid.
 That Isthmus stands between two rushing Seas,
 Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
 And strive in vain to meet.— Dryd. Don. Seb.

P R O P H E T.

Prophetick Fury rous within my Breast:
 And as, at Delphos, when the foaming Priest,

Full of the God, proclaims the distant Doom
Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come:
My lab'ring Mind, so, struggles to unfold
On British Ground a future Age of Gold. *Lansd. Brit. Ench.*

—— O thou, whose most aspiring Mind
Knows all the Bus'ness of the Courts above,
Opens the Closet of the Gods, and dares
To mix with Jove himself and Fate at Council;
O Prophet, answer me. —— *Lee. OEdip.*
O tell it in Groans, tho' thou bend with the Load;
Tho' thou burst with the Weight of the terrible God. *Lee.*
(OEdip.)

—— Have we not search'd
The Womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
Of Birds and Beasts, and tir'd the Prophets Art? *Lee. OEdip.*
As when a Prophet feels the God retir'd,
His Eyes no more with sacred Fury roul,
No more, divine Impulses move his Soul:
The Fires, that warm'd him, with the God are gone;
The Deity withdrawn, the Charm is done. *Hopk.*

P R O S E R P I N E.

Hail, mighty Empress of the Realms of Night! *Laud. Vir.*
I'll sing th' unbounded Glories of your Reign:
Whole Nature owns your Pow'r: whate'er have Birth,
And live, and move o'er all the Face of Earth;
Or in old Ocean's mighty Caverns sleep;
Or, sportive, roul along the foamy Deep;
Or on stiff Pinions airy Journeys take;
Or cut the floating Stream, or stagnant Lake:
In vain they labour to preserve their Breath;
And soon fall Victims to your Subject, Death:
Unnumber'd Triumphs swift to you he brings:
Hail, Goddess of all sublunary Things!
Empires, that sink above, here rise again;
And Worlds, unpeopled, crowd th' Elysian Plain:
Proud Tyrants once, and laurell'd Chiefs shall come,
And kneel; and, trembling, wait from you their Doom:
Th' Impious, forc'd, shall then their Crimes disclose,
And see past Pleasures teem with future Woes;
Deplore in Dark'ness your impartial Sway;
While spotless Souls enjoy the Fields of Day:
When, ripe for second Birth, the Dead shall stand
In shiv'ring Throngs on the Lethæan Strand,
That Shade, whom you approve, shall first be brought,
To quaff Oblivion in the pleasing Draught:

Whose

Whose Thread of Life, just spun, you wou'd renew,
 But nod, and Clotho shall re-wind the Clue :
 Let no Distrust of Pow'r your Joys abate ;
 Speak what you wish ; and what you speak is Fate. —

P R O T E U S.

—— Old Proteus now appears,
 Prophet to mighty Neptune : he relides
 In the Carpathian Gulph, o'er which he glides,
 And his green Chariot with Sea-Horses guides :
 —— Him the Nymphs adore ;
 Old Nereus too : by him are all Things seen,
 What is to come, what is, and what has been,
 This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
 His Flocks, and feed them in the briny Deep. *Creech. Virg.*
 Thus changeful Proteus vary'd oft his Shape ;
 And did in sundry Forms and Figures 'scape :
 A running Stream, a standing Tree became ;
 A roaring Lion, or a bleating Lamb. *Dryd. Ovid.*
 See Proteus, coming to his usual Cave ;
 The Sea-calves following spout the brackish Wave :
 Spread o'er the Sand the scatter'd Monsters lay ;
 He, like a Shepherd, at the close of Day,
 Sits 'midst the Beach, and counts the scaly Flock. *Cr. Virg.*
 On great Minerva's Rock the God appear'd,
 And charm'd with Verse Divine his monstrous Herd :
 While Phœbus sunk with the declining Day,
 And all around delighted Dolphins play. *Bowles. Sanaz.*

P R O V I D E N C E.

The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
 Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errours ;
 Our Understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search ;
 Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
 Nor where the regular Confusion ends. *Add. Cato.*

—— Heav'n, from human Sense,
 Has hid the secret Paths of Providence. *Dryd. Rel. Læ.*
 O Pow'r supream, how secret are thy Ways !
 Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd trace the mystick Maze ;
 With foolish Wisdom arguing, charge his God ;
 His Balance hold, and guide his angry Rod :
 New-mould the Spheres, and mend the Skies Design,
 And sound th' Immense with his short scanty Line :
 Do thou, my Soul, the destin'd Period wait,
 When God shall solve the dark Decrees of Fate ;

His own unequal Dispensations clear;
 And make all wise and beautiful appear:
 When suff'ring Saints aloft in Beams shall glow;
 And prosp'rous Traitors gnash their Teeth below. Tickell.

— What have I done,
 To kindle such relentless Wrath against me?
 If in the Days of all my past Offences,
 When most my Heart was lifted with Delight,
 If I with-held my Morsel from the Hungry,
 Forgot the Widows Want, and Orphans Cry,
 If I have known a Good I have not shar'd;
 Nor call'd the Poor to take his Portion with me,
 Let my worst Enemies stand forth, and now
 Deny the Succour which I gave not then. Rowe. J. Shore.

The Pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
 Their Gifts and Graces on Mankind below,
 Yet prove our Merit first; nor blindly give
 To such as are unworthy to receive:
 For Valour and for Virtue they provide
 Their due Reward; but first they must be try'd:
 These fruitful Seeds within your Mind they sow'd;
 'Twas yours t'improve the Talent they bestow'd:
 They gave you to be born of noble Kind;
 They gave you Love to lighten up your Mind,
 And purge the grosser Parts: they gave you Care
 To please, and Courage to deserve, the Fair:
 Thus far they try'd you; and by Proof they found
 The Grain intrusted in a grateful Ground:
 But still the great Experiment remain'd;
 They suffer'd you to lose the Prize you gain'd;
 That you might learn the Gift was theirs alone;
 And, when restor'd, to them the Blessing own. Dryd.
 (Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.)

Mark, mark, Ulysses, how the Gods preserve
 The Men they love, ev'n in their own Despight:
 They guide us, and we travel in the Dark:
 But, when we most despair to hit the Way; (Love.
 And lest expect, we find our selves arriv'd. Lanfd. Her.

Submit thy Fate to Heav'n's indulgent Care;
 Tho' all seem lost 'tis impious to despair:
 The Tracts of Providence, like Rivers, wind;
 Here run before us; there retreat behind:
 And, tho' immerg'd in Earth from human Eyes,
 Again break forth, and more conspicuous rise. Hig. Gen. Conq.
 How just is Providence in all its Works!
 How swift to overtake us in our Crimes! Lanfd. Her. Love.

Complaints of PROVIDENCE.

Afflictions, sent from Heav'n without a Cause,
Make bold Mankind inquire into its Laws. Dr. M. Queen.

Yet sure the Gods are good: I wou'd think so,
If they wou'd give me leave: ———

But Virtue in Distress, and Vice in Triumph
Make Atheists of Mankind. — Dryd. Cleom.

——— Devotion

(Cleom.

Will cool in after-times, if none but good Men suffer. Dryd.

If Piety be thus debarr'd Access

On high; and of good Men the very best
Be singled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,

What is Reward, and what is Punishment?

But who shall dare to tax eternal Justice? Cong. M. Bride.

Is this then my Reward? Unnecessary Virtue!

Why do we wear thee thus to our Undoing? Lee. Mith.

Where shall the Brave and Good for Refuge run,

When to be virtuous is to be undone?

Sure Jupiter's depos'd; some Giant rules

(Ench.

An impious World, contriv'd for Knaves and Fools. Lanf.B.

Is there no God ———

Who can controul the Malice of our Fate?

Are they all deaf? Or have the Giants Heav'n? Dr. OEdip.

O Virtue, impotent, and blind as Fortune!

Who wou'd be good or pious, if this Queen,

Thy great Example suffers? ——— Dryd. Maid. Queen.

——— O, where was then

The Pow'r, that guards the sacred Lives of Kings?

Why slept the Lightning and the Thunderbolts,

Or bent their idle Rage on Fields and Trees,

When Vengeance call'd them here? ——— Dryd. Span. Fry.

But is there Heav'n? For I begin to doubt:

The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders roul:

Now take your Swing, ye impious, sin unpunish'd:

Eternal Providence seems overwatch'd,

And with a slumb'ring Nod assents to Murder. Dryd. D. Seb.

O Pow'rs, if Kings be your peculiar Care;

Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative?

Now flash him dead, now crumble him to Ashes;

Or henceforth live confin'd to your own Palace,

And look not idly out upon a World,

That is no longer yours. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.

——— Here I am lost again:

Here all my Courage, which has borne the Blow

Of sternest War, shrinks like a beaten Coward:

Here, I confess, my Piety gives Way:

I cou'd

I cou'd fall out with the forgetful Gods,
And curse the cruel Authors of my Being. Lee, Mithr.

Curs'd Fate! Malicious Stars! you now have drain'd
Your selves of all your pois'nous Influence;
Evn the last baleful Drop is shed upon me. Lee, Mith.

Relentless Fate! malicious, cruel Pow'rs:
O for what Crime do you thus rack your Creature? Lee, The.

—— O ye eternal Pow'rs,
That guide the World! Why do you shock our Reason,
With Acts, like these, that lay our Thoughts in Dust? Lee.
(Theod.)

—— Oh! When shall I have Rest?
Why are all these Things thus? Is it of Force,
Is there Necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heaven,
That I shou'd be afflicted thus? If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are Things laid,
By some unseen Hand, so, as of Consequence
They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair? Cong. M. Bride.

See'st thou not this, great Jove, or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted Thunder, and thy thoughtless Reign?
Do thy broad Hands the forky Lightnings lance,
Thine are the Bolts, or the blind Work of Chance? Dr. Vir.

I'm at a Loss of Thought, and must acknowledge
The Councils of the Gods are fathomless:
Nay, 'tis the hardest Task perhaps of Life,
To be assur'd of what is Vice or Virtue:

Whether, when we raise up Temples to the Gods,
We do not then blaspheme them: Oh, behold me,
Behold the Game, that laughing Fortune plays;
Fate, or the Will of Heav'n; call't what you please,
That mars the best Designs, that Prudence lays,
That brings Events about, perhaps, to mock (Jun. Brut.)
At human Reach, and sport with Expectation. Lee, L.

O Ye Gods! We're taught that all your Works are Justice:
You're painted merciful, and Friends to Innocence:
If so, then why these Plagues upon my Head? Orw. Orph.

—— He then, with alter'd Hue,
Sunk on the Ground; and from his Bosom drew
A desp'rate Sigh, accusing Heav'n and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting Hate.

Curs'd be the Day, when first I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the Calendar,
Lest it pollute the Month and poison all the Year.
Still will the jealous Queen pursue our Race,
Cadmus is dead; the Theban City was:

Yet

Yet ceases not her Hate : For all, who come
 From Cadmus, are involv'd in Cadmus' Doom.
 I suffer for my Blood : Unjust Decree!
 That punishes another's Crime on me. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.
 Can heav'nly Minds such high Resentment show;
 Or exercise their Spight on human Woe? Dryd. Virg.
 O Hercules! why shou'd a Man like this,
 Who dares not trust his Fate for one great Action,
 Be all the Care of Heav'n? ——— Dryd. All for Love.
 Fool that I was, upon my Eagles Wings
 I bore this Wren till I was tir'd with soaring,
 And now he mounts above me. ———
 Good Heav'ns, is this, is this the Man who braves me?
 Who bids my Age make way; drives me before him
 To the World's Ridge, and sweeps me off like Rubbish?
 (Dryd. All for Love.

P U N I S H M E N T.

Let not the Punishment th' Offence exceed;
 Justice with Weight and Measure must proceed:
 Justice, when equal Scales she holds, is blind;
 Nor Cruelty, nor Mercy change her Mind:
 When some escape for that which others die,
 Mercy to those, to these is Cruelty. Denh.
 ——— See they suffer Death:
 But in their Deaths remember they are Men:
 Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous.
 Lucius, the base degen'rate Age requires
 Severity, and Justice in its Rigour:
 This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
 Commands Obedience, and gives Force to Laws:
 When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,
 The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
 And lay th' uplifted Thunder-bolt aside. Add. Cato.

Heav'n may forgive a Crime to Penitence;
 For Heav'n can judge if Penitence be true;
 But Man, who knows not Hearts, should make Examples,
 Which, like a Warning-piece, must be shot off,
 To fright the rest from Crimes. ——— Dryd. Span. Fryar.

——— You have forgot Reward;
 The Part of Heav'n in Kings: For Punishment
 Is Hangman's Work, and Drudgery for Devils. Dr. D. Seb.
 Impunity's the highest Tyranny. Roch. Valent.

PYGMALION, and the Statue.

The Flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
 Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft :
 Str'd with this Thought, at once he strain'd the Breast,
 And on the Lips a burning Kiss impress'd :
 'Tis true, the harden'd Breast resists the Gripe,
 And the cold Lips return a Kiss unripe :
 But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
 To think it Iv'ry was a Thought too mean :
 So would believe she kiss'd ; and, courting more,
 Again embrac'd her naked Body o'er :
 And, straining hard the Statue, was afraid
 His Hands had made a Dint, and hurt the Maid :
 Explor'd her Limb by Limb, and fear'd to find
 So rude a Gripe had left a livid Mark behind.
 Then from the Floor he rais'd a Royal Bed,
 With Cow'rings of Cydonian Purple spread ;
 The solemn Rites perform'd, he calls her Bride,
 With Blandishments invites her to his Side :
 And, as she were with vital Sense possess'd,
 Her Head did on a plummy Pillow rest.
 Then, impudent in Hope, with Ardent Eyes,
 And beating Breast, by the dear Statue lies.
 He kisses her white Lips, renews the Bliss ;
 And looks, and thinks they redden at the Kiss ;
 He thought them warm before : Nor longer stays,
 But next his Hand on her hard Bosom lays :
 Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
 It seem'd, the Breast beneath his Fingers bent ;
 He felt again ; his Fingers made a Print ;
 'Twas Flesh ; but Flesh so firm, it rose against the Dint.
 The pleasing Task he fails not to renew ;
 Soft, and more soft, at ev'ry Touch it grew ;
 Like pliant Wax, when chafing Hands reduce
 The former Mass to Form, and frame for Use.
 He wou'd believe, but yet is still in Pain ;
 And tries his Argument of Sense again ;
 Presses the Pulse, and feels the leaping Vein.
 Then Lips to Lips he join'd ; now, freed from Fear,
 He found the Savour of the Kiss sincere :
 At this, the waken'd Image op'd her Eyes, (Dryd. Ovid.
 And view'd at once the Light and Lover, with Surprize.

P Y T H I A.

—— The Pythian Goddess
 Is dumb and sullen, 'till, with Fury fill'd
 She spreads, she rises, growing to the Sight;
 She stares, she foams, she raves: the awful Secrets
 Burst from her trembling Lips, and ease the tortur'd Maid.
 (Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

Q.

QUACK and Man-Midwife.

A Quack, too scandalously mean to name,
 Had, by Man-Midwifry, got Wealth and Fame:
 As if Lucina had forgot her Trade,
 The lab'ring Wife invokes his surer Aid:
 Well-season'd Bowls the Gossip's Spirits raise,
 Who, while she guzzles, chats the Doctor's Praise;
 And largely, what she wants in Words, supplies
 With Maudlin-Eloquence of trickling Eyes:
 But what a thoughtless Animal is Man!
 How very active in his own Trepan!
 For, greedy of Physicians frequent Fees,
 From female mellow Praise he takes Degrees;
 Struts in a new unlicens'd Gown, and then
 From saving Women falls to killing Men:
 Another such had left the Nation thin,
 In spite of all the Children he brought in:
 His Pills, as thick as Hand-Granadoes flew,
 And, where they fell, as certainly they flew:
 His Name struck ev'ry where as great a Damp,
 As Archimedes' thro' the Roman Camp,
 With this, the Doctor's Pride began to cool;
 For smarting soundly may convince a Fool:
 But now Repentance came too late for Grace;
 And meagre Famine star'd him in the Face:
 Fain wou'd he to the Wives be reconcil'd,
 But found no Husband left to own a Child:
 The Friends, that got the Brats, were poison'd too:
 In this sad Case what cou'd our Vermin do?
 Worry'd with Debrs, and pass'd all Hope of Bail,
 Th' un pity'd Wretch lies rotting in a Jail:
 And there, with basket-Alms scarce kept alive,
 Shews how mistaken Talents ought to thrive. Rose.

QUA

QUAKER.

Quakers, that, like to Lanterns, bear
 Their Light within 'em, will not swear:
 Their Gospel is an Accidence,
 By which they construe Conscience,
 And hold no Sin so deeply red,
 As that of breaking Priscian's Head:
 The Head and Founder of their Order,
 That stirring Hats held worse than Murder.
 These, thinking they're oblig'd to Troth
 In swearing, will not take an Oath:
 Like Mules, who, if they've not their Will
 To keep their own Pace, stand stock still. Hud.

QUARTER.

Against a yielded Man 'tis mean ignoble Strife. Dr. Virg.

Will you, great Sir, that Glory blot
 In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot?
 To save, where you have Pow'r to kill,
 Argues your Pow'r above your Will;
 And that your Will and Pow'r have less,
 Than both might have, of Selfishness:
 This Pow'r, which, now alive, with Dread
 He trembles at, if he were dead,
 Would no more keep the Slave in Aw,
 Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
 For Death would then be his Conqu'rou,
 Not you, and free him from that Terror.
 If Danger from his Life accrue,
 Or Honour from his Death, to you,
 'Twere Policy and Honour too,
 To do as you resolv'd to do:
 But sure 'twould wrong your Valour much,
 To say it needs or fears a Crutch.
 Great Conqu'rou's greater Glory gain,
 By Foes in Triumph led, than slain:
 The Laurels, that adorn their Brows,
 Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs. Hud.
 Slaughter grows Murther, when it goes too far,
 And makes a Massacre, what was a War. Dryd. Ind. Emp.

QUERPO.

Querpo the Sly,
 Stubborn Member of the Faculty:

[Vol. 2.]

K k

His

His Sires pretended pious Steps he treads ;
 And, where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds :
 A Conventicle flesh'd his greener Years ;
 And his full Age th' envenom'd Rancour shares :
 Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds of Prey,
 To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray. Garth.

R.

R A C E.

From thence his Way the Trojan Hero bent
 Into a grassy Plain, with Mountains pent ;
 Whose Brows were shaded with surrounding Wood :
 Full in the Midst of this fair Valley stood
 A native Theatre, which, rising slow
 By just Degrees, o'erlook'd the Ground below :
 Here those, who in the rapid Race delight,
 Desire of Honour, and the Prize invite.
 To their appointed Base the Runners went ;
 With beating Hearts th' expected Sign receive,
 And, starting all at once, the Station leave :
 Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds, they flew,
 And seiz'd the distant Goal with eager View :
 Shot from the Croud, swift Nisus all out-pass'd ;
 Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his Haste :
 The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
 Came Salius ; then a distant Space behind,
 Euryalus the third : —————

Next Elymus, whom young Diore's ply'd
 Step after Step, and almost Side by Side,
 His Shoulders pressing ; and, in longer Space,
 Had won, or left at least, a doubtful Race :
 Now, spent, the Goal they almost reach'd at last,
 When eager Nisus, hapless in his Haste,
 Slipt first, and, slipping, fell upon the Plain,
 Moist with the Blood of Oxen lately slain :
 The careless Victor had not mark'd his Way,
 But, treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
 His Heels flew up, and on the grassy Floor
 He fell, besmear'd with Filth and holy Gore :
 Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
 Nor of the sacred Bands of Amity,
 He strove th' immediate Rival to oppose,
 And caught the Foot of Salius as he rose ;
 So Salius lay extended on the Plain.
 Euryalus springs out the Prize to gain,

And

And cuts the Croud : applauding Peals attend (Laud. Virg.
The Conqu'rour to the Goal, who conquer'd thro' his Friend.

R A C K.

Most cruel Racks and Torments are preparing, (Pref.
To force Confessions from their dying Pangs. Otw. Ven.
Thou shalt behold him stretch'd in all the Agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful Death;
His bleeding Bowels, and his broken Limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butch'ring Villain. Otw. Ven. Pref.

Bring forth the Rack :
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and sulph'rous Flames :
He shall be bound, and gash'd, his Skin flea'd off,
And burnt alive. ———

He shall be Hours, Days, Years a Dying. Dryd. OEdip.
Wire-draw his Limbs, spin all his Nerves like Hairs,
And work his tortur'd Flesh as thin as Flame. Lee. Conf.

I saw him rack'd : a Sight so dismal sad
My Eyes did ne'er behold : It is unutterable:

Behold the Rack set forth. ———

Philotas, like an Angel seiz'd by Fiends,
Is strait disrob'd ; a Napkin ties his Head :
His warlike Arms with shameful Cords are bound,
And ev'ry Slave can now the Valiant wound.
Did not your Eyes rain Blood, your Spirits burst,
To see your noble Fellow-Soldier burn :
Yet, without trembling or a Tear, endure
The Torments of the Damn'd ? O ye Barbarians !
Could you stand by, and yet refuse to suffer ?
You saw him bruis'd, torn, to the Bones made bare,
His Veins wide-lanc'd, and the poor quiv'ring Flesh
With Pincers from his manly Bosomript,
Till you discover'd the great Heart lie panting.
Why stood you then like Statues ? There's the Case ;
The Horrour of the Sight had turn'd you marble :
To the pale Trojans, from their weeping Walls,
Saw the dear Body of the Godlike Hector,
Bloody and soil'd, drag'd on the famous Ground,
Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn Weapons ran,
To save the great Remains of that prodigious Man. Lee. Alex.

R A G E.

——— I could tell a Story,
Would rowze thy Lion-Heart out of its Den,
And make it rage with terrifying Fury. Otw. Ven. Pref.
K k 2 His

His Fury wildly champs upon the Curb,
 Anon it foams, and, starting with a Bound,
 Hurries him headlong, far from Reason's Road. Den. Iphig.

O shou'd her raging Passion reach his Ears,
 His tender Love, by anger fir'd, wou'd turn
 To burning Rage: as soft Cydonian Oil,
 Whose balmy Juice glides o'er th' untasting Tongue,
 Yet, touch'd with Fire, with hottest Flames will blaze.
 (Smith. Phæd. & Hip.)

O did'st thou mark her, when her Fury lighten'd;
 She seem'd all Goddess: nay, her Frowns became her;
 There was a Beauty in her very Wildness. Lee. Theod.

There are a thousand Furies in his Looks,
 And in his deadly Silence more loud Horror,
 Than, when, in Hell, the Tortur'd and Tormentors
 Contend whose Shrieks are greater. Beaum. Doub. Marr.

'Twas Grief no more; or Grief and Rage were one
 Within her Soul; at last 'twas Rage alone;
 Which, burning upwards, in Succession dries
 The Tears that stood confid'ring in her Eyes. Dryd. Ovid.

All Ætna's Caves strove in his lab'ring Soul,
 And Stygian Tempests in his Veins did rowl:
 His panting Heart threw out a boiling Tide;
 And circulating Flames their winding Channels fry'd:
 Distracting Fury all the Man possess'd;
 And Agonies of Rage o'erwhelm'd his Breast:
 Taking long Strides, sometimes he slowly stalk'd;
 And then, distracted, rather ran than walk'd:
 Oft, stopping on a suddain, wou'd he stand,
 Striking his Breast, and stamping on the Sand
 Sometimes his Eyes were fix'd upon the Ground;
 Then, starting up, he wildly star'd around:
 He bites his Lips; and, with his Hands, he tears,
 From his distemper'd Head, his curling Hairs.
 He gnash'd his angry Teeth: his heaving Breast,
 And trembling Joints the Rage within confess'd. Blac. K. Arth.

Thus while he raves, from his wide Nostrils flies
 A fiery Steam, and Sparkles from his Eyes. Dryd. Virg.
 Rage flash'd like Lightning from th' Apostate's Eyes,
 And Envy swell'd him to the vastest Size. Blac. P. Arth.
 Infernal Flames rage in his poison'd Blood; (Arth.)
 And his swoln Heart boils with th' impetuous Flood. Blac. P.

O, man me, Reason,
 Restrain the Sallies of my starting Passion,
 Which else will plunge me in the Gulph of Madness.
 The Thunder rages in my Breast for Vent:
 Here, here it rous to make its vi'lent Way;

And

And now it bursts: the flaming Bolts are hurl'd. South.
(Loy. Brother.

The Pain is in my Head, 'tis in my Heart,
'Tis ev'ry where! It rages like a Madness,
And I most wonder how my Reason holds. Orw. Orph.

—— Horror and Hell! I burn;

I rage! I rave! I die! ——
Eternal Racks my tortur'd Bosom tear,
Vultures with endless Pangs are gnawing there,
Fury! Distraction! I am all Despair! Lansd. B. Ench. }
Wild with my Rage, more wild with my Desire,
Like meeting Tides—— but mine are Tides of Fire. Dryd.
(Tyr. Love.

—— O I cou'd shake the World

With thund'ring forth my Wrongs; hollow his Name
To the resounding Hills! Borgia! Traitor Borgia?
Methinks that Word, that Spell, that horrid Sound,
That Groan of Air cou'd cleave the neighb'ring Rocks,
And scare the babbling Echos from their Dens. Lee. Cæf. B.

Oh, my Heart breaks! I'm dying! Oh stand off!
I'll not indulge this Woman's Weakness: still,
Chaf'd and fomented, let my Heart swell on,
Till with its Injuries it burst, and shake
With the dire Blow this Prison to the Earth. Orw. Orph.

Off, let me loose: why, cruel barbarous Maids,
Why am I barr'd from Death, the common Refuge,
That spreads its hospitable Arms for all?
Why must I drag th' insufferable Load
Of foul Dishonour, and despairing Love?
Oh Length of Pain! Am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I so oft Death's Pangs?
Nor once can find its Ease?—— Smith.

Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful Magazines of Pains,
Stones, Furies, Wheels, are slight to what I suffer;
And Hell it self's Relief.—— Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

Here thou hast rowz'd the Lion in my Heart:
Italian Spite, Revenge, and blasting Fury,
Devour my Soul: all Mildness sleeps like Death:
I boil like Drunkards Veins.--- Death! Hell and Vengeance.
(Lee. C. Borg.

Patience, the Refuge of poor stupid Cowards!
Go, bid some massy, pond'rous, falling Weight
Fly from its Center, and remount the Air:
Then, then I will be patient.—— Hig. Gen. Conq.

Bid the Sea listen, when the greedy Merchant,
To gorge its rav'nous Jaws, hurls all his Wealth,

And stands himself upon the splitting Deck,
For the last Plunge: ——— Lee. C. Bor.

——— Leave me to wild Despair:

Deluding Flatt'ers of impatient Grief,
Who think to calm a Tempest with a Song:
Preach Patience to the Sea, when jarring Winds
Throw up her swelling Billows to the Sky:

And if your Reasons mitigate her Fury,
My Soul will be as calm. ——— Smith. P. of Parm.

If there were Reasons for these Miseries,
Then into Limits cou'd I bind my Woes:
Whene'er Heav'n weeps, does not the Earth o'erflow?
If the Winds rage, does not the Sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the Welkin with his big-swoln Face; (Andron.
And wilt thou have a Reason for this Coile. Shak. Tit.

Oh! dismal! 'Tis not to be borne! Ye Moralists,
Ye Talkers; what are all your Precepts now?
Patience? Distraction! Blast the Tyrant, blast him?
Avenging Lightnings, snatch him hence, ye Fiends!

——— Nature can bear no more;
Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once. Rowe. Tamerl.

——— Fury turns

My Brain; and my distemper'd Bosom burns. Dryd. Virg.

Sink me to Death, plunge me in streaming Fire,
Heap Mountains on my Head, and bury my Disgrace.
I to this Earth will grow, ———

Out-rave the winter Sea, out-rage the northern Wind;
And with my loud Complaints alarm the Gods,
Till they resent the Wrongs ———

Of flatter'd Virgins; and confound Mankind. Tate. L. Gen.

O think you see me on the naked Shore;
Think how I scream; and tear my scatter'd Hair;
Break from th' Embraces of my shrieking Maids;
And harrow on the Sand my bleeding Bosom:

Then catch with wide-stretch'd Arms the empty Billows, (Hib.
And headlong plunge into the gaping Deep. Smith. Phaedr.

Had I been findg'd with Lightning, I had stood,
With all my Wrongs, hush'd as unwindy Night:

But to be scorch'd thus by a Candle Snuff,
A Thing that only blazes in expiring,

And which must die in its own Noisomness;
Makes my Impatience swell above all Banks
Of common Temper. ——— How. D. of Lerma.

'Tis all in vain, this Rage, that tears thy Bosom,
Like a poor Bird, that flutters in its Cage,
Thou bear'st thy self to Death. ——— Row. J. Shore.

A little longer yet be strong, my Heart;
A little longer let the busy Spirits

Keep on their chearful Round. It will not be :
 Love, Sorrow, and the Sting of vile Reproach,
 Succeeding one another in their Course,
 Like Drops of eating Water on the Marble;
 At length have worn my boasted Courage down :
 I will indulge the Woman in my Soul,
 And give a loose to Fears and to Impatience. Rowe. Tamerl.

Rage of Achilles calm'd by Pallas.

At this th' impatient Hero sowlly smil'd :
 His Heart, impetuous, in his Bosom boil'd ;
 And, justled by two Tides of equal Sway,
 Stood, for a While, suspended in its Way :
 Betwixt his Reason, and his Rage untam'd ;
 One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd :
 That only counsel'd to the safer Side ;
 This to the Sword his ready Hand apply'd :
 But soon the Thirst of Vengeance fir'd his Blood :
 Half shone his Faulchion, and half sheath'd it stood :
 In that nice Moment, Pallas, from above,
 Commission'd by th' Imperial Wife of Jove,
 Descended swift. —
 Just as in Act he stood, in Clouds inshrin'd,
 Her Hand she fasten'd on his Hair behind ;
 Then backward by his yellow Curls she drew :
 To him, and him alone, confess'd in View :
 Tam'd by superior Force he turn'd his Eyes,
 Aghast at first, and stupid with Surprise :
 But by her sparkling Eyes and ardent Look
 The Virgin Warriour, known, he thus bespoke :
 Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my Wrongs ?
 Then View the Vengeance, which to Crimes belongs.
 Thus he : the blue-ey'd Goddess thus rejoind :
 I come to calm thy Turbulence of Mind ;
 If Reason will resume her sov'reign Sway.
 Let cease Contention : be thy Words severe ;
 Sharp as he merits ; but the Sword forbear :
 An Hour unhop'd, already wings her Way,
 When he this dire Affront shall dearly pay :
 Thou then, secure of my unfailing Word,
 Compose thy swelling Soul, and sheath the Sword.
 The Youth thus answer'd mild : Auspicious Maid,
 Heav'n's Will be mine, and your Commands obey'd :
 The Gods are just ; and when, subduing Sense,
 We serve their Pow'rs, provide the Recompence.
 He said ; with surly Faith, believ'd her Word ; (Hom.
 And, in the Sheath, reluctant, plung'd the Sword. Dryd.
 K k 4 At

At her Departure, his Disdain return'd:
 The Fire she fann'd, with greater Fury burn'd ;
 Rumbling within till thus it found a Vent. Dryd. Hom.
 ——— With boiling Rage Atrides burn'd ;
 And Foam berwixt his gnashing Grinders churn'd. Dr. Hom.
 Stop not the torrent of his rising Rage,
 Give it full Course, and it will soon assuage. Lee. Glor.
 Rage has no Bounds in slighted Womankind. Dr. Cleom.

R A I N.

Now, like a healing Balm, distilling Rains
 Cement th' Earth's Wounds, and cure the gaping Plains;
 With all their fibrous Mouths the Plants and Trees
 Drink the sweet Juices, and their Thirst appease:
 The rising Sap thrusts forth the tender Bud,
 And crowns with verdant Honours all the Wood. Blac. Job.
 ——— The pearly Rain
 Descends in Silence to refresh the Plain. Dryd. Virg.
 ——— The Summer Storms, from spreading Clouds,
 That burst at once, pour down impetuous Floods. Dr. Virg.
 And now the louring Spring, with lavish Rain,
 Beats down the tender Stem, and bearded Grain. Dr. Virg.

R A I N B O W.

———— As the flow'ry Arch,
 With lifted Colours gay, Or, Azure, Gules,
 Delights and puzzles the Beholder's Sight:
 He views the war'ry Brede, with thousand Shews
 Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell,
 Or where one Colour rises, or where faints. Phil. Cyd.
 Say, why the Sun arrays with various Dies
 The gawdy Bow, that gilds the gloomy Skies:
 He from his Urn pours forth his golden Streams,
 And humid Clouds imbibe the glitt'ring Beams. Broome.

R A P E.

———— I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
 And bend her stubborn Beauty to my Passion.
 How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
 When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
 With glowing Beauty and disorder'd Charms,
 While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
 Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face. Add. Cato.

Thus,

Thus, while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing Prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan Spouse away:
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her Eyes confess'd,
She rather would be thought, than was, distress'd. Dryd.
(Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.)

——— He, full of youthful Fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene Desire. Dryd. Chauc.
(Wife of Bath's Tale.)

Then impotent of Mind, with alter'd Sense,
She hugg'd th' Offender, and forgave th' Offence:
Sex to the last! ——— Dryd. Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.
And sure few Women will of Force complain. Dryd..
(Conq. of Gran. p. 2.)

Proceed, be bold, and, scorning to entreat,
Think all her Strugglings feign'd, her Cries Deceit:
Not creeping like a Cur, that fawns to please,
Nor whine, nor beg: but like a Lion seize: Lanf. Br. Ench.

You court with Words, when you should Force employ,
A Rape is requisite to shame-fac'd Joy:
Indulgent to the Wrongs which we receive,
Our Sex can suffer what we dare not give. E. of Mulg. Ovid.

And Women pardon Force, because they find
The Violence of Love is still most kind:
Just like the Plots of well-built Comedies,
Which then please most, when most they do surprize.

But yet Constraint Love's noblest End destroys,
Whose highest Joy is in another's Joys. Dryd. Riv. Lad.

Why should you pluck the green distastful Fruit
From the unwilling Bough,
When it may ripen of it self and fall? Dryd. D. Seb.

——— Since Love is Choice,
You should have made a Conquest of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Person by a Rape.

Whether by Force or Stratagem we gain,
Still gaining is our End in War or Love. Dr. K. Arth.

I blush that I have been so calm and tame:
Conquests in Love or War are but the same,
Both reach'd by boldest Hands: and Fools alone. (Virg.)

Thank Fate or you for that which is their own. How. Vell.

I'll fawn no more, but force her to the Bliss;
And glut at once my Vengeance and Desire.

——— How it would fire my Soul,
To clasp this lovely Fury in my Arms;

Whilst, scorning to be pleas'd, she'd curse the Pleasure:

Till, with a sudden Rapture seiz'd, she'd melt away,

And, springing, give a Loose to lusty Joy.

——— 'Tis Midst of Groans and Cries, and gushing Tears,

You should have ravish'd her ; your royal Hand,
 Lock'd in her Amber Hair, should then have forc'd her :
 Who knows, but Opposition mounts the Joy ?
 Like that Athenian Tyrant, who ne'er took
 His Barge for Pleasure, but in highest Storms :
 Then would he stand like Neptune on his Deck,
 And laugh to see the Dolphins back the Billows. Lee.Mith.

After the dreadful Ecstasie was over,
 The ravish'd Maid, half dead with shrieking Pray'rs,
 Burst, at the last, from my relenting Arms,
 Ran to my Sword, of which when I disarm'd her,
 She fled the Room with Cries, like one distracted :
 Press'd with Remorse, I rested on my Couch,
 And slept : but, oh ! a Dream so full of Terror,
 The pale, the trembling Midnight Ravisher
 Ne'er saw, when cold Lucretia's mourning Shadow
 His Curtains drew, and lash'd him in the Eyes,
 With her bright Tresses, dabbled in her Blood. Lee.Mith.

———— Nor did I enjoy
 Expected Pleasure, though these Hands did hold,
 All Night, her panting Beauties to my Breast :
 But oh ! what Joy, what Pleasure, what Content,
 Could my griev'd Heart receive in ravish'd Kindness ?
 Her Lips, which if Ziphars had been there,
 Would sure have shot their gleamy Warmth at distance,
 Were cold to me, as Odours are in Frost ;
 Her Face, like weeping Marble, damp'd my Flames :
 And, as I drew her trembling to my Arms,
 She fainted still, and woo'd me with such Wailings,
 Such Languishings, and broken Sighs, to leave her ;
 That had not more than monstrous Appetite
 Transported me, the Rose had been unblasted. Lee. Mith.

The Rape destroys the Pleasure of Fruition. Hig.G.Con.
 What is her Love, her Virtue, or her Truth ?
 The Ravisher has caught her : she must yield :
 O how that Image stings ! Now, now he drags her !
 His lustful Arm strong twisted in her Hair,
 In his right Hand with his drawn Sword he threatens :
 See ! she resists ; and with her tender Nails
 She tears his Cheeks, and struggles out of Breath ;
 On Heav'n she calls ; on her Achilles calls ;
 Help, help, she cries ; I can resist no longer ;
 The Ravisher's too strong, and Innocence
 Too weak for Lust. ——— Lansd. Her. Love.

As Doves from Eagles, or from Wolves the Lambs,
 So from their lawless Lovers fly the Dames :

Their

Their Fear was one ; but not one Face of Fear ;
 Some rend the lovely Tresses of their Hair :
 Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb Despair :
 Her absent Mother one invokes in vain ;
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain ;
 The nimbler trust their Feet, the slow remain.
 But, nought availing, all are Captives led,
 Trembling and blushing, to the genial Bed :
 She, who too long resisted, or deny'd,
 The lusty Lover made by Force his Bride,
 And with superiour Strength compell'd her to his Side.
 Dryd. Ovid. Spoken of the Rape of the Sabines.

R A V I N G.

My Reason bears no Rule upon my Tongue. (for Love.
 But lets my Thoughts break all at Random out. Dryd. All
 I rave, I rave, my Spirits boil,
 Like Flames increas'd, and mounting high with pouring
 (Oil. Dryd. Alb. & Alban.

——— My Breath can still the Winds,
 Uncloud the Sun, charm down the swelling Sea,
 And stop the Floods of Heav'n, ——— Beau. Philas.
 Run, fallly out, and set the World on Fire ;
 Alarum Nature ; let loose all the Winds ;
 Set free those Spirits whom strong Magick binds ;
 Let the Earth open all her sulph'rous Veins ;
 The Fiends start from their Hell, and shake their Chains ;
 Till all Things from their Harmony decline,
 And the Confusion be as great as mine. Otw. D. Carl.
 Whirl, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer ;
 I'll ride in that away : pull, pull him down :
 Oh ! How I hurl the Wildfire as I run :
 Now, now I mount ——— Otw. D. Carl.

Hark ! Hark ! a hollow Voice calls out aloud,
 Jocasta ! yes, I'll to the royal Bed,
 Where first the Mysteries of our Loves were acted,
 And double-dye it with imperial Crimson :
 Tear off this curling Hair ; ——— ———
 Be gorg'd with Fire, stab ev'ry vital Part ;
 And, when at last I'm slain, to crown the Horrour,
 My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the Ground,
 To try, if Hell can yet more deeply wound. Lee. OEdip.
 'Tis well ! I thank you, Gods ! 'Tis wond'rous well !
 Daggers and Poison ! O there is no need
 For my Dispatch : and you, ye merciless Pow'rs,
 Hoard up your Thunder-stones ; keep, keep your Bolts
 For Crimes of little Note. Oh

Oh barbarous Men, and oh the hated Light;
 Why did you force me back to curse the Day;
 To curse my Friends; to blast with this dark Breath
 The yet untainted Earth, and circling Air,
 To raise new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down?
 Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
 Methinks there's not a Hand, that grasps this Hell,
 But should run up, like Flax, all blazing Fire.

My Wings are on;
 I'll mount, I'll fly; and, with a Port divine,
 Glide all along the gawdy Milky Soil,
 To find my Laius out; ask ev'ry God
 In his bright Palace, if he knows my Laius,
 My murder'd Laius! Shall I not find him out?
 Will you not shew him? Are my Tears despis'd?
 Why then I'll thunder; yes, I will be mad,
 And fright you with my Cries: yes, cruel Gods!
 Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons, tear my Heart,
 I'll snatch celestial Flames, fire all your Dwellings,
 Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your Doors
 Of Cristal fly from off their Di'mond Hinges:
 Drive you all out from your ambrosial Hives;
 To swarm, like Bees, about the Field of Heaven.

What ho! my OEdipus! see where he stands!
 His groping Ghost is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
 Nor can it find the Road: mount, mount, my Soul;
 I'll wrap thy shivering Spirit in Lambent Flames,
 And so we'll sail.

But see! we're landed on the happy Coast;
 And all the golden Strands are cover'd o'er
 With glorious Gods, that come to try our Cause:
 Jove, Jove, whose Majesty now sinks me down,
 He, who himself burns in unlawful Fires,
 Shall judge and shall acquit us. O, 'tis done;
 'Tis fixt by Fate upon Record divine;
 And OEdipus shall now be ever mine. *Lee. OEdip. Spoken.*

Sure it is Doomsday — Ha! By Hell, it is:
 And see, the Heav'ns, and Earth, and Air, are all
 On Fire: the very Seas, like molten Glafs,
 Roul their bright Waves, and from the smoky Deep
 Cast up the glaring Dead: the Trumpet sounds,
 And the swift Angels skim about the Globe
 To summon all Mankind. — *Lee. Cæf. Bor.*

Strike, strike your Torches: bid the Stars descend!
 We wander in the Dark.
 Hark! Boreas musters up his roaring Crew:
 My Wings: and I'll among them: wreath my Head

Wish

With flaming Meteors: load my Arm with Thunder;
 Which, as I nimbly cut my cloudy Way,
 I'll hurl on this ungrateful Earth; and laugh
 To hear the Mortals yelling. ———
 Ay; there's the Hesperian Dragon; I must pass him,
 Before I reach the golden Bough; there, Cerberus,
 Gorge thy curs'd Maw with that, and cease thy Barking:
 'Tis a delicious Morsel! ———
 Ha! what a merry World is this Elyzium?
 See how the youthful Shepherds trip to th' Pipe,
 And fat Silenus waddles in the Round.
 Beware thy Horns; Pan, Cupid, with their Bowstrings
 Have ty'd them fast to th' Tree. ———
 What's that? A Summons to me from the Gods?
 Back, Mercury; and tell them I'll appear.
 How! Juno dead! the Thund'rer then is mine;
 And I'll have more than Juno's Privilege:
 See, how the Æther smokes! the Crytalline
 Falls clatt'ring down! This giddy Phaethon
 Will set the World on fire. Down with him Jove:
 Wilt thou not bolt him? Then I'll act thy Part;
 Force from thy slothful Hand the flaming Dart,
 And thus I strike my Thunder thro' his Heart. Tate. Cor. }

R E A S O N.

Vain Man, who boldly, with dim Reason's Ray,
 Vies with his God, and rivals his full Day. Broome.
 Reason's a Portion of ætherial Light. Blac. Job.
 The supernat'ral Gift that makes a Mire
 Think he's the Image of the Infinite;
 This busy, puzzling Stirrer-up of Doubt,
 That frames deep Mysteries, then finds them out,
 Filling with frantick Crouds of thinking Fools,
 The rev'rend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools;
 Borne on whose Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
 The Limits of the boundless Universe:
 So charming Ointments make an old Witch fly,
 And bear a crippled Carcass thro' the Sky.
 'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose Bus'ness lies
 In Nonfense and Impossibilities:
 This made a whimsical Philosopher
 Before the spacious World his Tub prefer:
 And we have many modern Coxcombs, who
 Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
 Our Sphere of Action is Life's Happiness,
 And he, that thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass.
 Thus,

Thus, whilst against false Reas'ning I inveigh,
 I own right Reason, which I would obey ;
 That Reason, which distinguishes by Sense,
 And give us Rules of Good and Ill from thence ;
 My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat :
 Hunger calls out; my Reason bids me eat ;
 Perversely yours your Appetite does mock ;
 This asks for Food, that answers — What's a-Clock ? Roch.

Reason's the Pilot, giv'n to Man, to steer
 His rott'ring Bark thro' Life's rough Ocean here.
 The Ass, whom Nature Reason has deny'd,
 Content with Instinct for his surer Guide,
 Still follows that, and wifelier does proceed :
 Of Reason void, he sees, and gains his End ;
 While Man, who does to that false Light pretend,
 Wildly groaps on, and in broad Day is blind :
 By Whimsy led, he does all things by Chance,
 And acts in each against all common Sense ;
 With ev'ry thing displeas'd and pleas'd at once,
 He knows not what he seeks, nor what he shuns :
 Unable to distinguish Good, or Bad,
 For nothing he is gay, for nothing sad :
 At random loves, and loaths, avoids, pursues,
 Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.
 Did we, like him, e'er see the Dog, or Bear
 Chimæras of their own devising fear ?
 Frame needless Doubts, and for those Doubts forego
 The Joys, which prompting Nature calls them to ?
 And, with their Pleasures awkwardly at Strife,
 With scaring Phantoms pall the Sweets of Life ? Oldh.]

Deluded Man ! who fondly proud of Reason,
 Think'st that thy crazy Nature's Privilege.
 Which is thy great Tormentour. Senseless Fools,
 In stupid Dulness blest'd, are only happy :
 They feel no threat'ning Evils at a Distance ;
 Never reflect on their past Miseries :
 Their solid Comfort is their Want of Sense :
 But Reason is the Tyrant of the Mind,
 Awakes our Thoughts to all our Cares and Griefs,
 Distracts our Hopes, and, in a thousand Shapes,
 Presents our Fears to multiply our Woes. Sm. P. of Parma.

Before kind Reason did her Light display,
 And Government taught Mortals to obey ;
 Men, like wild Beasts, did Nature's Laws pursue,
 They fed on Herbs, and Drink from Rivers drew :
 Their brutal Force, on Lust and Rapine bent,
 Committed Murthers without Punishment :

Reason at last, by her all-conqu'ring Arts,
 Reduc'd those Savages, and tun'd their Hearts;
 Mankind from Woods, and Bogs, and Caverns, calls,
 And Towns and Cities fortifies with Walls:
 Thus Fear of Justice made proud Rapine cease,
 And shelter'd Innocence by Laws and Peace. Soame. Boil.
 Blinded with Rage our Reason's apt to stray. Lee. Nero.
 Reason's a Rebel, when high Passion's sway. Lee. Soph.

R E C O N C I L E M E N T.

Behold his Anger melts; he longs to love you;
 To call you Friend; then press you hard, with all
 The tender, specchless Joys of Reconcilement. Rowe. F. Pen.
 Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
 Why thus indulge thy Fears; and, in Despair
 Abandon thy distracted Soul to Horror?
 Cast ev'ry black and guilty Thought behind thee,
 And let them never vex thy Quiet more:
 My Arms, my Heart, are open to receive thee,
 With tender Joy, with fond forgiving Love,
 And all the Longings of my first Desires. Rowe. J. Shore.
 Canst thou forgive me? Canst thou, my Cleanthes?
 Can I deserve thus to grow here once more?
 Let me embrace my self quite into thee.
 Come, come as fiercely as thou wilt: I meet thee;
 I close within thee, and am thou again. Dryd. Cleom.

R E C O V E R Y.

————— And now his Strength
 Again began to animate his Body;
 His Sense return'd, and thro' his chilly Veins
 Circled in brisker Streams the purple Flood. Broome. Hom.
 Triumphant Charms, what may not you subdue,
 When Fate's your Slave, and thus submits to you!
 It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,
 And for another Clue her Spindle fit:
 And Life's hid Spark, which did unquench'd remain,
 Caught the fled Light, and brought it back again.
 Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joys with you
 Reviv'd, and found their Resurrection too.
 Now Crowds of Blessings on that happy Hand,
 Whose Skill could eager Destiny withstand;
 Whose learned Pow'r has rescu'd from the Grave
 That Life, which 'twas a Miracle to save;

That

That Life, which, were it thus untimely lost,
 Had been the fairest Spoil Death e'er could boast.
 May he henceforth be God of Healing thought,
 By whom such Good to you and us was brought:
 Altars and Shrines to him are justly due;
 Who shew'd himself a God by railing you. Oldh.

But yet, th' Eclipse not wholly past, you wade
 Thro' some Remains, and Dimness of a Shade:
 Now past the Danger, let the Learn'd begin
 Th' Inquiry, where Disease could enter in:
 How those malignant Atoms forc'd their Way;
 What in the faultless Frame they found to make their Prey?
 Where ev'ry Element was weigh'd so well,
 That Heav'n alone, who mix'd the Mass, could tell
 Which of the four Ingredients could rebel;
 And where, imprison'd in so sweet a Cage,
 A Soul might well be pleas'd to pass an Age.
 And yet the fine Materials made it weak:
 Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break,
 Ev'n to your Breast the Sickness durst aspire;
 And, forc'd from that fair Temple to retire,
 Prophanely set the holy Place on fire.
 In vain your Lord, like young Vespasian mourn'd;
 When the fierce Flames the Sanctuary burn'd:
 And I prepar'd to pay in Verses rude
 A most detested Act of Gratitude:
 Ev'n this had been your Elegy, which now
 Is offer'd for your Health, the Table of my Vow.

Your Angel sure our Morley's Mind inspir'd,
 To find the Remedy your Ill requir'd;
 As once the Macedon, by Jove's Decree,
 Was taught to dream an Herb for Ptolomy:
 Or Heav'n, which had such Over-cost bestow'd,
 As scarce it could afford to Flesh and Blood,
 So lik'd the Frame, he would not work anew,
 To save the Charges of another You.

Bless'd be the Pow'r, which has at once restor'd
 The Hopes of lost Succession to your Lord;
 Joy to the first and last of each Degree;
 Virtue to Courts; and, what I long'd to see,
 To you the Graces, and the Muse to me. Dryd. To the
 (Dutchess of Ormond;

REGICIDE.

Shed in a cursed Hour, and by a cursed Hand;
 Blood Royal, unreveng'd, has curs'd the Land:

Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a King's Blood too!
 And such a King! and by his Subjects shed!
 No Wonder then, —————
 If Monsters, Wars and Plagues revenge such Crimes:
 If Heav'n be just, its whole Artillery,
 All, must be empty'd on us: not one Bolt
 Shall err from Thebes; but more be call'd for; more
 New-moulded Thunder, of a larger Size,
 Driv'n by whole Jove. What, touch anointed Pow'r:
 Then Gods beware: Jove would himself be next,
 Could you but reach him too. ——— Dryd. OEdip.
 Fine Work above, that their anointed Care,
 Should die such Death. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.

————— How sacred ought
 Kings Lives be held; when but the Death of one
 Demands an Empire's Blood for Expiation! Lee. OEdip.
 ——— If I could find Example
 Of Thousands, that had struck anointed Kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: But since
 Nor Brass, nor Stone, nor Parchment, bears ev'n one,
 Let Villany it self forswear't. ——— Shak. Wint. Tale.

Publick R E J O I C I N G.

Rowze up, ye Thebans; tune your Io-Peans:
 Your King returns triumphant: haste, all haste,
 And meet with Blessings our victorious King:
 Decree Processions; bid new Holy-days;
 Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands:
 And as you us'd to supplicate your Gods,
 So meet your King with Bays and Olive Branches;
 Bow down, and touch his Knees. ——— Dryd. OEdip.
 Summon the Priests to speedy Sacrifice:
 Crown ev'ry Altar; heap the spicy Piles,
 Till the vast Fanes be hid in smoaking Gums:
 No pensive Look prophane the gen'ral Joy;
 Nor orphan'd Matrons be allow'd to mourn;
 Nor Virgins widow'd on their bridal Day. Tate. Loy. Gen.
 Let spacious Crete, throughout her hundred Cities,
 Resound her Phædra's Joy. Let Altars smoke,
 And richest Gums, and Spice, and Incense roul
 Their fragrant Wreaths to Heav'n, to pitying Heav'n:
 Set all at large, and bid the loathsom Dungeons
 Give up the meagre Slaves, that pine in Darkness,
 And waste in Grief ———
 Let them be chear'd, let the starv'd Pris'ners riot
 And glow with gen'rous Wine. Let Sorrow cease,

Let

Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy. Smith.
(Phæd. & Hap.)

A Love, which knows no Bounds to Anthony,
Would mark the Day with Honours, when all Heav'n
Labour'd for him; when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
And shed his better Influence. — Dryd. All for Love.

R E L I G I O N.

Religion's Lustre is by native Innocence
Divinely pure, and simple from all Arts:
You daub and dress her, like a common Mistress,
The Harlot of your Fancies; and, by adding
False Beauties, which she wants not; make the World
Suspect her Angel's Face is foul beneath,
And will not bear all Lights. — Rowe. Tamerl.

'Tho' Heav'n be clear, the Way to it is dark. Dr. T. Lov.
By Reason Man a Godhead may discern; (Gran. p. 2.
But how he would be worshipp'd cannot learn. Dr. C. of

The Will of Heav'n, judg'd by a private Breast,
Is often what's our private Interest:
And therefore those, who would that Will obey, (Love.
Without their Int'rest, must their Duty weigh. Dr. Tyr.

Force for Conversion is employ'd in vain;
Whose Judgment ever was inform'd by Pain?
Torments indeed strong Arguments appear;
But 'tis not to our Reason but our Fear. Blac. K. Arth.
No Pow'r is safe; and no Religion good, (Bor.
Whose Principles of Growth are writ in Blood. Lce. Cass.
Jew, Turk and Christian differ but in Creed;
In Ways of Wickedness they're all agreed:
None upward clears the Road: they part and cavil: (Ven.
But all jog on, unerring, to the Devil. Lanfd. Jew of

R E P E N T A N C E.

The Hours of Folly and of fond Delight
Are wasted all and fled: those that remain, (Fair. Pen.
Are doom'd to weeping, Anguish and Repentance. Rowe.

I've inward turn'd my Eyes upon my self,
Where foul Offence and Shame have laid all waste:
Therefore my Soul abhors this wretched Dwelling,
And longs to find some better Place of Rest. Rowe Fai. Pen.
Kind Heav'n, who knows our weak, imperfect Natures,
How blind with Passions, and how prone to Evil,
Makes not too strict Enquiry for Offences;

But

But is atton'd by Penitence and Pray'r :
 Cheap Recompence! here 'twould not be receiv'd :
 Nothing but Blood can make the Expiation, (Fair Pen.
 And cleanse the Soul from inbred, deep Pollution. Rowe.

Oh, Dishonour !

Earth, open quick, and take me to the Centre ;
 Ye Cedars, fall, and crush me to conceal me :
 But what Retreat can hide me from my Thoughts?
 For I have seen my Shame ; and that's to me, (Arm.
 As much as if th' assembled World beheld it. Den. Rin. &
 The Pray'rs of Penitents are never vain. Dryd. Ovid.
 For when frail Nature slides into Offence,
 The Sacrifice for Crimes is Penitence. Dryd. Rel. Laic.

Sorrow untaught on ev'ry Face appear'd ;
 And only Sighs and sad Laments were heard :
 They weep aloud, and mourn their impious Fall ;
 And with united Pray'rs for Mercy call :
 The prostrate Penitents for Pardon cry ;
 And from Heav'n's Justice to its Pity fly.
 To Grief and flowing Tears no Bounds are giv'n ;
 Th' Artillery alone which conquers Heav'n :
 The mournful Camp's a Scene of pious Woe,
 Where thro' their Eyes their Hearts dissolving flow :
 Their loud and fervent Supplications rise,
 Above the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies :
 Contending thus with Heav'n, they weep and pray,
 And strive to turn th' impending Storm away ;
 Which, charg'd with Vengeance, o'er their Camp appear'd :
 More Plagues they had deserv'd, and therefore fear'd. Bla.
 (P. Arth.

What better can we do, than prostrate fall,
 Before him reverent, and then confess
 Humbly our Faults, and Pardon beg, with Tears
 War'ring the Ground, and with our Sighs the Air
 Frequenting, sent from Hearts contrite, in Sign
 Of Sorrow unfeign'd, and Humiliation meek. Milt. Par. Lost.
 In what dark Caverns shall I hide my Head ?
 Where seek Retreat, now Innocence is fled :
 Safe in that Guard, I durst ev'n Hell defie ;
 Without it, tremble now, when Heav'n is nigh.

Would I were hid, where Light could not appear :
 Deep into some thick Covert would I run,
 Impenetrable to the Stars, or Sun :
 And fenc'd from Day by Night's eternal Skreen ;
 Unknown to Heav'n, and to my self unseen. Dr. St. of Inn.
 ——— Where shall I find a Refuge ?
 No barb'rous Nation will receive a Guilt

So much transcending theirs ; but drive me out:
The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave. Lee. Alex.

—— You should have drawn your Swords,
And barr'd my Rage with their advancing Points ;
Made Reason glitter in my dazled Eyes,
'Till I had seen what Ruin did attend me:
This had been noble, this had shew'd a Friend :
But you have let me stain my rising Virtue,
Which else had ended brighter than the Sun :
Death ! Hell ! and Furies ! You have sunk my Glory :
O I am all a Blot, which Seas of Tears,
And my Heart's Blood, can never wash away. Lee. Alex.

—— O ye Pow'rs that search
The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not.
The Best may err, but you are good ! —— Add. Caro.

—— O might I here
In Solitude live savage, in some Glade
Obscur'd, where highest Woods, impenetrable
To Star or Sunlight, spread their Umbrage broad,
And brown as Ev'ning. Cover me, ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable Boughs,
Hide me, where I may never more be seen. Milt. Par. Lost.

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still Night ; not now, as ere Man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompany'd, with Damps and dreadful Gloom,
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All Things with double Terror : on the Ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold Ground ; and oft
Curs'd his Creation ; Death as oft accus'd
Of rardy Execution, since denounc'd
The Day of his Offence, Why comes not Death,
Said he, with one thrice acceptable Stroke,
To end me ? Shall Truth fail to keep her Word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just ?
But Death comes not to all ; Justice divine
Mends not her slowest Pace for Pray'rs or Cries.
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales, and Bow'rs,
With other Echo late I taught your Shades
To answer, and resound far other Song. Milt. Par. Lost.

REPUTATION.

The talking World may persecute her Name ;
Her Honour bleeds not when they wound her Fame : Ho.

Honour's the Soul, which nought but Guilt can wound:
 Fame is the Trumpet, which the People found. D'Aven.
 (Siege of Rhodes.

No Crime so bold, but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming Good :
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,
 And, free from Conscience, is a Slave to Fame. Denh.

R E T I R E M E N T.

All hail, ye Fields, where constant Peace attends!
 All hail, ye sacred, solitary Groves!
 All hail, ye Books, my true, my real Friends,
 Whose Conversation pleases and improves!
 Could one, who study'd your sublimer Rules,
 Become so mad, to search for Joys abroad?
 To run to Towns, to herd with Knaves and Fools,
 And undistinguish'd pass among the Crowd? Walfsh.
 Happy the Man, who to these Shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
 Whom humbler Joys of Home-felt Quiet please,
 Successive Study, Exercise and Ease:
 He gathers Health from Herbs the Forest yields;
 And of their fragrant Physick spoils the Fields:
 With Chymick Art exalts the min'ral Pow'rs,
 And draws th'aromatick Souls of Flow'rs:
 Now marks the Course of rouling Orbs on high;
 O'er figur'd Worlds now travels with his Eye:
 Of ancient Writ unlocks the learned Store,
 Consults the Dead; and lives past Ages o'er:
 Or, wand'ring thoughtful in the silent Wood,
 Attends the Duties of the Wife and Good;
 To observe a Mean, be to himself a Friend;
 To follow Nature, and regard his End:
 Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal Eyes,
 Bids his free Soul expatiate in the Skies;
 Amidst her Kindred Stars familiar roam,
 Survey the Region, and confess her Home. Pope.
 From the loud Camp retir'd, and noisy Court,
 In honourable Ease, and rural Sport,
 The Remnant of his Days he softly past,
 Nor found they lag'd too slow, nor flew too fast:
 He made his Wish with his Estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die. Prior.
 Oh, who would change these soft yet solid Joys,
 For empty Shows, and senseless Noise,
 And

And all which rank Ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous Flow'rs, and are such pois'nous
Weeds? Cowl.

Thus his wife Life Abdolonymus spent:
Th' Ambassadors, which the great Emp'rour sent
To offer him a Crown, with Wonder found
The rev'rend Gard'ner howing of his Ground;
Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
From his lov'd Cottage to a Throne he went;
And oft he stopt in his triumphant Way,
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
Not without Sighs, alas! I there forsake
A happier Kingdom than I go to take.
Thus mighty Aglaus was lab'ring found
With his own Hands in his own little Ground.
So let me act on such a private Stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age:
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my toss'd Vessel gain:
Of heav'nly Rest this Earnest to me lend,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End. Cowl.

You, that too wise for Pride, too good for Pow'r,
Enjoy the Glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the World can boast,
To all the World industriously are lost. Pope. To Sir Wil-
(liam Trumball.

Ye sacred Nine, that all my Soul possess,
Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes
Of bow'ry Mazes, and surrounding Greens.
I seem thro' consecrated Walks to rove,
And hear soft Musick die along the Grove:
Led by the Sound, I roam from Shade to Shade,
By God-like Poets venerable made. Pope.

———— I range the Fields,
And taste what uncorrupted Nature yields;
Riot in Flow'rs, and wanton in the Woods,
Bask on the mossy Banks, and skim the Floods:
In short, I live and reign; and joy to see
My self from thy mistaken Blessings free.
If Happiness of Life be worth our Care,
And he, who builds, should nicely choose his Air;
Tell me a Place, which with the Countrey vies,
In easy Blessings, and in native Joys:
Where cheerful Hearths deceive the Cold so well,
Or gentle Gales the raging Heats repel:

Or where, ah! where but here can Sleep maintain,
 That Slave in Courts, her soft Imperial Reign.
 Is Parian Marble, press'd beneath thy Feet,
 More beautiful than Flow'rs, or half so sweet?
 Or Water, roaring thro' the bursting Lead,
 So pure, as gliding in its easy Bed?
 Who builds in Cities, yet the Fields approves,
 And hedges in with Pillars awkward Groves;
 Strives for the Countrey View that furthest runs,
 And tweers aloof at Beauties which he shuns.
 You once must leave whatever you admire:
 Ah! wisely now and willingly retire;
 For sake the gawdy Tinsel of the Great,
 The peaceful Cottage beckons a Retreat;
 Where true Content, so true a Greatness brings,
 As flights their Fav'rites, and as pities Kings. Staff. Hor.

O would Heav'n bless me with a small Estate,
 Where I might find a close obscure Retreat;
 There, free from Noise and all ambitious Ends,
 Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends:
 Lord of my self, accomptable to none,
 But to my Conscience, and my God alone:
 There live unthought of, and unheard of die,
 And grudge Mankind my very Memory. Oldh.

Whom worldly Luxury and Pomp allure,
 They tread on Ice, and find no Footing sure.
 Place me, ye Pow'rs, in some obscure Retreat;
 O keep me innocent; make others great:
 In quiet Shades, content with rural Sports,
 Give me a Life, remote from guilty Courts;
 Where, free from Hopes or Fears, in humble Ease
 Unheard of I may live, and die in Peace.

Happy the Man, who, thus retir'd from Sight,
 Studies himself, and seeks no other Light:

But most unhappy he, who sits on high,
 Expos'd to ev'ry Tongue, and ev'ry Eye:

Whose Follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
 And are a Secret to himself alone:

Worse is an evil Fame, much worse than none. (Seneca. }
 Lanfd. }

Has not old Custom made this Life more sweet
 Than that of painted Pomp? Are not these Woods
 More free from Peril than the anxious Court?
 And this our Life, exempt from publick Haunt,
 Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in the running Brooks,
 Sermons in Stones, and Good in ev'ry Thing. Shak. As you
 (like it.

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal Seat, the Sabine Field,

Where

Where the great Cenſor toil'd with his own Hands,
 And all our frugal Anceſtors were bleſſ'd
 In humble Virtues, and a rural Life.
 There live retir'd, pray for the Peace of Rome;
 Content thy ſelf to be obſcurely good:
 When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
 The Poſt of Honour is a private Station. Add. Cato.

R E T R E A T.

Some, by a wiſe Retreat, have more Renown
 Than other Captains by a Conqueſt won.
 Wiſdom is no Defect of martial Heat:
 When Reason bids, 'tis manly to retreat. Blac. Pr. Arth.
 Proud in his Loſs, and riſing in his Fall,
 He at the laſt retreated, like a Lion,
 Whom a bold Band of Huntſmen having found,
 And dar'd to rowze, he rowls his Eyes around,
 Laſhing his Sides, and tearing up the Ground:
 With Trouble from th' unequal Skirmiſh goes,
 Maſtick ſtalks along, and turns upon his Foes. Lee, Soph.
 In all the Trade of War, no Fear
 Is nobler than a brave Retreat:
 For thoſe that run away, and fly,
 Take Place at leaſt of th' Enemy. Hud.

R E V E N G E.

Revenge, thou Solace of a troubled Breaſt! Otw. Alcib.
 Revenge: the Attribute of Gods; they ſtamp'd it
 With their great Image on our Natures. — Ot. Ven. Pref.
 Revenge, the darling Attribute of Heav'n!
 But Man, unlike his Maker, bears too long,
 Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong:
 Great in Forgiving, and in Suff'ring brave;
 To be a Saint, he makes himſelf a Slave. Dryd. Sp. Fry.
 Revenge, which, ev'n when juſt, the Wiſe deride;
 For on paſt Wrongs we ſpend our Time and Thought,
 Which ſcarce againſt the Future can provide. D'Aven.
 Revenge, thro' Grief, too feminine appears. D'Aven.
 Revenge, weak Women's Valour, and in Men
 The Ruſſian's Cowardice, —
 Revenge is but a braver Name for Fear. D'Av. Gond.
 Revenge makes Danger dreadleſs ſeem Cong.
 Revenge is Honour, the ſecureſt Way. Dryd. Toil. & Cref.
 He's more revengeful than a trodden Snake. Dryd. Ovid.
 Revenge is Heav'n's Prerogative, not ours. Rav. Ital. Huſb.
 Love

Love and Revenge make all Resistance weak. Hopk. Pyrr.
Vengeance and War are Beasts and Women's Pleasures.

Dryd. Troil. & Cref.

——— Revenge and Pleasure

Have Ears more deaf than Adders to the Voice
Of true Decision. ——— Shak. Troil. & Cref.

Goddess of dire Revenge, Erinnyes, rise,
With Pleasure grace thy Lips, with Joy thy Eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and strip the Rocks
Of Pearls and Gems, to deck thy jetty Locks:
With chearful Tunes disguise thy hollow Throat,
And emulate the Lark and Linner's Note:
Let Envy's self rejoice, Despair be gay:
For Rage and Murder shall triumph to Day.

In sweet Revenge inferior Joys are lost;
And Love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy Coast:
Rage rules all other Passions in my Breast, (Ench.
And, swelling like a Torrent, drowns the rest. Land. Brit.

O what a Conflict do I feel! How am I
Toss'd, like a Ship, 'twixt two encount'ring Tides!
Love, that was banish'd hence, would fain return,
And force an Entrance; but Revenge,
Revenge, the Porter of my Soul, is deaf,
Deaf as the Adder, and as full of Poison.
Mighty Revenge! that singly can't o'erthrow
All those joint Pow'rs, which Nature, Virtue, Honour,
Can raise against thee. ——— Denh. Soph.

My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Presses for Birth, and longs to be disclos'd. Dr. D. of Guise.

Will I revenge her? Yes, at such a Rate,
That ev'n the World's last Age shall hear and tremble.
O I will take the Villain in his Height;
Yes, in the Height of his presumptuous Pride,
And in the Foam of all his blust'ring Rage;
And when he's most secure, and highest soars:
Then dash him from his Mountains heap'd on Mountains,
And from his Affectation of Divinity,
Down, down to the Abyss; but dash him so,
That he may feel the Blow, and die blaspheming:
Humble his Pride, extinguish his mad Rage (Virg.
And kill the Tyrant first, and then the Man. Den. Ap. &

Let not Medea's dreadful Vengeance stand
A Pattern more; but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be th'Original:

Touch not, but dash with Strokes so bravely bold,
Till you have form'd a Face of so much Horror,
That gaping Furies may run frighted back;

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L1

That

That Fury may devour her self for Madness,
And sad Medusa's Head be turn'd to Stone. Lee. Alex.

Yes, Alexander; now thou pay'st me well:
Blood for a Blow is Interest indeed:
Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder:
And, standing strait on this majestick Pile,
I hit the Clouds, and see the World below me. Lee. Alex.

Peace then, full Heart; move like a Cloud about,
And when Time ripens thee to break, O shed
The Stock of all thy Poison on his Head. Lee. Alex.

— Tho' the Earth yawn'd so wide,
That all the Labours of the Deep were seen,
And Alexander stood on the other Side,
I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him Death,
Or sink my self for ever. — Lee. Alex.

Remember he's a Man: his Flesh as soft,
And penetrable as a Girl's: we've seen him wounded;
A Stone has struck him, yet no Thunderbolt
A Pebble fell'd this Jupiter along:
A Sword has cut him, and a Jav'lin pierc'd him,
A Surfeit, nay, a Fit of common Sickness,
Brings this Immortal to the Gate of Death. Lee. Alex.

— Down, struggling Nature,
Be strangled in me all Remorse, all Thoughts
Of Pity: yet I will be calmly cruel;
Nor shall he find the Depth of my Revenge. Lee. Mithr.

Vengeance is in my Heart, Death in my Hand; (Andr.)
Blood and Revenge are brooding in my Skull. Shak. Tit.

That sweet Revenge comes smiling to my Thoughts,
Adorns my Fall, and cheers my Heart in Dying. Rowe.
(Fair Pen.)

My Brain runs this and that Way: 'twill not fix
On Ought but Vengeance. — Dryd. D. of Guise.

— Jealousie of Love,
Greater than Fame! thou eldest of all Passions,
Or rather all in one; I here invoke thee,
Where-e'er thou'rt thron'd, in Air, or Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood and Ruin. Dryd. Duke
(of Guise.)

Oh! righteous Gods! of all the Great, how few
Are just to Heav'n, and to their Promise true!
But he, the Pow'r, to whose all-seeing Eyes
The Deeds of Men appear without Disguise.
'Tis his alone t'avenge the Wrongs I bear:
For still th'Oppress'd are his peculiar Care. Pope. Hom.

— Sta

——— Shall I trust Heav'n
With my Revenge? then where's my Satisfaction?
No, it must be my own; I scorn a Proxy. Dryd. D. Seb.

——— He stood collected, and prepar'd;
For Malice and Revenge had put him on his Guard:
So, like a Lion, that unheeded lay,
Dissembling Sleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward Rage he meditates his Prey.
Resolv'd his unripe Vengeance to defer,

}

——— He retir'd unseen,
To brood in Secret on his gather'd Spleen,
And methodize Revenge. ——— Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

Revenge, and jealous Rage, and secret Spight,
Roul in his Breast, and rowze him to the Fight. Dryd. Virg.

Had all his Hairs been Lives, my great Revenge
Had Stomach for them all. ——— Shak. Othello.

'Tis brave and noble when the falling Weight
Of my own Ruin crushes those I hate. Den. Soph.

I'd have thee be a Man, if possible,
And keep thy Temper; for a brave Revenge
Ne'er comes too late. ——— Otway, Ven. Pref.

What servile Rascal, what most abject Slave,
That lick'd the Dust where-e'er his Master trod,

Bounded not from the Earth upon his Feet,
And shook his Chains, that heard of Brutus' Vengeance?

Who, that e'er heard the Cause, applauded not
That Roman Spirit for his great Revenge? Roch. Valenr.

All Stratagems are lawful in Revenge:
Promise, deceive, betray, or break your Trust, (Husb.

Who rights his Honour cannot be unjust. Ravensc. Ital.

Boasts are but Air, and he revenges best, (Corneille.
Who acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the least. Orinda.

R H Y M E.

I with the meaner Tribe am fain to chime,
And, wanting Strength to rise, am forc'd to rhyme. S. nith.

The barb'rous Nations, and more barb'rous Times,
Debas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rhymes:

Those rude at first; a kind of hobbling Prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the Cloze:

But Italy, reviving from the Trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish Ignorance,

With Pauses, Cadence, and well-vowel'd Words,
And all the Graces a good Ear affords.

Made Rhyme an Art, and Dante's polish'd Page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden, Age:

Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,
What Rhyme, improv'd in all its Height, can be;
At best a pleasing Sound, and fair Barbarity. Dryd.

Tyrannick Rhyme, that cramps to equal Chime,
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime:
Some say, this Chain the doubtful Sense decides,
Confines the Fausy, and the Judgment guides:
I'm sure, in needless Bonds it Poets ties,
Procrustus like, the Wheel or Ax applies,
To lop the mangled Sense, or stretch it into Size.
At best, a Crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the Feeble, but retards the Strong;
And the chance Thoughts, when govern'd by the Close,
Oft rise to Fustian, or descend to Prose:
Your Judgment, Philips, rul'd with steady Sway,
Yet us'd no curbing Rhyme the Muse to stay,
To stop her Fury, or direct her Way.
Thee on the Wing thy uncheck'd Vigour bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar. Smith.

Of many Faults, Rhyme is, perhaps, the Cause,
Too strict to Rhyme, we slight more useful Laws:
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
'Till by Barbarian Deluges o'erflown:
Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own, for their Invader's, Way:
I grant, that, from some mossy, idol Oak,
In double Rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And, by Succession of unlearned Times,
As Bards began, so Monks rung on, the Chimes:
But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,
With all their Beams, on our blest'd Island shine,
Why should not we their antient Rites restore,
And be what Rome and Athens were before?
O may I live to hail the glorious Day,
And sing loud Pœans thro' the crowded Way,
When in triumphant State the British Muse,
True to her self, shall barb'rous Aid refuse;
And in the Roman Majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near. Rosc.
Closing the Sense within the measur'd Time,
'Tis hard to fit the Reason to the Rhyme. Soame. Boil.

R I C H E S.

Why dost thou heap up Wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thy self, when thou'rt to fly?
O Man, ordain'd to die.

Off.

Officious Fool! that needs must meddling be
 In Bus'ness that concerns not thee:
 Ev'n aged Men, as if they truly were:
 Children again, for Age prepare;
 Provisions for long Travel they design,
 In the last Point of their short Line.
 Wisely the Ant against poor Winter hoards
 The Stock, which Summer's Wealth affords:
 In Grasshoppers, which must in Autumn die,
 How vain were such an Industry? Cowl.
 He that is rich, is ev'ry Thing that is;
 Without one Grain of Wisdom, he is wise,
 And, knowing Nought, knows all the Sciences:
 He's witty, gallant, virtuous, gen'rous, brave;
 Lov'd by the Great, and courted by the Fair;
 For who, that e'er had Riches, found Despair:
 Gold to the loathsom'st Object gives a Grace,
 And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please:
 But tatter'd Poverty they all despise;
 Love stands aloof, and from the Scarecrow flies. Oldh.
 And Riches cannot rescue from the Grave,
 Which claims alike the Monarch and the Slave. Stepn. Juv.
 Extol not Riches then, the Toil of Fools;
 The wise Man's Cumbrance, if not Snare; more apt
 To slacken Virtue, and abate her Edge,
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit Praise. Milt. P. Reg.
 Wealth draws a Curtain o'er the Face of Shame;
 Restores lost Beauty, and recovers Fame. D'Aven. Law
 against Lovers.

R I V A L.

Of all the Torments, all the Cares,
 With which our Lives are curst;
 Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
 Sure, Rivals are the worst.
 By Partners, in each other Kind,
 Afflictions easier grow;
 In Love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our Woe. —
 When Fame's the Mistress, more than one may prove
 Happy at once; but 'tis not so in Love. How. Vest. Virg.
 Love cannot, like the Wind, its Help convey (Queen.
 To fill two Sails, tho' both are spread one Way. How. Ind.
 Ev'n Love's an Empire too; the noble Soul,
 Like Kings, is covetous of single Sway. Dryd. K. Arth.
 Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Rival bear. Cong. Ovid.
 Love,

Love, well thou know'st, no Partnership allows:
 Cupid averse rejects divided Vows. Prior.
 The Government is Monarchy in Love. How. Vest. Virg.
 Like Esop's Hounds, contending for the Bone,
 Each pleaded Right, and would be Lord alone:
 The fruitless Fight continu'd all the Day;
 A Cur came by, and snatch'd the Prize away.
 As Courtiers therefore juggle for a Grant,
 And, when they break their Friendship, plead their Want:
 So thou, if Fortune will thy Suit advance,
 Love on; nor envy me my equal Chance:
 For I must love, and am resolv'd to try (Pal. & Arc.
 My Fate; or, failing in th'Adventure, die. Dryd. Chauc.
 See their wide-streaming Wounds: they neither came
 From Pride of Empire, nor Desire of Fame:
 See how the Madmen bleed: Behold the Gains,
 With which their Master, Love, rewards their Pains:
 Lo their Obedience, and their Monarch's Pay:
 Yet, as in Duty bound, they serve him on;
 And ask the Fools, they think it wisely done:
 Nor Ease, nor Wealth, nor Life it self regard: (Arc.
 For 'tis their Maxim, Love is Love's Reward. Dryd. Pal. &
 And shall the Daughter of Darius hold him?
 That puny Girl! that Ape of my Ambition!
 Who cry'd for Milk, when I was nurs'd in Blood!
 Shall she, made up of wat'ry Element;
 A Cloud, shall she embrace my proper God,
 While I am cast, like Light'ning, from his Hand?
 No: I must scorn to prey on common Things:
 Tho' hurl'd to Death by this disdainful Jove,
 I will rebound to my own Orb of Fire,
 And with the Rack of all the Heav'ns expire. Lee. Alex.
 (Spoken by Roxana.

—— My Fausy is too exquisite,
 And tortures me with their imagin'd Bliss:
 Some Earthquake should have risen, and rent the Ground,
 Have swallow'd him, and left the longing Bride
 In Agony of unaccomplish'd Love. Dryd. Don Seb.
 What! Shall Semanthe triumph in my Spoils?
 Shall she enjoy him all, while I stand wishing,
 And, like a Spirit damn'd, am robb'd of Hope?
 O Hell! it mads my Reason but to think on't:
 I shall become their Maygame: ——
 At their loose Intervals of calmer Love,
 She'll hang upon his Lips, and beg him tell
 The Story of my Passion o'er again:

Which

Which he relates; and, with a scornful Smile,
Adds to my Shame, to make the Girl more vain. South. Loy

R I V E R.

See, how the Streams, advancing to the Main
Thro' crooked Channels, draw their cristal Train:
While, ling'ring thus, they in Meanders glide,
They scatter verdant Life on either Side:
The Valleys smile, and, with their flow'ry Face,
And wealthy Births, confess the Floods Embrace. Bl. Creat.

—— The Seas and Rivers waste and die,
And still increase by constant new Supply:
—— This Streams themselves do show;
And in soft Murmurs bubble as they flow.
But lest the Mass of Water prove too great,
The Sun drinks some to quench his nat'ral Heat:
And some the Winds brush off; with wanton Play,
They dip their Wings, and bear some Parts away:
Some passes thro' the Earth, diffus'd all o'er,
And leaves its Salt behind in ev'ry Pore;
For all returns, thro' narrow Channels spread,
And joins where-e'er the Fountain shews her Head:
And thence sweet Streams in fair Meanders play,
And thro' the Valleys cut their liquid Way;
And Herbs, and Flow'rs, on ev'ry Side, bestow:
The Fields all smile with Flow'rs where-e'er they flow.
Creech. Lucr.

As, when a River is compell'd to stay,
Oppos'd by some new Mound, that dams its Way:
Th' obstructed Tide, swoln with its Fury, stands,
And to its Aid calls all its wat'ry Bands:
Recruited thus, the River leans and heaves,
And shoves against the Bank with all its Waves;
Which having broken, with resistless Force,
It roars along, and runs with swifter Course. Blac. K. Arth.

So have I seen a River gently glide,
In a smooth Course, and inoffensive Tide;
But, if with Dams its Current we restrain, (Ovid.
It bears down all before, and foams along the Plain. Add.

Unruffled in its Course a Flood I spy'd,
So calm, so smooth, it scarcely seem'd to glide;
So deep, and yet so clear, that ev'ry Stone
With borrow'd Lustre from the Bottom shone:
The pendant Banks, with hoary Willows crown'd,
Diffus'd a sweet refreshing Shade around. —

A River here he view'd, so lovely bright,
 It shew'd the Bottom in a fairer Light,
 Nor kept a Sand conceal'd from human Sight:
 The Stream produc'd nor slimy Ooze, nor Weeds,
 Nor miry Rushes, nor the spiky Reeds:
 But dealt enriching Moisture all around,
 The fruitful Bank with chearful Verdure crown'd,
 And kept the Spring eternal on the Ground. Add. Ovid. }
 With sev'n fold Horns mysterious Nile
 Surrounds the Skirts of Egypt's fruitful Isle;
 And there in Pomp the Sun-burnt People ride,
 On painted Barges, o'er the teeming Tide;
 Which, pouring down from Ethiopian Lands,
 Makes green the Soil with Slime, and black prolifick Sands.
 Dryd. Virg.

——— The rouling Nile
 Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians Soil,
 'Till into sev'n it multiplies its Stream,
 And fattens Egypt with a fruitful Slime. Add. Ovid.
 So when the Nile its fruitful Deluge spreads,
 And genial Heat informs its slimy Beds;
 Here yellow Harvests crown the fertile Plain;
 There monstrous Serpents fright the lab'ring Swain:
 A various Product fills the fatten'd Sand, (& Hip.
 And the same Floods enrich and curse the Land. Smith. Phæd.
 Him great in Peace and Wealth fair Orna knows;
 For she amidst his spacious Meadows flows;
 Inclines her Urn upon his fatten'd Lands,
 And sees his num'rous Herds imprint her Sands. Prior.
 Smooth and untroubled the Ticinus flows,
 And thro' the cristall Stream the shining Bottom shows:
 Scarce can the Sight discover if it moves;
 So wond'rous flow, amidst the shady Groves,
 And tuneful Birds, that warble on its Sides, (Ital.
 Within its gloomy Banks the limpid Liquor glides. Add. Sil.
 Behold Timavus, that, with equal Force, (Claud.
 From nine wide Mouths comes gushing to his Course. Add.
 Here wanton Mincius winds along the Meads,
 And shades his happy Banks with bending Reeds. Dr. Virg.
 See the slow Mincius thro' the Valleys strays;
 His cooling Streams invite the Flocks to drink;
 And Reeds defend the winding Water's Brink. Dryd. Virg.
 Mincius, with Wreaths of Reeds his Forehead cover'd o'er.
 (Dryd. Virg.)
 The Danube gathers in his tedious Course
 Ten thousand Streams; and, swelling as he flows,
 In Scythian Seas the Glut of Rivers throws. Add. Luc.
 Fir'd

Fir'd with a Thousand Raptures I survey
 Eridanus thro' flow'ry Meadows stray.
 The King of Floods! that, rousing o'er the Plains,
 The tow'ring Alps of half their Moisture drains,
 And, proudly swoln with a whole Winter's Snows,
 Distributes Wealth and Plenty where he flows. Add.

Beneath a Laurel Shade, where mighty Po
 Mounts up to Woods above, and hides his Head below.
 Dryd. Virg.

Then, thro' the Shadows of the Poplar Wood,
 Arose the Father of the Roman Flood:
 An Azure Robe was o'er his Body spread:
 A Wreath of shady Reeds adorn'd his Head:
 Thus, manifest to Sight, the God appear'd. Dryd. Virg.

The God am I, whose yellow Water flows
 Around these Fields, and fattens as it goes:
 Tyber my Name: among the rousing Floods,
 Renown'd on Earth, esteem'd among the Gods. (Virg. Dryd.

O Father Tyber, ———
 Wherever Fount, whatever holy Deep,
 Conceals thy wat'ry Stores; where-e'er they rise,
 And, bubbling from below, salute the Skies:
 Thou King of horned Floods, whose plenteous Urn
 Suffices Fatness to the fruitful Corn. Dryd. Virg.

The Po, that, rushing with uncommon Force,
 Oversets whole Woods in its tumultuous Course;
 And, rising from Hesperia's wat'ry Plains,
 Th' exhausted Land of all its Moisture drains;
 The Po, as sings the Fable, first convey'd
 Its wond'ring Current thro' a Poplar Shade:
 For when young Phaeton mistook his Way,
 Lost and confounded in the Blaze of Day,
 This River, with surviving Streams supply'd,
 When all the rest of the whole Earth were dry'd,
 And Nature's self lay ready to expire, (Luc.
 Quench'd the dire Flame, that set the World on Fire. Add.

His Head above the Floods he gently rear'd,
 And, as he rose, his golden Horns appear'd;
 That on his Forehead shone divinely bright,
 And o'er the Banks diffus'd a yellow Light:
 No interwoven Reeds a Garland made,
 To hide his Brows within the vulgar Shade,
 But Poplar Wreaths around his Temples spread,
 And Tears of Amber trickled down his Head:
 A spacious Veil from his broad Shoulders flew,
 That set th'unhappy Phaeton to View:

The flaming Chariot, and the Steeds it shew'd,
 And the whole Fable in the Mantle glow'd:
 Beneath his Arm an Urn supported lies,
 With Stars embellish'd, and fictitious Skies:
 For Titan, by the mighty Loss dismay'd,
 Among the Heav'ns, th'immortal Fact display'd;
 Lest the Remembrance of his Grief should fail;
 And in the Constellation wrote the Tale:
 A Swan, in Memory of Cynus, shines,
 The mourning Sisters weep in wat'ry Signs;
 The burning Chariot and the Charioteer,
 In bright Bootes and his Wane appear,
 Whilst in a Track of Light the Waters run,
 That wash'd the Body of his blasted Son. Add. Claud.

Behold the Thames,
 With gentle Course devolving fruitful Streams:
 Serene, yet strong; majestick, yet sedate;
 Swift, without Violence; without Terroure, great:
 Each ardent Nymph the rising Current craves;
 Each Shepherd's Prayer retards the parting Waves:
 The Vales along the Banks their Sweets disclose;
 Fresh Flow'rs for ever rise, and fruitful Harvest grows. Prior.

See! Thames, the Ocean's Darling, England's Pride!
 Thames, the Support and Glory of our Isle,
 Richer than Tagus, or Egyptian Nile.
 Tho' no rich Sand in him, no Pearls are found,
 Yet Fields rejoice, his Meadows laugh around;
 Lest Wealth his Bosom holds, lest guilty Stores;
 For he exhausts himself, t'enrich the Shores:
 Mild, and serene, the peaceful Current flows;
 No angry Foam, no raging Surges knows:
 No dreadful Wreck upon his Banks appears,
 His cristal Stream unstain'd by Widows Tears,
 His Chancel strong and easy, deep and clear.
 No arbitrary Inundations sweep
 The Ploughman's Hopes and Life into the Deep:
 The even Waters the old Limits keep.
 But oh! he ebbs; the smiling Waves decay,
 (For ever, lovely Stream, for ever stay)
 To the black Sea their silent Course they bend,
 Where the best Streams, the longest Rivers end:
 His spotless Waves there undistinguish'd pass;
 None see how clear, how bounteous, sweet, he was:
 No Difference now, tho' late so much, is seen
 'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine. Hal.
 Thou too, great Father of the British Floods!
 With joyful Pride survey't our lofty Woods;

Where

Where tow'ring Oaks their spreading Honours rear,
 And future Navies on thy Banks appear:
 Not Neptune's self from all his Floods receives
 A wealthier Tribute, than to thine he gives:
 No Seas so rich, so full no Streams appear,
 No Lake so gentle, and no Spring so clear:
 Not fabled Po more swells the Poets Lays,
 While thro' the Skies his shining Current strays,
 Than thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd Abodes,
 To grace the Mansion of our earthly Gods:
 Nor all his Stars a brighter Lustre show,
 Than the fair Nymphs, that gild thy Shore below.

From his oozy Bed

Old Father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend Head:
 His Tresses dropp'd with Dews; and, o'er the Stream,
 His shining Horns diffus'd a golden Gleam:
 Grav'd on his Urn appear'd the Moon, that guides
 His swelling Waters, and alternate Tides;
 The figur'd Streams in Waves of Silver roul'd,
 And on their Banks Augusta rose in Gold:
 Around his Throne the Sea-born Brothers stood,
 That swell with tributary Urns his Flood:
 First, the fam'd Authors of his antient Name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame:
 The Kennet swift, for silver Eels renown'd;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant Alders crown'd:
 Cole, whose clear Streams his flow'ry Islands lave,
 And chalky Wey, that roul's a milky Wave;
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy Tresses rears;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving Flood;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish Blood.

High in the Midst, upon his Urn reclin'd,
 His Sea-green Mantle waving in the Wind,
 The God appear'd, and show'd his azure Eyes.

Tho' Tyber's Streams immortal Rome behold;
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with Tides of Gold;
 From Heav'n it self, tho' sev'nfold Nilus flows,
 And Harvelts on a hundred Realms bestows,
 These now no more shall be the Muses Themes;
 Lost in my Fame, as in the Sea their Streams.

Behold! th' ascending Villas on my Side
 Project long Shadows o'er the cristall Tide.

Thy Trees, fair Windsor, now shall leave their Woods,
 And half thy Forests rush into my Floods;
 Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display
 To the bright Regions of the rising Day:

Tempt

Tempt icy Seas, where scarce the Waters roul,
 Where clearer Flames glow round the frozen Pole:
 Or under Southern Skies exalt their Sails,
 Led by new Stars, and borne by spicy Gales.
 For me the Balm shall bleed, and Amber flow,
 The Coral redden, and the Ruby glow;
 The pearly Shell its lucid Globe infold,
 And Phoebus warm the rip'ning Ore to Gold,
 The Time shall come, when, free as Seas or Wind,
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all Mankind:
 Whole Nations enter with each swelling Tide,
 And Oceans join whom they did first divide:
 Earth's distant Ends our Glory shall behold,
 And the new World launch forth to seek the old. Pope.

R O C K.

See that steep Rock, whose rugged Brows are bent
 Upon the swelling Main. — Beaum. Doub. Mar.
 Behold a Rock which founding Billows braves,
 And stands, unmov'd, the Fury of the Waves:
 In vain against its foaming Side they roar,
 And beat the Sea-Weeds from its rocky Shore. Laud. Virg.
 Thus a high Rock, which the vast Ocean laves,
 Expos'd to stormy Winds and raging Waves,
 On its fix'd Base, unshaken still defies,
 Th' united Fury of the Seas and Skies. Blac. Pr. Arth.

R O C K E T.

Rockets fly up with their red sweeping Train;
 Then fall in starry Show'rs, and glitt'ring Rain. Bl. Pr. Arth.

R O M A N C E.

There was an antient sage Philosopher,
 That had read Alexander Ross over,
 And swore, the World; as he could prove,
 Was made of Fighting, and of Love.
 Just so Romances are; for what else
 Is in them all, but Love and Battels? Hud.

R O M U L U S.

See Romulus the Great, born to restore
 The Crown, that once his injur'd Grandfire wore:
 This Prince, a Priestess of our Blood shall bear;
 And, like his Sire, in Arms he shall appear:

Two rising Crests his Royal Head adorn ;
 Born from a God ; himself to Godhead born :
 His Sire already signs him for the Skies,
 And marks his Seat amidst the Deities.
 Auspicious Chief ! Thy Race in Times to come
 Shall spread the Conquests of Imperial Rome :
 Rome, whose ascending Tow'rs shall Heav'n invade ;
 Involving Earth and Ocean in her Shade. Dryd. Virg.

R O S C O M M O N.

Such was Roscommon ; not more learn'd than good ;
 With Manners gen'rous as his noble Blood :
 To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known ;
 And ev'ry Author's Merit, but his own. Pope.

R O S E.

See, Sylvia see, this new-blown Rose,
 The Image of thy Blush :
 Mark, how it smiles upon the Bush,
 And triumphs as it grows :
 O pluck it not : we'll come anon ;
 Thou say'st. Alas ! 'twill then be gone,
 Now its purple Beauty's spread,
 Soon it will droop and fall,
 And soon it will not be at all :
 No fine Things draw a Length of Thread :
 Then tell me, seems it not to say,
 Come and crop me while you may ? —
 Thus in the Field the blushing Rose
 Does its chaste Bosom to the Morn disclose ;
 Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear
 The fragrant Odours thro' the Air. —
 They Roses seem, which in their early Pride,
 But half reveal, and half their Beauties hide. Wall.
 Some did the Way with full-blown Roses spread ;
 Their Smell divine, and Colour strangely red :
 Not such as our dull Gardens proudly wear,
 Whom Weathers taint, and Winds rude Kisses tear :
 Such, I believe, was the first Rose's Hue,
 Which, at God's Word, in beauteous Eden grew :
 Queen of the Flow'rs, which made that Orchard gay :
 The Morning Blushes of the Springs new Day. Cowl. David.

R O W I N G.

R O W I N G.

The Crew with merry Shouts their Anchors weigh,
Then ply their Oars, and brush the buxom Sea. Dryd. Boce.
(Cym. & Iphig.)

———— They rush into the Main;
With headlong Haste they leave the Desert Shores,
And brush the liquid Seas with lab'ring Oars. Dr. Virg.

———— The Seamen ply
The nimble Oars, and with each other vie:
The Gallies thro' the yielding Billows fly. Laud. Virg. }

———— The lusty Crew,
Rais'd on their Banks, their Oars in Order drew
To their broad Breasts: the Ship with Fury flew. Dr. Ov. }

A sudden Silence fate upon the Sea,
And sweeping Oars with struggling urge their Way. Dr. Vir.
With lab'ring Oars they bear along the Strand. Dr. Virg.
They tug at ev'ry Oar, and ev'ry Stretcher bends. Dr. Virg.

———— A hundred sweep,
With stretching Oars, at once the glassy Deep. Dr. Virg.
To stem the Tide thus eager Rowers strive;
But, if they slack their Hands, there's no Retrieve, }

———— Two Gallies, from his Stores,
With Care he chuses, mans, and fits with Oars:
Propitious Tyber smooth'd his wat'ry Way:
He roul'd his River back; and pois'd he stood;
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful Flood:
The Trojans mount their Ships: they put from Shore,
Borne on the Waves, and scarcely dip an Oar:
Shouts from the Land give Omen to their Course;
And the pitch'd Vessels glide with easy Force:
The Woods and Waters wonder at the Gleam:
Of Shields, and painted Ships, that stem the Stream.
One Summer's Night, and one whole Day they pass,
Betwixt the Green-wood Shades; and cut the liquid
(Glass. Dryd. Virg.)

Rowing a Race.

First, four tall Gallies in the Lists appear,
Drawn from the Fleet, and equal Rowers bear:
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the Wind,
Bore Mnethens, Author of the Memmian Kind;
Gyas, the vast Chimæra's Bulk commands;
Which rising like a tow'ring City stands:

———— Three

Three Trojans tug each Oar;
 With lusty Strokes the foaming Billows roar.
 Sergesthus, who began the Sergian Race,
 In the great Centaur took the leading Place:
 Cloanthus on the Sea-green Scylla stood,
 From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan Blood.
 Against the foaming Shore a Rock there lies,
 Cowring in broken Waves; o'er which they rise
 When Winter Storms obscure the dusky Skies.
 But, when in Calms the Tides more smoothly run,
 By basking Fowls fought to enjoy the Sun.
 On this a Mark, a green and new-fell'd Oak,
 The Hero fix'd to guide the Rower's Stroke:
 To bear with this, with steady Helms they stand,
 Then, rowing round, sweat to the former Land:
 The Lots decide their Place.

Upon the Deck each graceful Captain stands,
 In Gold-reflecting Robes, and dy'd by Tyrian Hands.
 The Youths their Heads with poplar Wreaths entwine:
 Their naked Arms, with Oil anointed, shine:
 And on their Seats attentive wait the Sign.
 The Fear of losing, Hopes of gaining Praise,
 At once their Courages abate and raise:
 The Signal giv'n by the shrill Trumper's Sound,
 They start, and echoing Skies with Shouts resound.
 Their equal Strokes the foaming Surges sweep,
 Their brazen Prows plough up the briny Deep.
 Not fiery Coursers, harness'd for a Race,
 Part from the Lifts with half so swift a Pace;
 When loosen'd Reins the eager Drivers yield,
 Lashing and scouring o'er the dusty Field.
 The mix'd Beholders earnest Thoughts divide;
 Who shout and murmur as they like the Side:
 Thus while the crowded Land with Clamours rung,
 The mighty Gyas from the others sprung:
 Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast,
 Whose heavy Galley lag'd, and check'd his Haste:
 The Dolphin, and the Centaur, on a Line,
 Come after, and with equal Vigour join:
 And now the Way the Centaur's Rowers lead,
 And now the nimble Dolphin is a-head:
 Now Board to Board with equal Ardour vie
 To gain the Prize, and o'er the Billows fly:
 They all approach the Mark: Chimæra bore
 The conqu'ring Gyas merrily before,
 Who to his Pilot call'd: Ho, port, port, stand
 To Shore, and let your Oars ev'n skim the Sand;

Let others bear to Sea. Menœtes fear'd
 The hidden Rocks, and out to Sea he steer'd
 Hard helm a-weather, Gyas call'd again,
 Make to the Rock: thus turn'd him from the Main:
 And then Cloanthus at his Stern he saw,
 Fetching him up, and near the Shelvings draw;
 Who close between the Mark and Centaur stood,
 Soon pass'd them both, and safely scow'd the Flood:
 Then Gyas curs'd; nor weigh'd he what became
 A Chief; not all their Lives with his affronted Fame;
 Nor cooler Thoughts his boiling Veins afford;
 But hurls the cautious Dotard over-board,
 And seiz'd the Helm: no Pilot now they knew
 But him; he steers to rights to land, and cheers his Crew.
 Hardly above the Waves at last appears
 Menœtes, struggling with his Cloaths and Years;
 Who gains the Rock, and, while he sits to dry,
 The mocking Rout deride his Misery;
 Hardly his Head the plunging Pilot rears,
 Clog'd with his Cloaths, and cumber'd with his Years:
 Now, dropping wet, he climbs the Cliff with Pain,
 The Crowd, that saw him fall, and float again,
 Shout from the distant Shore, and loudly laugh'd,
 To see his heaving Breast disgorge the briny Draught.
 Now Hopes and Courage rais'd Sergestus' Mind
 And Mnestheus', when Chimæra lag'd behind:
 To gain the Rock Sergestus strains before;
 Yet Mnestheus' Prow along his Mid-ship bore;
 Then on the Deck, amidst his Mates appear'd,
 And thus their drooping Courages he cheer'd;
 My Friends, and Hector's Followers heretofore,
 Exert your Vigour, tug the lab'ring Oar;
 Stretch to your Strokes, my still unconquer'd Crew,
 Whom from the flaming Walls of Troy I drew:
 In this, our common Int'rest, let me find
 That Strength of Hand, that Courage of the Mind,
 As when you stemm'd that strong Malæan Flood,
 And o'er the Syrtes' broken Billows row'd:
 I seek not now the foremost Palm to gain;
 Tho' yet — But, ah! that haughty Wish is vain:
 Let those enjoy it, whom the Gods ordain:
 But to be last, the Lags of all the Race!
 Redeem your selves and me from that Disgrace.
 Now one and all they tug: the brazen Prow
 Quivers, and ducks again with such a Row:
 The finewy Trojans sweat, and pant, and blow.

Chance gave his Wish : Sergestus, bent to win,
 Rashly with Rocks and Shelves locking his Centaur in,
 Strives to haul out, but could not clear a Rock ;
 His Galley struck, and, bulging with the Shock,
 Her Oars she shiver'd, and her Head she broke :
 The Rowers from the Banks start up, and try
 To heave her off ; their iron Poles they ply,
 And work for Life, and not for Victory :
 Their shatter'd Oars, which floated on the Flood,
 They fish'd aboard. ———

}
 }
 }

At last with Toil Sergestus clears the Rock,
 But all his Larboard shatter'd with the Shock :
 Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding Oar ;
 And, howted by the Vulgar, made to Shore.
 As when a Snake, surpriz'd upon the Road,
 Bruis'd by the Wheels of some o'erwhelming Load :
 Or half divided by some Shepherd's Wound,
 Heavily crawls, and writhes upon the Ground :
 Fierce in her founder Part, and burning Eyes ;
 She foams ; her Scales in Rage and Torture rise ;
 Dragging with Pain the wounded Tail behind ;
 That twists in Knots, that on her Foldings bind.
 So slowly to the Port the Centaur tends,
 But what she wants in Oars, with Sails amends.

——— Now daring Mnestheus, proud
 Of this Success, with Joy the Winds implores,
 And skims the open Sea with cheerful Oars.
 As, when a Dove her rocky Hold forsakes,
 Rouz'd by some Fright her rustling Pennons shakes,
 The flutt'ring Noise makes all the Cavern ring,
 Leaving her callow Young she takes the Wing,
 And cuts thro' liquid Skies her airy Way,
 Thus Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the Sea ;
 And flying with a Force, that Force assists his Way.
 Sergestus in the Centaur first he pass'd,
 Who, wedg'd in Rocks and Shallows, sticking fast,
 Strives to get free, in vain their Aid implores,
 And practises to row with broken Oars ;
 Now overtakes Chimæra, then outflies,
 Who, having lost her Pilot, yields the Prize.
 Scylla unvanquish'd only yet remains,
 Her he pursues, and now his Vigour strains :
 The Dolphin all applaud ; redoubled Cries
 Ascend, repeated by resounding Skies :
 These Clamours with Disdain the Scylla heard,
 Much grudg'd the Praise, but more the robb'd Reward.

These

These all the Glory, they had reap'd, disdain,
 Despise half Praise, and vow to die or gain :
 Success the others rais'd, and not a Man
 But thinks to win, because he thinks he can.
 And equal Wreaths at last had crown'd their Brows ;
 But now to Sea his Arms Cloanthus throws ;
 And, eager with the Gods, he made his Vow :
 Ye Pow'rs, who rule the Seas, thro' which I row,
 If mine the Laurels prove, by you decreed,
 A Snow white Bull upon your Shores shall bleed :
 Your greedy Waves shall taste his reeking Blood ;
 And Wine in ruddy Rivers swell your Flood :
 The Nereids, Phorcus, all the Sea-green Quire,
 And Panopœa favour his Desire :
 Ev'n old Portunus, with his mighty Hand,
 The Galley thrusts ; with that she stretch'd to Land :
 As Arrows swift ; swift as the Wind she flies ; (Virg.)
 And darts into the Port, and gains the Prize. Laud. & Dryd.

RUMP-PARLIAMENT.

Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss
 For Symbols of State-Mysteries.
 For, as th' Egyptians us'd by Bees
 To express their ancient Prolomies,
 And, by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
 Held forth Authority and Pow'r ;
 Because these subtil Animals
 Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails ;
 And when they're once impair'd in that,
 Are banish'd their well-order'd State :
 They thought all Governments were best
 By Hieroglyphick Rumps express'd.
 For, as in Bodies natural
 The Rump's the Fundament of all ;
 So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
 The Government is call'd the Helm ;
 With which, like Vessels under Sail,
 They're turn'd and winded by the Tail :
 The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
 Their Courses with, thro' Sea and Air ;
 To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
 The same Thing with the Stern and Compass.
 This shews how perfectly the Rump
 And Commonwealth in Nature jump !
 For, as a Fly that goes to Bed,
 Rests with his Tail above his Head ;

So, in this Mungril State of ours,
 The Rabble are the supream Pow'rs,
 That hors'd us on their Backs to shew us
 A jadisn Trick at last, and throw us.
 The learned Rabbins of the Jews
 Write, there's a Bone, which they call Luez,
 I'th' Rump of Man, of such a Virtue,
 No Force in Nature can do Hurt to:
 And therefore, at the last great Day,
 All th'other Members shall, they say,
 Spring out of this, as from a Seed
 All Sorts of Vegetals proceed:
 From whence the learned Sons of Art
 Os Sacrum justly style that Part.
 Then what can better represent,
 Than this Rump Bone, the Parliament,
 That after sev'ral rude Ejections,
 And as prodigious Resurrections,
 With new Reversions of nine Lives
 Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives? Hud.

S.

S A C R I F I C E.

The sacred Herd march'd proud and softly by,
 Too fat and gay to think their Deaths so nigh.
 Hard Fate of Beasts, more innocent than we!
 Prey to our Lux'ry, and our Piety!
 Whose guiltless Blood, on Boards and Altars spilt,
 Serves both to make and expiate our Guilt!
 Three Bullocks of free Neck, two gilded Rams,
 Two well-wash'd Goats, and fourteen spotless Lambs,
 With the three vital Fruits, Wine, Oil, and Bread,
 Small Fees to Heav'n of all by which we're fed,
 Are offer'd up: the hallow'd Flames arise, (David.
 And faithful Pray'rs mount with them to the Skies. Cowl.

The Feast approach'd, when to the blue-ey'd Maid
 His Vows for Cygnus slain the Victor pay'd,
 And a white Heifer on her Altar lay'd.
 The reeking Entrails on the Fire they threw;
 And to the Gods the grateful Odour flew:
 Heav'n had its Part in Sacrifice: the rest
 Was broil'd and roasted for the future Feast:
 The chief invited Guests were set around,
 And, Hunger first asswag'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
 Which in deep Draughts their Cares and Labours drown'd.
 The

The mellow Harp did not their Ears imploy;
 And mute was all the warlike Symphony:
 Discourse, the Food of Souls was their Delight;
 And pleasing Chat prolong'd the Summer's Night. Dr. Ovid.

With perfect Hecatombs the God they grac'd;
 Whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast:
 Black Bulls, and bearded Goats on Altars lie;
 And Clouds of sav'ry Stench involve the Sky. Dryd. Hom.

Now when the solemn Rites of Pray'r were past
 Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast:
 Then, turning back, the Sacrifice they sped;
 The fatted Oxen slew, and flea'd the Dead:
 Chopp'd off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd
 'T'involve the Lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard:
 Sweat-Breads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd,
 About the Sides; imbibing what they deck'd.
 The Priest with holy Hands was seen to tine
 The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine:
 The Youth approach'd the Fire; and, as it burn'd;
 On five sharp Broachers rank'd, the Roast they turn'd:
 These Morsels stay'd their Stomachs; then the Rest
 They cut in Legs and Fillers for the Feast;
 Which drawn and serv'd, their Hunger they appease,
 With sav'ry Meat, and set their Minds at Ease:
 Now when the Rage of Eating was repell'd,
 The Boys with gen'rous Wine the Goblets fill'd:
 The first Libations to the Gods they pour:
 And then with Songs indulge the genial Hour:
 Holy Debauch! till Day to Night they bring,
 With Hymns and Pæans to the Bowyer King. Dryd. Hom.
 The Loaves were serv'd in Canisters, the Wine
 In Bowls; the Priests renew'd the Rites divine
 Broil'd Entrails are their Food, and Beef's continu'd Chine. }
 (Dryd. Virg.)

Four fable Bullocks, in the Yoke untaught,
 For sacrifice the pious Hero brought:
 The Priestess pours the Wine betwixt their Horns;
 Then cuts the curling Hair: that first Oblation burns:
 Invoking Hecat hither to repair;
 A pow'rful Name in Hell, and upper Air:
 The sacred Priests, with ready Knives, bereave
 The Beasts of Life, and in full Bowls receive
 The streaming Blood: a Lamb to Hell and Night,
 The fable Wool without a Streak of White,
 Æneas offers: and, by Fates Decree,
 A barren Heifer, Proserpine, to thee:

With

With Holocausts he Pluto's Altar fills :
 Sev'n brawny Bulls with his own Hand he kills :
 Then on the broiling Entrails Oil he pours ;
 Which, ointed thus, the raging Flame devours :
 Late the nocturnal Sacrifice begun ;
 Nor ended, 'till the next returning Sun :
 Then Earth began to bellow, Trees to dance ;
 And howling Dogs in glimm'ring Light advance,
 Ere Hecate came : Far hence be Souls prophane,
 The Sybil cry'd, and from the Grove abstain. Dryd. Vi g.

They sacred Altars rear on Sods of Grass ;
 Where, with religious Rites, their common Gods they place :
 In purest White the Priests their Heads attire ;
 And living Waters bear, and holy Fire :
 And, o'er their linen Hoods, and shaded Hair,
 Long twisted Wreaths of sacred Vervain bear. Dryd. Virg.

Adorn'd in white a rev'rend Priest appears ;
 And Off'rings to the flaming Altars bears ;
 A Porker, and a Lamb, that never suffer'd Shears. }
 Then, to the rising Sun he turns his Eyes ;
 And strews the Beasts, design'd for Sacrifice,
 With Salt, and Meal ; with like officious Care,
 He marks their Foreheads, and he clips their Hair.
 Betwixt their Horns the Purple Wine he sheds,
 With the same gen'rous Juice the Flame he feeds :
 All Dues perform'd which holy Rites require,
 The Victim Beasts are slain before the Fire ;
 The trembling Entrails from their Bodies torn,
 And to the fatten'd Flames in Chargers borne. Dryd. Virg.

— Th' Arcadian States,
 The King and Prince, without the City-Gates,
 Then paid their Off'rings, in a sacred Grove,
 To Hercules the Warrior-Son of Jove :
 Thick Clouds of rouling Smoke involve the Sky :
 And fat of Entrails on his Altar fry.

From that auspicious Day, with Rites divine,
 We worship at the Hero's holy Shrine :
 Potitius first ordain'd these annual Vows ;
 As Priests, were added the Pinarian House ;
 Who rais'd this Altar in the sacred Shade,
 Where Honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
 For these Deserts, and this high Virtue shown,
 Ye warlike Youths, your Heads with Garlands crown :
 Fill high the Goblets with a sparkling Flood ;
 And with deep Draughts invoke our common God.
 This said ; a double Wreath Evander twin'd ;
 And Poplars black and white his Temples bind :

Then

Then brins his ample Bowl : with like Design
 The rest invoke the Gods, with sprinkled Wine.
 And now the Priests, Potitius at their Head,
 In Skins of Beasts involv'd, the long Proceſſion led :
 Held high the flaming Tapers in their Hands ;
 As Cuſtom had preſcrib'd their holy Bands :
 Then with a ſecond Courſe the Tables load ;
 And with full Chargers offer to the God :
 The Salii ſing ; and cence his Altars round
 With Saban Smoke ; their Heads with Poplar bound :
 One Choir of Old, another of the Young ;
 To dance, and bear the Burthen of the Song :
 The Lay records the Labours, and the Praise,
 And all th' immortal Acts of Hercules.
 Firſt, how the mighty Babe, when ſwath'd in Bands,
 The Serpents ſtrangled, with his Infant Hands :
 Then, as in Years and matchleſs Force he grew,
 Th' OEchalian Walls, and Trojan overthrew :
 Beſides, a thouſand Hazards they relate,
 Procur'd by Juno's and Euryſtheus' Hate :
 Thy Hands, unconquer'd Hero, cou'd ſubdue
 The Cloud-born Centaurs, and the Monster-Crew :
 Nor thy reſiſtleſs Arm the Bull withſtood ;
 Nor he, the roaring Terrour of the Wood :
 The triple Porter of the Stygian Seat,
 With lolling Tongue, lay fawning at thy Feet,
 And, ſeiz'd with Fear, forgot his mangled Meat :
 Th' infernal Waters trembled at thy Sight :
 Thee, God, no Face of Danger cou'd affright :
 Not huge Typhœus ; nor th' unnumber'd Snake,
 Increas'd with hisſing Heads, in Lerna's Lake.
 Hail Jove's undoubted Son ! an added Grace
 To Heav'n, and the great Author of thy Race :
 Receive the grateful Off'rings, which we pay ;
 And ſmile propitious on thy ſolemn Day.
 In Numbers thus they ſung : above the reſt,
 The Den and Death of Cacus crown the Feaſt. Dryd. Virg.

SAILING.

— They, with early Care,
 Unmoor their Veſſels, and for Sea prepare :
 The Fleet is ſoon afloat, in all its Pride ;
 And well calk'd Gallies in the Harbour ride.
 Then Oaks for Oars they fell'd ; or as they ſtood,
 Of its green Arms deſpoil'd the growing Wood ;

Studios

Studious of Flight: the Beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan Bands, that blacken all the Shore. Dryd. Virg.

—— She saw the cover'd Shore,
And heard the Shouts of Sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the Murmurs of the wat'ry War. Dryd. Virg.

—— The Trojans crowd to Sea,
They spread their Canvas, and their Anchors weigh;
The shouting Crew their Ships with Garlands binds;
Invoke the Sea-Gods, and invite the Winds. Dryd. Virg.

The Vessel went before a merry Gale, (Cock and Fox.
And for quick Passage put on ev'ry Sail. Dryd. Chauc. The
Up sprung the Wind, and, with a fresh'ning Gale,
The kind North-west fill'd ev'ry swelling Sail;
Light o'er the foamy Waves the Navy flew. Rowe. Luc.

And now the Wind, with an auspicious Gale,
To shove the Vessel, fills the spreading Sail:
And see, with swelling Canvas wing'd, she flies,
And with her waving Streamers sweeps the Skies. Blac.

—— The gathering Winds began to blow,
Their uselefs Oars the joyful Seamen stow;
Then hoist their Yards, while, loosen'd from the Masts,
The wide-stretch'd Sails receive the coming Blasts. Hop. Ov.
They plough the liquid Seas, and leave the lefs'ning
(Land. Dryd. Hom.

We loose from Shore our Haulsers, put to Sea; (Virg.
And soon with swelling Sails pursue the wat'ry Way. Dryd.

—— The friendly Gales, (Virg.
Blown from the South, supply'd our swelling Sails. Dryd.

Propitius Neptune steer'd their Course by Night,
With rising Gales, that sped their happy Flight:
Supply'd with these, they skim the sounding Shore,
And hear the swelling Surges vainly roar. Dryd. Virg.

—— A furious Gale
That almost rent the Womb of ev'ry Sail. Blac. K. Arth.

—— Strong Gales supply'd,
And push'd the Vessel o'er the swelling Tide. Dryd. Virg.

The Sky serene, a fresh and prosp'rous Gale, (P. Arth.
Sprung from the Shore, and swell'd out ev'ry Sail. Blac.

The lofty Ships on rolling Billows bound,
The Waves, in soft Embraces, clinging round:
As when the Trojans in the Mantuan Song,
From Africk Sands to Latium sail'd along;
Old Ocean rose up from his rocky Throne;
A crystal Scepter, and a reedy Crown
His Pow'r confess'd; his dewy Head he rear'd
Above the Flood; and smiling on the Waves appear'd:
New-gather'd Banks of Quick-sands he remov'd,
And kindly thro' the Deep the Navy shov'd:

So

So the calm Ocean seem'd, with equal Care,
On its pleas'd Waves, the British Fleet to bear :
Unwieldy Porpoises spout Seas away ; (Arth.
And friendly Dolphins round the Squadrons play. Blac. P.

The Heav'ns serenely smil'd; and ev'ry Sail
Fill'd its wide Bosom with th' indulgent Gale:
Mercy, Deliv'rance, Pity, Truth, display'd
Their silver Wings. and glad Attention pay'd;
Sung on the Shrowds, and with the Streamers play'd. }
(Blac. P. Arthur.

The Sun descending, the Phæacian Train
Spread their broad Sails, and launch into the Main :
At once they bend, and strike their equal Oars ;
And leave the sinking Hills, and less'ning Shores :
As fiery Coursers, in the rapid Race,
Urg'd by fierce Drivers thro' the dusty Space,
Toss their high Heads, and scour along the Plain ;
So mounts the bounding Vessel o'er the Main :
Back to the Stern the parted Billows flow ;
And the black Ocean foams and roars below :
Thus with spread Sails the winged Galley flies ;
Less swift an Eagle cuts the liquid Skies. Pope. Hom.

Their Topsails loos'd, and all the Ships unmoor'd,
The royal Navy on the Billows rode ;
And press'd with heavy War th' uneasy Flood :
Loud Boreas then, t'extend the spacious Sails,
From northern Prisons frees his chosen Gales :
They swell the Canvas with their utmost Force :
The panting Winds to shove the Navy strain ;
And of the Squadron's Weight in Sighs complain ;
The Labour of the Air, and Burthen of the Main. }
The bounding Castles on the Billows dance ;
And in long Order on the Deep advance ; Blac. K. Arth.

Then, when he saw no threat'ning Tempest nigh ;
But a sure Promise of a settled Sky ;
He gave the Sign to weigh : we break our Sleep ;
Forsake the pleasing Shore, and plough the Deep :
The gentle Gales their flagging Force renew :
And now the happy Harbour is in View :
We furl our Sails, and turn the Prows to Shore ;
The curling Waters round the Gallies roar. Dryd. Virg.

We spread our Sails before the willing Wind ;
Now from the Sight of Land our Gallies move,
With only Seas around, and Skies above. Dryd. Virg.

The Canvas falls ; their Oars the Sailors ply ;
From the rude Strokes the whirling Waters fly. Dr. Virg.
With prosperous Gales Ulysses brought the Ship

To Chrysa's Port ; where, ent'ring with the Tide,
He dropp'd his Anchors, and his Oars he ply'd ;
Furl'd ev'ry Sail ; and, drawing down the Mast,
His Vessel moor'd, and made with Haulsers fast. Dr. Hom.

When westward, like the Sun, you took your Way,
And from benighted Britain bore the Day ;
Blue Triton gave the Signal from the Shore ;
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before
To smoothe the Seas ; a soft Etesian Gale,
But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd, the Sail :
Portunus took his Turn, whose ample Hand,
Heav'd up the lighten'd Keel, and sunk the Sand,
And steer'd the sacred Vessel safe to Land.
The Land, if not restrain'd, had met your Way,
Projected out a Neck, and juttred to the Sea. Dryd.

Mean time the Trojan cuts his war'ry Way,
Fix'd on his Voyage, thro' the curling Sea :
Now Seas and Skies their Prospect only bound ;
An empty Space above, a floating Field around :
But soon the Heav'ns with Shadows were o'er spread :
A swelling Cloud hung hov'ring o'er their Head ;
Livid it look'd, the Threat'ning of a Storm :
Then Night and Horror Ocean's Face deform :
The Pilor, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
What Gusts of Weather from that gath'ring Cloud
My Thoughts presage ; ere yet the Tempest roars,
Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and stretch your Oars :
Contract your swelling Sails, and luff to Wind :
The frighted Crew perform the Task assign'd :
Then, to his fearless Chief, Not Heav'n, said he,
Can stem the Torrent of this raging Sea :
Mark, how the shifting Winds from West arise !
And what collected Night involves the Skies !
Nor can our shaken Vessels live at Sea,
Much less against the Tempest force their Way ;
'Tis Fate diverts our Course, and Fate we must obey.
The Course resolv'd, before the western Wind
They scud amain, and make the Port assign'd. Dr. Virg.

Nor swells the stretching Canvas half so fast,
When the Sails gather all the driving Blast,
Strain the tough Yards, and bow the lofty Mast. Rowe. Luc.
When Barks glide slowly thro' the lazy Main,
The baffled Pilots turn the Helm in vain ;
When, driv'n by Winds, they cut the foamy Way,
The Rudders govern, and the Ships obey. Smith. Reed. & Hip.

SALMONEUS.

So Heav'n was mock'd, when once all Elis round
 Another Jupiter was said to sound:
 On brazen Floors the royal Actor tries
 To ape the Thunder rattling in the Skies:
 A brandish'd Torch, with emulating Blaze,
 Affects the forky Light'nings pointed Rays:
 Thus, borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
 Thro' Crowds of Worshippers, and acts the God:
 The Sire omnipotent prepares the Brand
 By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent Hand;
 Then flaming hurls it hissing from above,
 And in the vast Abyss confounds the Mimick Jove:
 Presumptuous Wretch! with mortal Art to dare
 Immortal Pow'r, and brave the Thunderer. Ld. Lanfd.

I saw Salmoneus there severely smart
 For counterfeiting Jove's ethereal Dart:
 Th' audacious Wretch four fiery Horses drew,
 Waving a Blaze, thro' Elis' Town he flew,
 Requiring all the Grecian Tribes to pay
 Him Honour as a God, in his fantastick Way:
 Most impiously vain, the foolish Man,
 With horny Hoofs, which o'er brass Arches ran,
 By sacrilegious Pride dar'd to aspire
 To imitate inimitable Fire.
 Almighty Jove, who Heav'n and Earth can shake,
 Hurl'd him down flaming to the burning Lake.
 No smoking Blaze, but deadly Light'ning sent,
 From thickest Clouds with rousing Thunder pent. Laud. Virg.

S A T I R E.

Of all the Ways, that wisest Men cou'd find,
 To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,
 Satire, well writ, has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the Remedy is lov'd.
 'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,
 Without repeating Things said oft before:
 Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
 That stain a Beauty which so much we love:
 Of well chose Words some take not Care enough,
 And think they shou'd be, as their Subject, rough:
 This great work must be more exactly made,
 And sharpest Thoughts in smoothest Words convey'd:

Some

Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only Business were to rail :
 But human Frailty nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a Satyr from a Scold :
 Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down :
 A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown :
 So, while you seem to slight some rival Youth,
 Malice itself may sometimes pass for Truth. Norm.

S A T U R N.

Then Saturn came, who fled the Pow'r of Jove,
 Robb'd of his Realms, and banish'd from above :
 The Men, dispers'd on Hills, to Towns he brought ;
 And Laws ordain'd, and civil Customs taught :
 And Latium call'd the Land, where safe he lay,
 From his unduteous Son, and his usurping Sway :
 With his mild Empire, Peace and Plenty came ;
 And hence the golden Times deriv'd their Name :
 A more degen'rate and discolour'd Age
 Succeeded this, with Avarice and Rage. Dryd. Virg.

Then Saturn from his leaden Throne arose :
 Wayward, but wise, by long Experience taught,
 To please both Parties, for ill Ends, he sought :
 For, this Advantage Age from Youth has won, (Arc.
 As not to be outridden, tho' outrun. Dryd. Chauc. Pal. &c

S C A E V A.

Scæva, a Name ere-while to Fame unknown,
 And first distinguish'd on the Gallick Rhone :
 Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill,
 Inur'd to Blood, and active to fulfil
 The Dictates of a lawless Tyrant's Will.
 Nor Virtue's Love, nor Reason's Laws he knew ;
 But, careless of the Right, for Hire his Sword he drew :
 Thus Courage by an impious Cause is curst,
 And he, that is the Bravest, is the Worst. Rowe. Luc.

S C O R N.

With inauspicious Love a wretched Swain
 Pursu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain ;
 Fairest indeed ; but prouder far than fair :
 She plung'd him Hopeless in a deep Despair :
 Her heav'nly Form too haughtily she priz'd ;
 His Person hated, and his Gifts despis'd :

Nor knew the Force of Cupids cruel Darts,
 Nor fear'd his awful Pow'r on human Hearts;
 But either from her hopeless Lover fled;
 Or with disdainful Glances shot him dead:
 No Kiss, no Look, to cheer the drooping Boy;
 No word she spoke; she scorn'd ev'n to deny;
 But, as the hunted Panther casts about
 Her glaring Eyes, and pricks her list'ning Ears to scout;
 So she, to shun his Toils, her Cares employ'd,
 And fiercely in her salvage Freedom joy'd:
 Her Mouth she writh'd; her Forehead taught to frown;
 Her Eyes to sparkle Fires to Love unknown:
 Her fallow Cheeks her envious Mind did shew;
 And ev'ry Feature spoke aloud the Gurliness of a Shrew.
 Yet cou'd he not his obvious Foe escape;
 His Love itill dress'd her in a pleasing Shape:
 And ev'ry sullen Frown and bitter Scorn,
 But fann'd the Fuel, that too fast did burn:
 Long time, unequal to his mighty Pain,
 He strove to curb it; but he strove in vain: Dryd. Theoc.

The noble Youth to Madness lov'd a Dame
 Of high-Degree; Honoria was her Name:
 Fair as the fairest, but of haughty Mind,
 And fiercer than became so soft a Kind:
 Proud of her Birth; for equal she had none:
 The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone:
 His Gifts, his constant Courtship, nothing gain'd;
 For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd:
 He liv'd with all the Pomp he cou'd devise;
 At Tilts and Turnaments obtain'd the Prize;
 But found no Favout in his Ladies Eyes.
 Relentless as a Rock, the lofty Maid
 Turn'd all to Poison that he did, or said:
 Nor Pray'rs, nor Tears, nor offer'd Vows cou'd move:
 The Work went backwards; and, the more he strove
 T'advance his Sute, the farther from her Love.
 Weary'd at Length, and wanting Remedy,
 He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd, to die:
 But Pride stood ready to prevent the Blow:
 For who wou'd die to gratify a Foe?
 His gen'rous Mind disdain'd so mean a Fate;
 That pass'd, his next Endeavour was to hate:
 But vainer that Relief than all the rest:
 The less he hop'd, with more Desire possess'd:
 Love stood the Siege, and wou'd not yield his Breast.
 Change was the next; but Change deceiv'd his Care:
 He sought a fairer, but found none so fair:

He wou'd have worn her out by slow Degrees,
 As Men by Fasting starve th' untam'd Disease:
 But present Love requir'd a present Ease.
 Looking he feeds alone his famish'd Eyes,
 Feeds ling'ring Death; but looking not he dies.
 Yet still he chose the longest Way to Fate,
 Wasting at once his Life, and his Estate.
 His Friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain:
 For what Advice can ease a Lover's Pain?
 Absence, the best Expedient they cou'd find,
 Might save the Fortune, if not cure the Mind. Dryd. Bocc.
 (Theod. & Hon.

But all her Arts are still employ'd in vain;
 Again she comes, and is refus'd again:
 His harden'd Heart, nor Pray'rs, nor Threat'nings move:
 Fate, and the God, had stop't his Ears to Love. Dryd. Virg.

Thick Messages and loud Complaints he hears;
 And bandy'd Words, still beating in his Ears:
 Sighs, Groans, and Tears, proclaim his inward Pains;
 But the firm Purpose of his Heart remains. Dryd. Virg.

The nightly Wolf is baneful to the Fold;
 Storms to the Wheat; to Buds the bitter Cold;
 But from my frowning Fair more Ills I find, (Dryd. Virg.
 Than from the Wolves, and Storms, and Winter-Wind.

Ah Nymph! More cruel than of human Race;
 Thy Tygress Heart belies thy Angel Face:
 Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from Stone;
 Thy Grandame's was the first by Pyrrha thrown. Dr. Theoc.
 Sure for my Sins I lov'd this haughty Maid.

What did I not her stubborn Heart to gain?
 But all my Vows were answer'd with Disdain;
 She scorn'd my Sorrows, and despis'd my Pain; Dryd.
 (Boc. Theod. & Hon.

I feel your Scorn, cold as the Hand of Death. Dryd.
 (Tyr. Love.

O what a Deal of Scorn looks beautiful,
 In the Contempt and Anger of her Lip! Shak. 12th Night.

Thus with soft Words the weeping Hero strove

To sooth her Anger, and her Hate remove:

Silent she stood with a disdainful Frown,

And on the Ground her sullen Looks cast down:

Fix'd as a marble Rock, which braves the Floods:

Then sprung with Fury to the shady Woods,

To shun his hated Sight. ——— Laud. Virg.

O what a Thing, ye Gods, is Scorn or Pity?

Heap on me, Heav'n, the Hate of all Mankind;

Load me with Malice, Envy, Detestation:

Let me be horrid to all Apprehension,
 Let the World shun me, so I 'scape but Scorn. Lee. Theod.
 The Wages of scorn'd Love is baneful Hare. Beaum.
 (Kr. of Malt.
 Pay Scorn with Scorn, and make Revenge a Pleasure.
 (Dryd. Love Trium.
 Love will not always last, ——— (for Love.
 When urg'd with long Unkindness and Disdain. Dryd. All
 'Tis sweet to love, but when with Scorn we meet, (Ench.
 Revenge supplies the Loss with Joys as great. Lanfd. Brit.

SCORPION.

Who, that the Scorpion's Insect Form surveys;
 Would think, that instant Death her Call obeys?
 Threat'ning she rears her knotty Tail on high,
 The vast Orion thus she doom'd to die,
 And fix'd him, her proud Trophy, in the Sky. Rowe. Luc.
 You, like a Scorpion, whipt by others first
 To Fury, sting your self in mad Revenge. Dr. All for Love.
 Scorpions, that wound, have Blood those Wounds to
 (cure. Otw. D. Carl.

SCULPTOR.

He to the Rock can vital Instincts give
 Which, thus transform'd, can rage, rejoice, or grieve:
 His skilful Hand can marble Veins inspire,
 Now with the Lover's, now the Hero's, Fire:
 So well th' imagin'd Actors play their Part,
 The silent Hypocrites such Pow'r exert,
 That Passions, which they feel not, they bestow, (Blac. Cr.
 Affright us with their Fear, and melt us with their Woe.

SCYLLA.

Scylla, who, round with barking Monsters arm'd,
 The wand'ring Greeks, ah frightened Men! alarm'd:
 Whose only Hope on shatter'd Ships depends;
 While fierce Sea-Dogs devour the mangled Friends. Rosc.V.
 Why shou'd I sing the double Scylla's Fate:
 The first by Love transform'd; the last by Hate:
 A beauteous Maid above; but magick Arts
 With barking Dogs deform'd her nether Parts:
 What Vengeance on the passing Fleet she pour'd;
 The Master frighted, and the Mares devour'd? Dr. Virg.

Scylla and Charybdis.

A narrow Torrent, with impetuous Course,
Runs 'twixt their Cities and divided Shores,
And with impetuous Eddies foaming roars.
Misshapen Scylla on the Right abides;
Cruel Charybdis on the Left resides;
Thrice in her Gulph devours the Waves, and then
Thrice to the Stars she spouts them up again.
Scylla a Dungeon horrible secures;
Her Head above the Waves, she Ships on Rocks allures.
This triform Monster has a humane Face;
And Virgin Breasts her beauteous Body grace:
Below her Waist she ends a hideous Whale,
With howling Dogs join'd to her Dolphins Tail. *Land. Virg.*

S E A.

The vast unmeasur'd Kingdoms of the Main!
There scaly Monsters, of enormous Size,
Flounce in the Waves, and dash with Foam the Skies:
Others, inclos'd in shelly Armour, creep
Upon the Rocks, or seek the slimy Deep.
There, big with War or Traffick, Vessels ride,
Driv'n by the Winds, and bound along the Tide. Trapp,
Behold the working Sea,
When the now weary Waves roul o'er the Deep,
And faintly murmur, ere they fall asleep. *Dryd. Auren.*
For, tho' the furious Storm be now blown o'er,
The Sea's still troubled, and the Waters roar,
And curl upon the Winds that blew before. *Creech. Ovid.*
Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous Deep,
The Harlot Smiles of her dissembling Face?
Shall I believe the Syren-South again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the Monster-Main? *Dryd. Virg.*
Come, Galatea, come; the Seas forsake:
What Pleasures can the Tides with their hoarse Murmurs
Come then, and leave the Waves tumultuous Roar: (make?)
Let the wild Surges vainly beat the Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*

Sea, dividing for Passage for the Israelites.

And now a mighty Tempest, from the East
The Sea assail'd, and on the Billows press'd:
Th' astonish'd Ocean did its Force obey;
Open'd his wat'ry Files, and clear'd the pathless Way.
The Waves retreated, and erected stood,
As Fear and Wonder had benumb'd the Flood:

Then, Front to Front, they kept their Line unmov'd ;
 And those, that crowd behind, they backwards shov'd ;
 Like a long Ridge of cristal Hills they rose ;
 And the low Wonders of the Deep disclose. Blac. P. Arth.
 The stiff'ning Waters hear the high Command :
 In craggy Rocks and cristal Mountains stand ;
 And leave an open Space of dry and naked Land. Blac. El. }

S E A M A N.

So fares the Sailor on the stormy Main,
 When Clouds conceal Bootes' golden Wain ;
 When not a Star its friendly Lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the Deeps :
 He dreads the Rocks, and Shoals, and Seas, and Skies ;
 While Thunder roars, and Lightning round him flies. Pope.
 Thus carnal Seamen, in a Storm,
 Turn pious Converts, and reform. Hud.

S E C R E T.

Secret as plotting Friends in Council are. Oldh.

——— Secrets are edg'd Tools : (A-la-mode.
 And must be kept from Children, and from Fools. Dr. M.

——— Be secret all ; be hush'd,
 As Urns and Monuments, that never blab. Lee, Mass. of Par.

Be secret and discreet : Love's fairy Favours
 Are lost, when not conceal'd. Dryd. Span. Fry.

——— O, I will keep this Secret : (Phæd. & Hip.
 No Racks, no Shame, shall ever force it from me. Smith.

——— Your Thoughts are still as much your own,
 As when you kept the Key of your own Breast. Dr. D. of Guise.

As safe in Jonathan's Trust his Thoughts remain,
 As when himself but dreamt them, o'er again. Dryd. Cowl.

——— I never speak ;
 Nor when alone, for Fear some Friend should hear,
 And blab my Secret out. Dryd. D. of Guise.

A mighty Secret labours in my Soul,
 And, like a rushing Stream, breaks down the Dams,

To find a Vent. Dryd. Love. Tri.

Long has this Secret struggled in my Breast ; (& Hip.
 Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd Bosom. Sm. Phæd.

——— 'Tis Heav'n alone can tell,
 How fatally the Secret struggles here ;

With what impetuous Force it beats my Breast ;
 And tears away my Quiet in its Way. South. Disap.

——— We'll unlock
 Our fastest Secrets ; shed upon each other

Our

Our tender'ft Cares; and quite unbar thofe Doors;
Which fhall be fhut to all Mankind befides. *Lee. Theod.*

He who trufta a Secrer to his Servant,
Makes his own Man his Mafter. — *Dryd. Amph.*

S E C T A R Y.

The Learned write, an Inſect Breeze
Is but a Mungrel Prince of Bees,
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founder of his Houſe;
From whoſe corrupted Fleſh that Breed
Of Vermin did at firſt proceed.
So, e'er the Storm of War broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various Rout
Of petulant capricious Sects,
The Maggots of corrupted Texts:
Such as breed out of peccant Humours
Of our own Church, like Wens and Tumours:
And, like a Maggot in a Sore,
Would that, which gave it Life, devour.
For, as the Perſian Magi once
Upon their Mothers got their Sons,
Who were incapable t'enjoy
That Empire any other way:
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cauſe, his Mother;
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whoſe Son and Husband are the ſame. *Hud.*

Some are for ſetting up a King,
But all the reſt for no ſuch Thing,
Except King Jeſus —
Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of Exciſe;
And ſome againſt th' Egyptian Bondage
Of Holydays, and paying Poundage,
And ſome for finding out Expedients
Againſt the Slav'ry of Obedience:
Some were for Goſpel-Miniſters,
And ſome for Red-Coat Seculars;
As Men moſt fit t' hold forth the Word;
And wield the one, and th' other Sword.
Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The Camiſado of Surplices,
That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward Man the Inward;

M. m 5.

More

More proper for the cloudy Night
 Of Popery, than Gospel-Light.
 Others were for abolishing
 That Tool of Matrimony, a Ring,
 With which th' unsanctify'd Bridegroom
 Is marry'd only to a Thumb;
 The Bride, to nothing but her Will,
 Which nulls the After-Marriage still.
 And some against all idolizing
 The Cross in Shop-Books, and Baptizing:
 Others, to make all Things recant
 The Christian, or Surname, of Saint;
 And force all Churches, Streets, and Towns,
 The Holy Tittle to renounce.
 Some, 'gainst a third Estate of Souls,
 And bringing down the Price of Coals:
 Some for abolishing black Pudding,
 And eating nothing with the Blood in;
 To abrogate them Roots and Branches:
 While others were for eating Haunches
 Of Warriors, and now and then
 The Flesh of Kings, and mighty Men:
 And some for breaking of their Bones
 With Rods of Ir'n, by secret ones;
 For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells
 For hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells:
 Things that the Legend never heard of,
 But made the wicked fore afraid of. Hud.
 Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
 And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side:
 They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause,
 And plead a Call to preach in Spite of Laws:
 But that's no News to the Poor injur'd Page:
 It has been us'd as ill in ev'ry Age;
 And is constrain'd with Patience all to take;
 For what Defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
 Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize,
 That it may speak whatever Sense they please.
 'Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle to enquire;
 But since our Sects in Prophecy grew high'r, (Dryd. Med.)
 The Text inspires not them, but they the Text inspire.

S E M E L E.

——— Th' unwary Nymph desir'd of Jove,
 He wou'd, when next he courts the Rites of Love,
Descend

Descend triumphant from th' æthereal Sky,
 In all the Pomp of his Divinity;
 Encompass'd round by those celestial Charms,
 With which he fills th' immortal Juno's Arms:
 He granted her Request, and, strait ascending, throws
 His awful Brow in Whirlwinds and in Clouds:
 Whilst all around, in terrible Array,
 His Thunders rattle, and his Lightnings play:
 Thus terribly adorn'd, with Horror bright,
 Th' illustrious God, descending from his Height,
 Came rushing on her in a Flood of Light.
 The mortal Dame, too feeble to engage
 The Lightning's Flashes and the Thunder's Rage,
 Consum'd amidst the Glories she desir'd,
 And in the Thunderer's Embrace expir'd. Add. Ovid.

— All shining in celestial Charms
 Jove came triumphant to a Mortal's Arms:
 And all his Glories o'er her Limbs were spread,
 And blazing Light'nings danc'd around her Bed. Pope. Stat.
 So Semele, contented with the Rape
 Of Jove, disguised in a mortal Shape,
 When she beheld his Hands with Lightning fill'd,
 And his bright Rays, was with Amazement kill'd. Wall.
 Beauteous Semele does no less
 Her cruel Midwife Thunder bless,
 Whilst, sporting with the Gods on high,
 Sh' enjoys secure their Company,
 Plays with Light'nings as they fly, (Pind.
 Nor trembles at the bright Embraces of the Deity. Cowl.

SERENITY of Mind.

— — — The Mind

In all Assaults of Fortune shou'd be still serene:
 Not in the Pow'r of Accident or Chance. Steele. Lying Lover.
 A Soul so calm, it knew not Ebbs or Flows;
 Which Passion cou'd but curl, not discompose. Dryd.
 In cool delib'rate Thought she views the Scene
 Of War; and in a Tempest shines serene.
 So when impetuous Passions toss the Soul,
 And Tides of boiling Blood reluctant roul;
 Imperial Reason keeps her awful Throne,
 Above the Tumult reigns unmov'd alone:
 At her Command intestine Discords cease;
 And all th' inferior Pow'rs lie hush'd in Peace. Trappi.
 No Discord in thy Soul did rest,
 Save what its Harmony increas'd:

Thy

Thy Mind did with such reg'lar Calmness move,
 As held Resemblance with the greater Mind above:
 Reason there fix'd its peaceful Throne,
 And reign'd alone:
 The Passions rais'd no civil Wars,
 Nor compos'd thee with intestine Jars:
 All threw their resty Tempers by,
 And gentle Figures drew;
 Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,
 As when themselves in their first Beings grew.
 Thy Soul within such silent Pomp did keep,
 As if Humanity were lull'd asleep:
 So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,
 Time's unheard Feet scarce make less Noise,
 Or the soft Journey, which a Planet goes:
 Life seem'd all calm as its last Breath;
 A still Tranquillity so hush'd thy Breast,
 As if some Halcyon were its Guest,
 And there had built her Nest:
 As that smooth Sea, which wears the Name of Peace,
 Still with one even Face appears,
 And feels no Tides to change it from its Place,
 No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears:
 As that unspotted Sky,
 Where Nile does Want of Rain supply,
 Is free from Clouds, from Storm is ever free:
 So thy unvary'd Mind was always one,
 And with such clear Serenity still shone,
 As caus'd thy little World to seem all temp'rate Zone. Oldh.

S E R P E N T.

The noisome Serpents, with collected Tail,
 Writhe on the Ground, or spiral Volumes trail. Laud. Virg.
 So glides some trodden Serpent on the Grass,
 And long behind his wounded Volume trails. Dryd.
 So Serpents, thar, entangled, lay asleep,
 From out their Beds, disturb'd and waken'd, creep:
 They hiss, and cast their fiery Eyes around;
 And with their loathsome Bellies mark the Ground:
 For Flight their poisonous Volumes they display,
 And, urg'd with Fear and Anguish, haste away. Blac. P. Arth.
 Then two prodigious Serpents were deserv'd,
 Whose circling Strokes the Seas smooth Face divide:
 Above the Deep they raise their scaly Crests,
 And stem the Flood with their erected Breasts:

Their

Their winding Tails advance, and steer their Course,
 And 'gainst the Shore the breaking Billows force:
 Now landing, from their brandish'd Tongues there came
 A dreadful Hiss, and from their Eyes a Flame. Denh. Virg.

Serpent slain by Cadmus.

Deep in the Den a dreadful Serpent lies,
 Bloated with Poison to a monstrous Size:
 Bright is his Crest, his Scales are burnish'd Gold,
 Bloodshot his Eyes, and ghastly to behold:
 Three Tongues he brandishes: as many Rows
 Of jaggy Teeth his op'ning Jaws disclose:
 He strait bestirs him, and begins to rise,
 And now with dreadful Hissings fills the Skies,
 And darts his forky Tongues, and roul's his glaring Eyes. }
 Above the tallest Trees he rais'd his Face,
 His hinder Circles floating on the Grass:
 In winding Mazes then himself he roul'd,
 And leap'd upon them in a mighty Fold.
 Of such a Bulk, and such a monstrous Size,
 The Serpent in the Polar Circle lies, }
 That stretches over half the northern Skies.
 Some die entangled in the knotty Train;
 Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome Death,
 Swoln up with Blasts of pestilential Breath:
 Cadmus prepar'd a ponderous Stone to throw, }
 And in a Whirlwind sent it at the Foe:
 A batter'd Tow'r had scarce sustain'd the Blow.
 But nothing here th' unwieldy Rock avails,
 Rebounding harmless from the plaited Scales:
 The Serpent's Hide preserv'd him from a Wound,
 And native Armour crusted him around:
 With more Success a pointed Jav'lin flew,
 Which at his Back the raging Cadmus threw:
 Thro' the thick Scales and Flesh it took its Course,
 And in the spinal Marrow spent its Force.
 The Serpent hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
 And writh'd his Body to and fro with Pain;
 And bit the Spear, and wrench'd the Wood away;
 The Point still bury'd in the Marrow lay:
 And now his Rage encreasing with his Pain,
 Reddens his Eyes, and bears in ev'ry Vein:
 His grinding Jaws are whiten'd into Foam,
 And from his Mouth the blasting Vapours come:
 The Plants around him wither in the Blast,
 Such as th' infernal Stygian Waters cast:
 Now in a Maze of Rings he lies enroul'd,
 Now all untwisted, and without a Fold;

Now,

Now, like a Torrent, with a mighty Force,
 Bears down the Forest in his boist'rous Course:
 Cadmus gave back, and on a Lion's spoil
 Sustain'd the Shock, then forc'd him to recoil:
 The pointed Spear still ward'd off his Rage:
 Mad with his Pains, and furious to engage,
 The Serpent champs the Steel, and bites the Spear,
 'Till Blood and Venom all the Point besmear:
 But still the Hurt, he yet receiv'd, was slight:
 For, whilst the Champion with redoubled Might,
 Strikes home the Jav'lin, his retiring Foe
 Shrinks from the Wound, and disappoints the Blow.
 The dauntless Hero still pursues his Stroke,
 And presses forward, 'till a knotty Oak
 Retards the Serpent's Flight, and stops him in the Rear:
 Full in his Throat he plung'd the fatal Spear,
 That thro' the Serpent's Neck a Passage found,
 And pierc'd the knotty Timber thro' the Wound:
 Fix'd to the reeling Trunk, with many a Stroke
 Of his huge Tail, the Serpent lash'd the Oak;
 'Till, spent with Toil, and lab'ring hard for Breath,
 He now lay twisting in the Pangs of Death. Add. Ovid.

Serpent turn'd into Stone.

The Serpent, who his Maw obscene had fill'd,
 The Branches in his curl'd Embraces held:
 But, as in Spires he stood, he turn'd to Stone:
 The stony Snake retain'd the Figure still his own. Dr. Ovid.

SESOSTRIS.

—— In Heart elate,
 As erst Sesostris, proud Egyptian King,
 That Monarchs, harness'd, to his Chariot yok'd,
 Base Servitude! and his dethron'd Compeers
 Lash'd furious: They, in sullen Majesty,
 Drew the uneasy Load. — Phil.

SHADE.

—— A spacious pleasing Shade,
 Which neither Heat can pierce, nor Cold invade. Dr. Ovid
 —— A secret Shade,
 By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made:
 Where whistling Winds the bending Branches shake,
 And in their Play the Shades uncertain make. Duke. Virg.

Beneath

Beneath the Shade, which beechen Boughs diffuse,
 You Tity'rus entertain your Sylvan Muse. Dryd. Virg.
 Secure from Sight, beneath a pleasing Shade,
 Where tufted Trees a native Arbour made. Dryd. Virg.

— This gloomy Shade

Seems for Retreat of thoughtful Muses made! Dr. Virg.

This Place may seem for Shepherd's Leisure made;

So lovingly these Elms unite their Shade. Pope.

Go seek some ancient Oak, whose Arms extend
 In ample Breadth. —

Or solitary Grove; or gloomy Glade;

To shield thee with its venerable Shade. Dryd. Virg.

S H A M E.

O'er their fair Cheeks the glowing blushes rise:

Their down cast Looks a decent Shame confess'd. Pope. Stat.

There's none from their own Sense of Shame can fly;

And Dregs of Passions dwell with Misery. How.

The Wretch, that to a scorn'd Condition's thrown,

With the World's Favour, loses too his own. How.

Shame is but where with Wickedness 'tis join'd. Dr. Auren.

— I know not how to tell thee;

Shame rises in my Face, and interrupts

The Story of my Tongue. — Orw. Orph.

Moon step behind some Cloud; some Tempest rise,

And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,

To shroud my Shame. — Dryd. Ind. Emp.

Oh! thou hast known but little of Calista:

If thou hadst never heard my Shame; if only

The midnight Moon and silent Stars had seen it;

I would not bear to be reproach'd by them;

But dig down deep to find a Grave beneath,

And hide me from their Beams. — Rowe. Fair Pen.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her,

But strait he fell into a Fever;

Inflam'd all over with Disgrace,

To be seen by her in such a Place;

Which made him hang his Head, and scowl,

And wink, and goggle like an Owl. Hud.

S H E P H E R D.

Whilome did I, all as this Poplar fair,

Upraise my heedless Head, devoid of Care:

'Mong rustick Routs the Chief for wanton Game;

Nor could they merry make, 'till Lobbin came:

Who

Who better seen than I in Shepherds Arts,
 To please the Lads, and win the Lasses Hearts?
 How dextly, to mine oaten-Reed so sweet,
 Wont they upon the Green to shift their Feet?
 And, when the Dance was done, how wou'd they yearn
 Some well devised Tale from me to learn?
 For many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
 To chace the ling'ring Sun adown the Sky. Pope.

A Shepherd now along the Plain he roves,
 And with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves:
 The neighb'ring Swains around the Stranger throng,
 Or to admire, or emulate, his Song;
 While with soft Sorrow he renews his Lays,
 Not heedful of their Envy, nor their Praise:
 But, soon as Emma's Eyes adorn the Plain,
 His Notes he raises to a nobler Strain,
 With duriful Respect and studious Fear,
 Lest any careless Sound offend her Ear. Prior.

Thus the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care;
 Seeks freshest Pastures, and the purest Air;
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring Sheep directs;
 By Day o'ersees them, and by Night protects:
 The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,
 Feeds from his Hand, and in his Bosom warms. —

S H I E L D.

He bore a vast Circumference of a Shield,
 Moony and large, and cover'd o'er with Gold. Br. Hom.
 ——— Like the Moon at full, his spacious Shield,
 Blaz'd on his Arm, and dazled all the Field. Blac.K.Arth.
 The Latians saw from far, with dazled Eyes,
 The radiant Crest, that seem'd in Flames to rise,
 And dart diffusive Fires around the Field;
 And the keen glittering of the golden Shield:
 So Sirius, flashing forth sinister Lights, (Dryd. Virg.
 Pale human Kind with Plagues, and with dry Famine frights.
 ——— The ample Shield,
 Pond'rous with precious Weight, and rough with Cost
 Of the round World in rising Gold emboss'd. Dryd. Ovid.

Shield of Æneas.

He most admires the Shield's mysterious Mould;
 And Roman Triumphs rising on the Gold;
 For those, emboss'd, the heav'nly Smith had wrought;
 Not in the Rolls of future Fame untaught;

The

The Wars in Order, and the Race divine
 Of Warriours, issuing from the Julian Line : Dryd. Virg.
 In Mars his Cave, with massy Verdure dress'd,
 The Wolf and royal Twins his Art express'd :
 Sucking her Tears the Infants fearless hung,
 And play'd secure : she, with her fawning Tongue,
 Their tender Bodies form'd ; they kiss'd her Breast ;
 Bending her Neck, she one by one caress'd : Laud. Virg.
 Not far from thence new Rome appears ; with Games,
 Projected for the Rape of Sabine Dames :
 The Pit resounds with Shrieks : a War succeeds,
 For Breach of publick Faith ; and unexampled Deeds :
 Here for Revenge the Sabine Troops contend :
 The Romans there with Arms their Prey defend :
 Weary'd with redious War, at length they cease ;
 And both the Kings and Kingdoms plight the Peace :
 The friendly Chiefs before Jove's Altar stand ;
 Both arm'd ; with each a Charger in his Hand :
 A fatt'd Sow for Sacrifice is led ;
 With Imprecations on the perjurd Head.
 Near this, the Traytor Metius, stretch'd between
 Four fiery Steeds, is dragg'd along the Green,
 By Tullus' Doom : The Brambles drink his Blood ;
 And his torn Limbs are left, the Vulture's Food.
 There, Porfena to Rome proud Tarquin brings ;
 And would by Force restore the banish'd Kings :
 One Tyrant for his Fellow Tyrant fights :
 The Roman Youth assert their native Rights :
 Before the Town, the Tuscan Army lies ;
 To win by Famine, or by Fraud surprize :
 Their King, half threat'ning, half disdaining, stood ;
 While Cocles broke the Bridge, and stem'd the Flood :
 The Captive Maids there tempt the raging Tide,
 Scap'd from their Chains, with Clelia for their Guide.
 High on a Rock, heroick Manlius stood,
 To guard the Temple, and the Temple's God :
 Then Rome was poor : and there you might behold
 The Palace, thatch'd with Straw, now roof'd with Gold :
 The silver Goose before the shining Gate
 There flew ; and, by her Cackle sav'd the State :
 She told the Gauls Approach : th' approaching Gauls,
 Obscure in Night, ascend, and seize the Walls :
 The Gold dissembled well their yellow Hair ;
 And golden Chains on their white Necks they wear ;
 Gold are their Vests : long Alpine Spears they wield ;
 And their left Arm sustains a Length of Shield :

Hard

Hard by, the leaping Salian Priests advance;
 And naked thro' the Streets the mad Luperi dance,
 In Caps of Wooll: the Targets dropp'd from Heav'n:
 Here modest Matrons, in soft Litters driv'n,
 To pay their Vows in solemn Pomp appear;
 And od'rous Gums in their chaste Hands they bear:
 Far hence remov'd, the Strygian Seats are seen;
 Pains of the Dam'd; and punish'd Cariline:
 Hung on a Rock the Traitor; and around,
 The Furies hissing from the nether Ground.
 Apart from these, the happy Souls he draws;
 And Cato's holy Ghost, dispensing Laws.
 Betwixt the Quarters flows a golden Sea:
 But foaming Surges, there, in Silver play:
 The dancing Dolphins, with their Tails, divide
 The glittering Waves; and cut the precious Tide:
 Amid the Main, two mighty Fleets engage
 Their brazen Beaks; oppos'd with equal Rage:
 Actium surveys the well disputed Prize:
 Leucate's wat'ry Plain, with foaming Billows, spies:
 Young Caesar, on the Stern, in Armour bright,
 Here leads the Romans and their Gods to Fight:
 His beamy Temples shoot their Flames afar;
 And o'er his Head is hung the Julian Star:
 Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous Gales;
 And, with propitious Gods, his Foes assails:
 A naval Crown, that binds his manly Brows,
 The happy Fortune of the Fight foreshows.
 Rang'd on the Line oppos'd, Antonius brings
 Barbarian Aids; and Troops of Eastern Kings:
 Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
 Of Tongues discordant; and a mingled War:
 And, rich in gawdy Robes, amidst the Strife,
 His ill Fate follows him; th' Egyptian Wife
 Moving they fight: with Oars, and forky Prows,
 The Froth is gather'd; and the Water glows:
 Fire-Balls are thrown; and pointed Jav'lins fly:
 The Fields of Neprune take a purple Dye:
 The Queen her self, amidst the loud Alarms,
 With Cymbals toss'd her fainting Soldiers warms;
 Fool as she was; who had not yet divin'd
 Her cruel Fate, nor saw the Snakes behind:
 Her Country Gods, the Monsters of the Sky,
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's Queen descie:
 The Dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
 Nor longer dares oppose th' Aethereal Train,
 Mars, in the Middle of the shining Shield.
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid Field:

The Diræ sowse from Heav'n, with swift Descent ;
 And Discord, dy'd in Blood, with Garments rent,
 Divides the Preace : Her Steps Bellona treads ;
 And shakes her iron Rod above their Heads.
 This seen, Apollo, from his Actian Height
 Pours down his Arrows ; at whose winged Flight,
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield ;
 And soft Sabæans quit the war'ry Field :
 The fatal Mistress hoists her silken Sails ;
 And, shrinking from the Fight, invokes the Gales :
 Aghast she looks ; and heaves her Breast for Breath ;
 Panting, and pale, with Fear of future Death :
 The God had figur'd her, as driv'n along
 By Winds and Waves ; and scudding thro' the Throng :
 Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
 His Arms and ample Bosom to the Tide ;
 And spreads his Mantle o'er the winding Coast ;
 In which he wraps his Queen, and hides the flying Host.
 The Victor to the Gods his Thanks express'd :
 And Rome, triumphant, with his Presence bless'd :
 Three hundred Temples in the Town he plac'd,
 With Spoils and Altars ev'ry Temple grac'd :
 Three shining Nights, and three succeeding Days,
 The Fields resound with Shouts, the Streets with Praise ; }
 The Domes with Songs, the Theatres with Plays :
 All Altars flame : before each Altar lies ;
 Drench'd in his Gore, the destin'd Sacrifice.
 Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his Throne,
 Before Apollo's Porch of Parian Stone ;
 Accepts the Presents, vow'd for Victory ;
 And hangs the monumental Crowns on high :
 Vast Crowds of vanquish'd Nations march along ;
 Various in Arms, in Habit, and in Tongue :
 And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides ;
 And there the Rhine submits her willing Tides ;
 And proud Araxes, whom no Bridge could bind : }
 The Danes unconquer'd Offspring march behind ;
 And Morini, the last of human Kind.
 These Figures on the Shield, divinely wrought,
 With Joy and Wonder fill'd the Hero's Thought :
 Unknown the Names, yet he admires the Grace ; (Æn.
 And bears aloft the Fame and Fortune of his Race. Dryd.

S H I M E I.

The Wretch, who Heav'n's anointed dar'd to curse :
 Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King,

Did

Did wisely from expensive Sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath but for Gain :
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
 Or curse, unless against the Government :
 Thus, heaping Wealth by the most ready Way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray,
 The City, to reward his pious Hate
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate :
 His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold,
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold :
 During his Office Treason was no Crime ;
 The Sons of Belial had a glorious Time :
 For Shimei, tho' not prodigal of Pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself :
 When two or three were gather'd to declaim,
 Against the Monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them :
 And if they curs'd the King, when he was by,
 Would rather curse, than break good Company.
 If any durst his factious Friends accuse,
 He pack'd a Jury of dissenting Jews,
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly Cause
 Would free the suffering Saint from human Laws :
 For Laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes :
 If any leisure Time he had from Pow'r,
 Because 'tis Sin to misemploy an Hour,
 His Business was by Writing to persuade,
 That Kings were useless, and a Clog to Trade :
 And, that his noble Style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shun'd the Fumes of Wine :
 Chaste were his Cellars, and his Shrieval Board
 The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd :
 His Cooks, thro' long Disuse, their Trade forgot :
 Cool was his Kitchen, tho' his Brains were hot :
 Such frugal Virtue Malice may accuse ;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews :
 For Towns, once burnt, such Magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
 With spir'tual Food he fed his Servants well ;
 But free from Flesh ; that made the Jews rebel :
 And Moses' Laws he held in more Account,
 For forty Days of fasting in the Mount. Dryd. Abs. & Ach.

S H I P S.

Where-e'er thy Navy spreads her Canvas Wings
 Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings :

The

The French and Spaniards, when thy Flags appear,
Forget their Hatred, and consent to fear:

So Jove from Ida, did both Hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the Fray,
Ships heretofore on Seas, like Fishes, sped;
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:

Thou on the Deep imposest nobler Laws,
And, by that Justice, hast remov'd the Cause
Of those rude Tempests, which, for Rapine sent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the Innocent.

Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both those Fates, of Storms, and Piracy.
Should Nature's self invade the World again,
And o'er the Centre spread the liquid Main;
Thy Pow'r were safe, and her destructive Hand
Would but enlarge the Bounds of thy Command:

Thy dreadful Fleet would style thee Lord of all,
And ride in Triumph o'er the drowned Ball:
Those Tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile Plains might go,
And visit Mountains, where they once did grow.

The World's Restorer never could endure,
That finish'd Babel should those Men secure,
Whose Pride design'd that Fabrick to have stood
Above the Reach of any second Flood:

To Thee, his Chosen, more indulgent He
Dares trust such Pow'r with so much Piety.
Those which inhabit the Celestial Bow'r
Painters express with Emblems of their Pow'r:
His Club Alcides, Phœbus has his Bow, (King, on his Navy.
Jove has his Thunder, and your Navy you. Wall. To the

— They from afar

View'd the wing'd Terrours and the floating War. Blac.

The Billows ne'er so vast a Burden bore:
The straining Winds ne'er toil'd so hard before:

Ships of prodigious Bigness load the Flood;
Each seem'd a Castle, and her Masts a Wood:

The glorious Squadrons awful Order keep,
And move in slow Procession on the Deep:

Their Ensigns proudly streaming in the Air,
The Fleet half gilt, half painted, seem'd to wear

Rather the Face of Triumph, than of War. Blac. Eliza. }
 — He brush'd the briny Flood:

Upon his Stern a brawny Centaur stood,
Who heav'd a Rock; and, threat'ning still to throw

With lifted Hands, alarm'd the Seas below:
They seem'd to fear the formidable Sight,

And roul'd their Billows on to speed his Flight. Dryd. Virg.
 Their

Their Heads to Sea, the Ships securely ride;
Hemming the Shore, at Anchor, Side by Side. *Laud. Virg.*

S H I P W R E C K.

———— Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Egean Deep,
Or thro' the Jonian, till, cruising near
The Lilybæan Shore, with hideous Crash
On Scylla, or Charybdis, dang'rous Rocks,
She strikes; rebounding whence the shatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea in at the gaping Side:
The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless, overwhelming: Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
Vain Efforts! still the batt'ring Waves rush in
Implacable, 'till, delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyfs. *Phil.*
The cloudy Skies a gath'ring Storm presage,
And Auster from the South began to rage:
Full from the Land the sounding Tempest roars,
Repels the swelling Surge, and sweeps the Shores;
The Wind pursues, drives on the rouling Sand,
And gives new Limits to the growing Land:
Spite of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails,
In vain with skilful Strength he hands the Sails;
In vain the cordy Cables bind them fast,
At once it rips and rends them from the Mast;
At once the Winds the flutt'ring Canvas tear
Then whirl and whisk it thro' the sportive Air.
Some, timely for the rising Rage prepar'd,
Furl the loose Sheer, and lash it to the Yard:
In vain their Care; suddain the furious Blast
Snaps by the Board, and bears away, the Mast:
Of Tackling, Sails, and Mast, at once bereft,
The Ship a naked helpless Hull is left:
Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd Way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the swelling Sea.
Some on the Shallows strike, and doubtful stand,
Part beat by Waves, part fixt upon the Sand.
Now, pent amidst the Shoals, the Billows roar,
Dash on the Banks, and scorn the new-made Shore;
Now by the Wind driv'n on in Heaps they swell;
The stedfast Banks both Winds and Waves repel:

Still with united Force they rage in vain,
 The sandy Piles their Station fix'd maintain,
 And lift their Heads secure amidst the wat'ry Plain.
 There, 'scap'd from Seas, upon the faithless Strand,
 With weeping Eyes the shipwreck'd Seamen stand,
 And, cast ashore, look vainly out for Land. Rowe. Luc.
 — The Vessel struck the Shore, (M. Bride.
 And, bulging 'gainst a Rock, was dash'd in Pieces. Cong.

S H O U T.

With such loud Shouts they made the Mountains ring,
 As sunk the Winds: —
 So thund'ring Cannon, when two Fleets engage,
 With their loud Roar the raging Seas assuage, (K. Arth.
 Awe list'ning Winds, and calm their weaker Rage. Blac.
 A suddain Shout ran thro' th'applauding Field. Bl. P. Arth.
 Hark, the triumphant Shouts from ev'ry Voice!
 The Skies with Acclamations ring!
 Hark, how, around, the Hills rejoice,
 And Rocks reflected Io's sing!
 Hautboys, and Feifs, and Trumpets join'd,
 Heroick Harmony prepare,
 And charm to Silence ev'ry Wind,
 And glad the late tormented Air. Cong.
 They both were parted on a suddain,
 With hideous Clamour and a loud one;
 As if all Sorts of Noise had been
 Contracted into one loud Din;
 Or that some Member to be chosen,
 Had got the Odds above a Thousand;
 And by the Greatness of his Noise
 Prov'd fittest for his Countrey's Choice. Hud.
 — He heard a dreadful Shout,
 And loud as putting to the Rout. Hud.
 Their jocund Shouts th' Air, like a Storm, did tear;
 The Clouds, amaz'd, fled swift away for Fear. Cowl. David.
 At that a Peal of loud Applause rang out,
 And thinn'd the Air, till ev'n the Birds fell down
 Upon the Shouters Heads. — Dryd. Cleom.
 That Shout, like the hoarse Peals of Vultures, rings,
 When over fighting Fields they beat their Wings. Dryd.
 (Conq. of Gran. p. 2.
 Hark, how they shout to the Battel! how the Air
 Totters and reels, and rends a-pieces, Drusus,
 With their huge volly'd Clamours. — Beaum. Bonduca.
 — They with mighty Shouts

Shook

Shook the tormented Heav'ns, and stedfast Earth. Br.Hom.

The tilting Armies shook with Shouts the Ground :

The rowling Billows of the stormy Deep,

When Boreas drives them tumbling to the Shores,

Not so rebound : not so the furious Flames,

Which on a Mountain lay a Forest waste,

Rise to the Heav'ns, and bellow in the Clouds :

Not the loud Winds, when, rushing from the Skies,

They rend a Wood, and, with tempestuous Roar,

Force the whole Forest to the trembling Ground. Br.Hom.

Jack Straw, at London-stone, with all his Rout,

Struck not the City with so loud a Shout ;

Not when with English Hate they did pursue

A French Man, or an unbelieving Jew :

Not when the Welkin rung with one and all ;

And Echos bounded back from Fox's Hall :

Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heav'n above to fall. }

(Dryd. Chauc. The Cock, and the Fox.

The partial Crowd their Hopes and Fears divide ;

And aid, with eager Shouts, the favour'd Side:

Cries, Murmurs, Clamours, with a mixing Sound, (Virg.

From Woods to Woods, from Hills to Hills, rebound. Dr.

The distant Cries come driving in the Wind :

Shouts from the Walls, but Shouts in Murmurs drown'd ;

A jarring Mixture, and a boding Sound. Dryd. Virg.

S H R I E K S.

Then from afar he heard a screaming Sound,

As of a Dame distress'd, who cry'd for Aid,

And fill'd with loud Laments the secret Shade. Dryd.

(Bocc. Theod. & Hon.

At this, she cast a loud and frightful Cry. Dryd. Virg.

She rent the Heav'n with loud Laments, imploring Aid.

(Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.

Not louder Cries, when Ilium was in Flames,

Were sent to Heav'n by woful Trojan Dames ;

When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd Blade,

And offer'd Priam to his Father's Shade. Dryd. Chauc. The.

(Cock and the Fox,

With sov'reign Shrieks she wail'd her Captive Knight,

Far louder than the Carthaginian Wife,

When Asdrubal, her Husband, lost his Life ;

When she beheld the smould'ring Flames ascend,

And all the Punick Glories at an End :

Willing into the Fires she plung'd her Head,

With greater Ease than others seek their Bed.

Not more aghast the Matrons of Renown,
 When Tyrant Nero burnt the imperial Town,
 Shriek'd for the Downfal in a doleful Cry,
 For which their guiltless Lords were doom'd to die. Dryd.
 (Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

He, roaring, fills the flitting Air around :
 Thus when an Ox receives a glancing Wound,
 He breaks his Bands; the fatal Altar flies ;
 And with loud Bellowings breaks the yielding Skies. Dr.V.
 So a sad Cry did wond'ring Nile affright, (Arth.
 When Egypt's first-born Youth were slain, by Night. Bl. P.
 Now Screams of Horror rend th' affrighted Skies :
 Not louder Shrieks by Dames to Heav'n are cast,
 When Husbands or when Monkeys breathe their last :
 Or when rich China-Vessels, fall'n from high,
 In glittering Dust, and painted Fragments lie. Pope.

S I C K N E S S.

Disease sollicit her with impious Care,
 And too, too fast her precious Spirits wear ;
 Not thus her Charms : Ev'n yielding, how she reigns,
 And conquers others, while her self's in Chains !
 Great, yet oppress'd ! Were Virtue's Image seen,
 Virtue could look but equally serene :
 In Pain she proves the Promise of her Mind,
 And only, when she dies, deceives Mankind. —

Never did Sicknes in such Pomp appear,
 Disease it self look'd amiable there.
 So Clouds, which would obscure the Sun, oft gilded be,
 And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he. Oldh.

Mean while all Means, all Drugs prescribed are,
 Which the Decays of Health, or Strength repair :
 But these in vain ! they rougher Methods try,
 And now you're martyr'd, that you may not die :
 Sad Scenes of Fate, when Tortures were your Gain,
 And 'twas a Kindness thought to wish you Pain !
 As if the slacken'd String of Life, run down,
 Could only by the Rack be scrud in Tune. Oldh.

A Lethargy, like yours, each Breast did seize,
 And all by Sympathy catch'd your Disease :
 Around you, silent Imag'ry appears,
 And nought in the Spectators moves, but Tears. Oldh.

The Queen of Love we're told, once let us see,
 That Goddesses from Wounds could not be free ;
 And you, by this unwish'd Occasion, shew,
 That they, like mortal us, can Sicknes know. Oldh.

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N n

The

The Fever, ev'ry Moment, more prevails,
 Its Rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails :
 She, whose Disdain so many Lovers prove,
 Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love. D. of Buck.

Like some well-fashion'd Arch thy Patience stood,
 And purchas'd Firmness from its greater Load :
 Those Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint

Would make another faint,

Thou could'st endure with true Reality,
 And feel what some could hardly bear to see :
 Those Indians, who their Kings by Torture chuse,
 Subjecting all the royal Issue to that Test,

Can ne'er thy Sway refuse,

If he deserves to reign, that suffers best :

Had those fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,

Thou'adst claim'd their Choice alone ;

They with a Crown had pay'd thy Fortitude,

And turn'd thy Death-bed to a Throne,

Fate paus'd a while, with Wonder strook,

A while she doubted if that Destiny were thine,

And turned o'er again the dreadful Book,

And wish'd she might have cut another Line :

But dire Necessity

Soon cry'd, 'twas thee,

And bad her give the fatal Blow :

Strait she obeys, and strait the vital Pow'rs grow

Too weak, to grapple with a stronger Foe,

And now the feeble Strife forego.

Life's sap'd Foundation ev'ry Moment sinks ;

And ev'ry Breath to lesser Compass shrinks :

Last panting Gasps grow weaker each Rebound,

Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound :

And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,

Ready to usher in eternal Night. Odh.

———— The Disease

First on our Cattle seiz'd : the gen'rous Horse,

That bore his Rider safe thro' armed Ranks,

Snapping in sunder Darts and Spears, then fell

Unhurt, untouch'd : from Beasts it spread to Men :

The merry Greeks, as at their Cups they sit,

Drop in the Midst of Laughter. As some huge Tow'r,

At which Men gaze, astonish'd at its Strength,

If Waters undermine, and Springs unseen

Sap its Foundation, unawares comes down,

And covers with its Ruins all the Place :

So look our strong Battalions, and so fall

Whole Ranks at once, and the Dead lie on Heaps. Lanf. H. (Love.

O Chryses, Chryses, look on yonder Camp,
Behold what Heaps of Dead without one Wound!
Behold how like the Dead the Living look!
So near their End, that they, who wait their Friends
To the last Rites, are burnt on the same Pile:
The sturdy Greeks, unfinew'd by Diseases,
That firmly went, impressing deep the Ground,
On which they trod, with their large lusty Strides,
Now scarcely crawl, supported on their Spears. Lan.H.L.

S I G H.

———— He fetches Sighs,
Which, while he vainly struggles to repress,
With terrible Revulsions shake his Soul. Den. Rin. & Arm.

———— He sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
As ev'ry Breath he drew would be his last. Dryd. Chauc.
(The Cock and the Fox.

———— He drew
(Cock and Fox.
A piteous Sigh, and took a long Adieu. Dryd. Chauc. The

———— He, with a Sigh repress'd
The mighty Sorrow in his swelling Breast. Dryd. Virg.

———— He fetch'd a Groan, that seem'd to rend
His vital Thread asunder. ——— Den. Iphig.

His Sighs did twitch the very Strings of Life. Lee.L.J Br.

His Sighs flow from him with so strong a Gale,
As if his Soul would thro' his Lips exhale. Lee. Sophon.

———— He heav'dj with stifled Sighs, ——— Phill. Dis. Mot.
Uncall'd for Sighs oft from her Bosom flew. Cowl. Day.

Then, from the Bottom of her Breast, she drew
A mournful Sigh, and these sad Words ensue. Dr. Virg.

Her Sighs, as Show'rs lay Winds, are calm'd by Tears. D'Av.
———— A Sigh heaves in my Breast, (Tamerl.

And stops the struggling Accents on my Tongue. Rowe.

Go, my Hearts Envoys, tender Sighs, make Haste;

And with your Breath swell the soft Zephyr's Blast:

Then near that Fair One if you chance to fly,
Tell her in Whispers, 'tis for her I die. Steele. Tend. Husf.

I will be calm, press down the rising Sighs,
And stifle all the Swellings in my Heart. Lee. Cæs. Borg.

When my Heart
Was ready with a Sigh to cleave in two,
I have, with mighty Anguish of my Soul,
Just at the Birth, stifled this still-born Sigh, (& Cress.
And forc'd my Face into a painful Smile. Shak. Troil.

———— Each Sigh, each soft'ning Glance
Lulls my loud Wrongs. ——— Lee. Sophon.

The murm'ring Gale revives the drooping Flames,
 That at thy Coldness languish'd in my Breast :
 So breathe the gentle Zephyrs on the Spring,
 And waken ev'ry Plant and od'rous Flow'r,
 Which Winter Frost had blasted, to new Life. (Tamer
 Rowe.

S I G H T.

O Sight, thou Mother of Desires,
 What charming Objects dost thou yield ?
 'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,
 To see the rosy Morning gild,
 The Mountain Tops, and paint the Field.
 But, when Clorinda comes in Sight,
 She makes the Summer's Day more bright,
 And when she goes away 'tis Night :
 'Tis sweet the blushing Morn to view,
 And Plants adorn'd with pearly Dew :
 But such cheap Delights to see
 Heav'n and Nature
 Gave each Creature,
 They have Eyes as well as we.
 This is the Joy all Joys above,
 To see the only she we love, Dryd. K. Arth.
 ——— I'll feed my famish'd Eyes
 With looking on her : 'tis a Sight indeed
 For the high mounted Sun, in all his Pride,
 To stop, and wonder at : let me fix here,
 Stretch wide the Gates of Sight to take her in,
 In the full Triumph of her conqu'ring Charms :
 My eager Eyes devour her Beauties up,
 Insatiable, and longing still for more. South. Fate of
 Yet I behold her — yet — and now no more :
 Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view my Thoughts,
 So shall you still behold her : — 'twill not be.
 O Impotence of Sight ! Mechanick Sense,
 Which to exterior Objects ow'st thy Faculty,
 Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
 Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrours,
 Successively reflect succeeding Images :
 Not what they would, but must ; a Star, a Toad :
 Just as the Hand of Chance administers.
 Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View
 Revolves, and to the present brings the past ;
 Effaying farther to Futurity :
 But that in vain. I have Almeria here
 At once, as I before have seen her often. Cong. M. Bride

You see thro' Love, and that deludes your Sight, (Love.
As, what is strait, seems crooked thro' the Water. Dr. All for
Eyes and their Objects never must unite :
Some Distance is requir'd to help the Sight. Dryd. Ovid.

S I L E N C E.

— All was in Silence hid,
As Heav'n's Designs before the Birth of Light. D'Aven.

— Silent as Shadows glide,
Or Clouds that skim the Air, while they divide. —
Silent as Thoughts, or what's yet uncreated. D'Aven.
(Love and Honour)

She half consents, who silently denies. Norm. Ovid.

When Wit and Reason both have fail'd to move,
Kind Looks and Actions, from Success, do prove,
Ev'n Silence may be eloquent in Love. Cong. Old Batch.]

Silence: coæval with Eternity

Thou wert, ere Nature first began to be :
'Twas one vast Nothing all, and all slept fast in thee :
Thine was the Sway, ere Heav'n was form'd, or Earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd Creation's Birth,
Or Midwife Word gave Aid, and spokethe Infant forth.
Then various Elements against thee join'd.

In one more various Animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous Race of busy human Kind.

The Tongue mov'd gently first, and Speech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it Noise and Show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive Foe.

But Rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain,
Lost in the Maze of Words, he turns again,
And seeks a surer State, and courts thy gentler Reign.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental Tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe Retreat in thee.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies;
And in thy Bosom lurks in Thoughts Disguise,
Thou Varnisher of Fools, and Cheat of all the Wise.

Yet thy Indulgence is by both confest ;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the Breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for Rest.

Silence, the Knave's Repure, the Whore's good Name,
The only Honour of the wishing Dame,
Thy very want of Tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

But, could'st thou seize some Tongues, that now are free,
How Church and State would be oblig'd to thee,
At Senate and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be!

Yet Speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws
 From Rights of Subjects, and the poor Man's Cause;
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.
 Past Services of Friends, good Deeds of Foes,
 What Fav'rites gain, and what th' Exchequer owes,
 Fly the forgetful World, and in thy Arms repose.
 The Countrey-Wit, Religion of the Town,
 The Courtier's Learning, Policy o'th' Gown,
 Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone,
 The Parson's Cant, the Lawyer's Sophistry,
 Lord's Quibble, Criticks Jest, all end in thee;
 All rest in Peace at last, and sleep eternally. Pope.
 Silence is Order's Help, and Mark of Care. D'Aven.

S I L E N U S.

Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chanc'd to stray,
 Where, sleeping in a Cave Silenus lay:
 Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
 And always boil in each extended Vein:
 His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
 Was hanging by him, thin with Age and Use:
 Dropt from his Head, a Wreath lay on the Ground. Ros.Vir.

S I N.

He that once sins, like him that slides on Ice,
 Goes swiftly down the slipp'ry Ways of Vice.
 Tho' Conscience checks him, yet those Rubs gone o'er,
 He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more:
 What Sinners finish where they first begin,
 And with one Crime, content their Lust to sin?
 Nature, that, rude, and in her first Essay,
 Stood boggling at the Roughness of the Way,
 Us'd to the Road, unknowing to return,
 Goes boldly on, and loves the Path when worn. Creech. Juv.
 They who have once thrown Shame and Conscience by,
 Ne'er after make a Stop in Villany:
 Hurry'd along, down the vast Steep they go,
 And find, 'tis all a Precipice below. Oldh.
 There is a Method in Man's Wickedness;
 It grows up by Degrees. — Beau. King and no King.
 No man e'er reach'd the Heights of Vice at first;
 For Vice, like Virtue, by degrees must grow. Tate. Juv.
 Our outward Act is prompted from within,
 And from the Sinner's Mind proceeds the Sin:

By

By her own Choice free Virtue is approv'd,
 Not by the Force of outward Objects mov'd. Prior.
 But, when to Sin our bias'd Nature leans, (& Ach.
 The careful Dev'l is still at hand with Means. Dr. Abc.
 Hell gives us Art to reach the Depth of Sin, (of Corinth.
 But leaves us wretched Fools when we are in. Beaum. Qu.

—— Heav'n sometimes may bless
 An impious A&t with undeserv'd Success :
 The Great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
 To punish all Injustice but their own.
 But here I stop, not daring to proceed ;
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous Deed :
 For Crimes are but permitted, not decreed. Dryd, Bocc. }
 (Cym. & Iphig.

—— In strict Virtue, list'ning to a Crime,
 And not rejecting is it self a Crime. Dr. Love. Trium.

But when a Monarch sins it should be secret,
 To keep exteriour Show of Sanctity,
 Maintain Respect, and cover bad Example :
 For Kings and Priests are in a manner bound
 For Rev'rence sake to be close Hypocrites.

Yet to be secret makes not Sin the less :
 'Tis only hidden from the vulgar View ;
 Maintains indeed the Rev'rence due to Princes
 But not absolves the Conscience from the Crime. Dr. Amph.

Less Admiration to great Crimes is due,
 Which they thro' Wrath, or thro' Revenge pursue :
 But those are Fiends, who Crimes from Thought begin,
 And, cool in Mischief meditate the Sin. Dryd. Juv.

Now scarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes,
 Are safe from our audacious Crimes :
 We reach at Jove's imperial Throne,
 And pull th' unwilling Thunder down. Dryd. Hor.

O y u have perpetrated such a Crime
 As frighten'd Nature, made the Saints above,
 Shake Heav'n's eternal Pavement with their trembling,
 To view that A&t. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.

—— Heav'n should be ingenious
 In punishing such Crimes : the rowling Stone
 And gnawing Vulture were slight Pains, invented
 When Jove was young, and no Examples known
 Of mighty Ills, but you have ripen'd Sin
 To such a monstrous Growth, 'twill pose the Gods
 To find an equal Torture. ——— Dryd. All for Love.

S I N G I N G.

Come Poetry, and with thee bring along,
 A rich and painted Throng
 Of noblest Words into my Song;
 Into my Numbers let them gently flow,
 Soft and smooth, and thick as Snow,
 And turn the Numbers, till they prove
 Smooth, as the smoothest Spheres above,
 And, like a Sphere, harmoniously move.
 Urania's self shall thee rehearse,
 And a just Blessing to thee give:
 Thou in her sweet and tuneful Breath shalt live.
 Her pleasing Tongue with thee shall freely play,
 Thou on her Lips shalt stray,
 And dance upon that rose way:
 O how wilt thou thy Author crown,
 When fair Urania shall be known,
 To sing my Words, when she but speaks her own! Cowl.
 When charming Teraminta sings,
 Each new Air new Passion brings:
 Now I resolve, and now I fear,
 Now I triumph, now despair,
 Frolick now, now faint I grow,
 Now I freeze, and now I glow.
 The panting Zephyrs round her play,
 And trembling on her Lips would stay;
 Now would listen, now would kiss,
 'Till, by her Breath repuls'd, they fly,
 And in low pleasing Murmurs die.
 Nor do I ask that she would give,
 By some new Note, the Pow'r to live:
 I would, expiring with the Sound,
 Die on the Lips that gave the Wound. Burnaby.
 Both Eyes and Ears are Traitors to Repose,
 Looking, or List'ning ends in am'rous Woes:
 For, when we see, we're vanquish'd by her View,
 And, when we hear, her melting Notes subdue.
 Thy self, O Nymph, to teach the Muse incline,
 For there's no perfect Melody but thine:
 Then she might haply boast a warbling Air;
 And form her Song as sweet, as Nature form'd thee fair. —
 Such was the Force of thy enchanting Tongue,
 That she for ever could have heard thy Song:
 She chid the Hours that did so swiftly run,
 And thought the Sun too hasty to go down. Oldh. Mosc.
 The Sirens, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
 Ty'd to the Mast, Ulysses sail'd unharm'd: Had

Had Myra's Voice entic'd his list'ning Ear,
 The Greek had stop't, and would have dy'd to hear:
 When Myra sings, we seek th' enchanting Sound,
 And bless the Notes, that can so sweetly wound:
 What Musick needs must dwell upon that Tongue,
 Whose Speech is tuneful as another's Song?
 Who from her Wit, or from her Beauty flies,
 If with her Voice she overtakes him, dies. Lanfd.

What moving Charms each tuneful Voice contains!

Charms, that thro' the willing Ear

A Tide of pleasing Raptures bear,

And with diffusive Joys run thrilling thro' our Veins:

The list'ning Soul does sympathize,

And with each vary'd Note complies:

While gay and sprightly Airs delight,

Then, free from Cares, and unconfin'd,

It takes, in pleasing Ecstasies, its Flight:

With mournful Sounds a sadder Garb it wears;

Indulges Grief, and gives a Loose to Tears. Yald.

—— He rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud;

The knotty Oaks their list'ning Branches bow'd,

And savage Beasts and sylvan Gods did crowd. Rosc. Virg.

Silenus sings; the neighb'ring Rocks reply,

And send his mystick Numbers thro' the Sky. Rosc. Virg.

—— To hear his Notes the Herds refuse

Their needful Food; the savage Lynxes gaze,

And stopping Streams their pressing Waters raise. Staff. Virg.

—— O sing again,

And I will listen to your mournful Song,

Sweet as the soft complaining Nightingales;

While every Note calls out my trembling Soul,

And leaves me silent, as the midnight Groves. South. Oron.

I was so ravish'd with her heav'nly Note,

I stood intranc'd, and had no Room for Thought:

But, all o'erpower'd with Extasie of Bliss,

Was in a pleasing Dream of Paradise. Dryd. Chauc. The

(Flower and the Leaf.

So on the tuneful Margarita's Song,

The list'ning Nymphs and ravish'd Heroes hung:

But Cits and Fops the Heav'n-born Musick blame;

And bawl and hiss, and damn her into Fame.

Like her sweet Voice is thy harmonious Song;

As high, as great, as easy, and as strong. Smith.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round

And Silence now is drown'd

In Ecstasy of Sound.

How on a sudden the still Air is charm'd,

As if all Harmony were just alarm'd!

And

And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
 See how the heav'nly Choir
 Come flocking to admire,
 And with what speed and care
 Descending Angels cull the thinnest Air!
 Haste then, come all the immortal Throng,
 And listen to her Song:
 Leave your lov'd Mansions in the Sky,
 And hither, quickly hither, fly;
 Your Loss of Heav'n nor shall you need to fear;
 While she sings, 'tis Heav'n here.
 See, how they crowd; see; how the little Cherubs skip!
 While others sit around her Mouth, and sip
 Sweet Hallelujahs from her Lip:
 Those Lips, where in surprize of Bliss they rove:
 For ne'er before did Angels taste
 So exquisite a Feast
 Of Musick and of Love:
 Prepare then, ye immortal Choir,
 Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,
 And with her Voice in Chorus join,
 Her Voice, which next to yours, is most divine:
 Bless the glad Earth with heav'nly Lays,
 And to that Pitch th' eternal Accents raise,
 Which only Breath inspir'd can reach,
 To Notes which only she can learn, and only you can teach.
 While we, charm'd with the lov'd Excess,
 Are wrapt in sweet Forgetfulness
 Of all, of all, but of the present Happiness;
 Willing for ever in that State to lie;
 For ever to be dying so, yet never die. Cong.

S I N G U L A R.

——— Ever thum
 The Man that's singular; his Mind's unsound;
 His Spleen o'erweighs his Brain. ——— Orw. Orph.

S I R E N.

——— The false Siren;
 No longer hiding her uncomely Parts, (Cleom.
 Struts on the Waves, and shews the Brute below. Dryd.
 She 'as charm'd thee, like a Siren, to her Bed,
 With Looks of Love, and with enchanting Sounds:
 Too late the Rocks and Quick sands will appear,
 When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless Shore,
 By following her Delusion. ——— Rowe. Fair Pen.

S I L A N

S L A N D E R.

Slander we Shepherds count the greatest Wrong;
For what wounds forer than an evil Tongue?

'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain,
And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain:
But neither Want nor pinching Cold is hard,
To blasting Storms of Calumny compar'd:
Unkind as Hail it falls, whose pelting Show'rs
Destroy the tender Herb, and budding Flow'rs.

—— Ill Nature will prevail,
And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail. Phil.

Virtue's defensive Armour must be strong,
To 'scape the merry and malicious Tongue. D'Aven. Law
(against Lovers.

—— It is a busy talking World,
That with licentious Breath, blows, like the Wind,
As freely on the Palace, as the Cottage. Rowe. Fair Pen.

O where is Honour safe? Not with the Living;
They feed upon Opinions, Errours, Dreams,
And make them Truths: They draw a Nourishment
Out of Defamings, grow upon Disgraces,
And when they see a Virtue fortify'd

Strongly above the Batt'ry of their Tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and, defeated,
Soul-sick with Poison, strike the Monuments
Where noble Names lie sleeping, 'till they sweat,
And the cold Marble melt. — Beau. Phil.

It is a kind of Slander to trust Rumour. Johnf. Cat.

—— When it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a Slander, makes it true. Johnf. Cat.

Let's the bright Goddess of the Night
Fears those loud Howlings that revile her Light;
Than thou malignant Tongues thy Worth should blast;
Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcast:

'Twas thy brave Method to despise Contempt,
And make what was the Fault the Punishment:
What more Assaults could weak Detraction raise,

When thou could'st saint Disgrace,
And turn Reproach to Praise:
So Diamonds, when envious Night
Would shroud their Splendour, look most bright;

And from its Darkness seem to borrow Light. Oldh.
Virtue it self 'scapes not calumnious Tongues. Sh. Haml.

Let Emma's helpless Case be falsely told
 By the rash Young, or the ill-natur'd Old;
 Let ev'ry Tongue its various Censure chuse;
 Absolve with Coldness, or with Spight accuse:
 Fair Truth at last her radiant Beams will raise;
 And Malice, vanquish'd, heightens Virtue's Praise. Prior.

O, that the busy World, at least in this,
 Would take Example from a Wretch like me:
 None then would waste their Hours in foreign Thoughts,
 Forget themselves, and what concerns their Peace,
 To tread the Mazes of fantastick Falshood;
 To haunt her idle Sounds and flying Tales
 Thro' all the giddy noisy Courts of Rumour:
 Malicious Slander never would have Leisure
 To search with prying Eyes for Faults abroad;
 If all, like me, consider'd their own Hearts, (Shore.
 And wept the Sorrows, which they found at home. Rowe. J.

S L E E P.

'Twas then, when the first Sweets of Sleep repair
 Our Bodies spent with Toil, our Minds with Care:
 The Gods best Gift! ——— Denh. Virg.

Then Sleep's soft Wings my willing Eyelids clos'd,
 Beguil'd my Sorrows, and my Cares compos'd. Adams. Prop.

'Twas in the Dead of Night, just when soft Sleep
 Had seal'd my Eyes, and quite becalm'd my Soul. Lee.
 (L. J. Brut.

All Creatures now forget their daily Care;
 And Sleep, the common Gift of Nature, share. Dr. Virg.

——— Welcome, thou pleasing Slumber,
 A while embrace me in thy leaden Arms,
 And charm my careful Thoughts. ——— Den. Soph.

Thou Peace of Mind, thou most propitious Pow'r;
 Thou meekest Deity, that Men adore;
 Thou, who giv'st Ease to ev'ry troubled Breast,
 And set'st tir'd Limbs, and fev'rish Souls at Rest;
 Thou, at whose Presence Cares and Sorrows flee,
 Under whose Guard the fetter'd Slave is free;
 Lovers, the worst of Slaves, still finding Ease in thee. }
 Hopk. Ovid.

O Sleep, thou sweetest Gift of Heav'n to Man!
 Still in thy downy Arms embrace my Friend;
 Nor loose him from his inexistant Trance
 To Sense of Yesterday, and Pain of Being.
 In thee Oppressors sooth their angry Brow;
 In thee th' Oppressed forget Tyrannick Pow'r;

In thee ————
 The Wretch condemn'd is equal to his Judge;
 And the sad Lover to his cruel Fair:
 Nay, all the shining Glories Men pursue,
 When thou art wanted, are but empty Noise:
 Who then would court the Pomp of guilty Pow'r,
 When the Mind sickens at the weary Shew,
 And flies to temporary Death for Ease; (Lovers.
 When half our Life's Cessation of our Being. Steele. Lying

——— He found a welcome Heaviness,
 That seiz'd his Eyes; and Slumber, which forgot,
 When call'd before, to come, now came unsought:
 He for approaching Sleep compos'd his Head;
 Sleep did his Office soon, and seal'd his Sight.
 Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

——— Oppress'd with Grief,
 He found in silent Slumber late Relief. Dryd. Virg.
 He snor'd secure 'till Morn; his Senses bound (& Arc.
 In Slumber, and in long Oblivion drown'd. Dr. Chau. Pal.
 She feels the thick'ning Mists begin to rise, (Ovid.
 And conqu'ring Sleep steal o'er her yielding Eyes. Hopk.
 O Sleep! Thou Flatterer of happy Minds,
 How soon a troubled Breast thy Falshood finds!
 Thou common Friend, officious in thy Aid,
 Where no Distress is shewn, nor Want betray'd:
 But oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
 The Wretch, by Fortune or by Love undone!
 Where are thy gentle Dews, thy softer Pow'rs,
 Which us'd to wait upon my Midnight Hours?
 Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring Wings to spread,
 With friendly Shade around my restless Bed?
 Can no Complainings thy Compassion move?
 Is thy Antipathy so strong to Love?
 O no! Thou art the prosp'rous Lover's Friend,
 And dost, uncall'd, his pleasing Toils attend:
 With equal Kindness, and with rival Charms,
 Thy Slumbers lull him in his Fair One's Arms;
 Or from her Bosom he to thine retires,
 Where, sooth'd with Ease, the panting Youth respire,
 'Till soft Repose restore his drooping Sense,
 And Rapture is remov'd by Indolence:
 But oh! what Fortune does the Lover bear,
 Forlorn by thee, and haunted by Despair! Cong.
 No Wonder Sleep from careful Lovers flies,
 To bathe himself in Sacharissa's Eyes:
 As fair Astrea once from Earth to Heav'n,
 By Strife and loud Impiety, was driv'n;

So,

So, with our Complaints offended, and our Tears,
 Wife Somnus to that Paradise repairs,
 Waits on her Will, and Wretches does forsake
 To court the Nymph, for whom those Wretches wake.
 More proud than Phoebus of his Throne of Gold
 Is the soft God, those softer Limbs to hold;
 Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the Skies
 In dark'ning Clouds, the Pow'r to close her Eyes:
 Eyes, which so far all other Lights controul,
 They warm our mortal Parts, but these our Soul. Wall.
 (Of a Lady who can sleep when she pleases.

— — — Death's Brother Sleep.

Sweet, pleasing Sleep, the King of Men and Gods!
 With his soft Chain weigh'd down the Eyes of Jove.
 With soft Oppression and with slumb'rous Weight,
 He seal'd the Thund'r'er's Eyes in balmy Rest. Br. Hom.

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This Lethargy, that creeps thro' all my Senses?
 Nature, oppress'd, and harass'd out with Care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
 That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
 Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,
 An Off'ring fit for Heaven. Let Guilt or Fear
 Disturb Man's Rest, Cato knows neither of them;
 Indiff'rent in his Choice to sleep or die. Add. Cato.

My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care, and asks
 The soft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep. Add. Cato.

Quite tir'd I seem, like a hard hunted Beast,
 That does not seem to go, but sinks, to rest:
 Spent Nature's Weight hangs heavy on my Eyes:
 Sleep can cure Fevers, why not Miseries?
 A Soul's Disease can few Physicians find:
 For Emp'ricks only practise on the Mind. How. Vesp. Virg.

Come gentle Slumbers, in your flatt'ring Arms
 I'll bury the Disquiets of my Mind. Roch. Valent.

— — — Old Archelaus,

With Grief and Watching spent, in Spite of all
 Those Tides of Care, that swell'd erewhile so high,
 Lies like a Child, that braud'd himself to sleep:
 Hymenes too, that wept to see me mourn,
 Falls on his Breast, and nods his Fears away:
 So sleeps the Sea-Boy on the cloudy Mast,
 Safe as a drowzy Triton, rock'd with Storms,
 While tossing Princes wake on Beds of Down. Lee. Michr.

Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man.
 A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:

I saw

I saw him stretch'd at Ease; his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams. ——— Add. Cato.

O ye immortal Pow'rs, that guard the Just,
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easy Dreams: remember all his Virtues!
And shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care. Add. Cato.

—— Sleep seal those Eyes;
And tie thy Senses in as soft a Bond,
As Infants, void of Thought. Dryd. Troil. & Cref.
O may the softest Down of sweet Repose
Receive thee gently on the Bed of Peace, (Capua.
And fold thee close in the kind Arms of Rest. South. Fate of

—— O may the softest Arm
Of downy Slumber rock thee to Repose;
Lull all thy Senses fast: and may no Thought,
To interrupt the Quiet of thy Bed,
In the loose Revel of a Dream, present
Those Images, that keep me waking here. South. Disap.
I cannot rest to Night: Ill-boding Thoughts (C. Mar.
Have chac'd soft Sleep from my unsettled Brains. Otw.

—— As in Bed I lay,
And sought in Sleep to pass the Night away,
I turn'd my weary Side; but still in vain,
Tho' full of youthful Health, and void of Pain.
Cares I had none to keep me from my Rest;
For Love had never enter'd in my Breast:
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did she Slumber 'till that Hour deny:
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much Joy had dry'd away the balmy Dew:
Seas would be Pools without the brushing Air,
To curl the Waves; and sure some little Care
Should weary Nature so, to make her want Repair.

Dryd. Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.
The balmy Slumber fled his wakeful Eyes. Dryd. Bocc.
(Sig. & Guisc.

—— The Tide of Grief, which swell'd his Breast,
Broke Sleep's soft Fetters, and dissolv'd his Rest. Bl. P. Arth.

Description of a beautiful Lady asleep.

By Chance conducted; or by Thirst constrain'd,
The deep Recesses of the Grove he gain'd;
Where, in a Plain defended by the Wood,
Crept thro' the matted Grass a cristal Flood,
By which an alabaster Fountain stood:

And

And on the Margin of the Fount was lay'd,
 Attended by her Slaves, a sleeping Maid:
 Like Dian, and her Nymphs, when, tir'd with Sport,
 To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
 The Dame her self the Goddess well express'd;
 Not more distinguish'd by her purple Vest,
 Than by the charming Features of her Face,
 And ev'n in Slumber a superior Grace:
 Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care;
 Her Body shaded with a slight Cymar;
 Her Bosom to the View was only bare:
 Where two beginning Paps were scarcely spy'd;
 For yet their Places were but signify'd:
 The fanning Wind upon her Bosom blows,
 To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose: (pose.)
 The fanning Wind and purling Streams continue her Re- }
 Dryd. Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.

O may no wakeful Thoughts her Mind molest;
 Soft be her Slumbers, and sincere her Rest.
 For her, O Sleep, thy balmy Sweets prepare:
 The Peace I lose for her, to her transfer:
 Hush'd as the falling Dews, whose noiseless Show'rs
 Impearl the folded Leaves of ev'ning Flow'rs,
 Steal on her Brow: And as those Dews attend,
 'Till warn'd by waking Day, to reascend,
 So wait thou for her Morn; then gently rise,
 And to the World restore the Day-break of her Eyes. Cong.
 What is so hard, which Numbers cannot force?
 So stoops the Moon, and Rivers change their Course.
 The bold Mæonian made me dare to steep
 Jove's dreadful Temples in the Dew of Sleep.
 And, since the Muses do invoke my Pow'r,
 I shall no more decline that sacred Bow'r,
 Where Gloriana, their great Mistress, lies;
 But, gently taming those victorious Eyes,
 Charm all her Senses, 'till the joyful Sun,
 Without a Rival, half his Course has run:
 Who, while my Hand that fairer Light confines,
 May boast himself the brightest Thing that shines. Wall.

Description of the God of Sleep and his Palace.

The drowsy God of Sleep, the slothful God,
 Remote from Day still keeps his dark Abode. Hopk. Ovid.
 Near the Cimmerians, hid from human Sight,
 Lies a vast hollow Cave, all void of Light;
 Where, deep in Earth, the God his Court maintains,
 And, undisturb'd, in Ease and Silence reigns:

Not

Not seen by Phœbus at his Morning Rise,
 Nor at Mid-day, with his most piercing Eyes,
 Nor when, at Ev'ning, he descends the Skies :
 Thick, gloomy Mists, come steaming from the Ground,
 And the Fog spreads a dusky Twilight round :
 No crested Fowls foretel the Day's Return,
 Nor with shrill Notes call forth the springing Morn :
 No watchful Dogs the sacred Entry keep,
 Nor Geese, more watchful, guard the Court of Sleep :
 No tame, nor salvage Beast dwells there ; no Breeze
 Shakes the still Boughs, or whispers thro' the Trees :
 No Voice of Man is heard, no humane Call
 Sounds thro' the Cave : deep Silence reigns o'er all :
 Yet from a Rock a silver Spring flows down,
 Which, purling o'er the Stones, glides gently on :
 Her easie Streams with pleasing Murmurs creep,
 At once inviting and assisting Sleep.
 At the Cave's Mouth spring verdant Poppies up,
 And hide the Entrance with their baleful Top ;
 Whose drowsy Juice affords the nightly Birth
 Of all the Sleep, diffus'd and shed on Earth :
 No Guards the Passage to this Court secure,
 No jarring Hinge sustains a creaking Door :
 Yet, in the midst, with sable Coverings spread,
 High, but unshaken, stands a downy Bed ;
 Where his soft Limbs the slothful Monarch lays,
 Dissolv'd in endless Luxury and Ease :
 Fantastick Dreams lie scatter'd on the Ground,
 And compass him in various Figures round ;
 More num'rous than the Sands that bind the Seas,
 Or Ears of standing Corn, or Leaves on Trees. Hopk. Ovid.
 The God his Eye-lids struggles to unloose,
 Seal'd, by his deep unbroken Slumbers, close :
 Half-way his Head he rears, with sluggish Pain,
 Which heavily, anon, sinks down again :
 Frequent Attempts without Success he makes,
 But, at the last, with long Endeavour, wakes ;
 Half rais'd, and half reclining on his Bed,
 And leaning on his Hands, his nodding Head. Hopk. Ovid.
 — He stagg'ring, seeks his Bed,
 In whose soft Down he sinks his drooping Head :
 Again his Eye-lids are with Sleep oppress'd,
 And the whole God dissolves again to rest. Hopk. Ovid.

S M I L E.

Now let thy Eyes shine forth in their full Lustre :
Invest them with thy loveliest Smiles. Denh. Sophy.
Smiles, not allow'd to Beasts, from Reason move,
And are the Privilege of human Love. Dryd. State of Inn.

——— O the sweet Intercourse
Of Looks and Smiles : for Smiles from Reason flow,
To Brutes deny'd, and are of Love the Food. Milt. P. Lost.

——— A gloomy Smile arose
From his Bent Brows ; and still, the more he heard,
A more severe and sullen Joy appear'd. Dryd. C. of Gran.

——— A gloomy Smile,
That show'd a sullen Loathness to be kind. Dryd. Cleom.

——— He draws
Into a hideous Smile his squallid Jaws. Blac. King Arthur
(Spoken of Satan)

S N A K E.

Ye Boys, who pluck the Flow's, and spoil the Spring ;
Beware the secret Snake, that shoots a Sting. Dryd. Virg.

As when some Peasant, in a bushy Brake,
Has with unwary Footing press'd a Snake ;
He starts aside, astonish'd when he spies
His rising Crest, blue Neck, and rouling Eyes. Dr. Virg.

So frets the Snake, and throws his Venom round,
Severely damag'd by the Shepherds Wound :
Disabled, maim'd, he twists his ling'ring Spires,
And, forc'd to yield, maliciously retires,
Collecting all his Strength, that Rage can give,
Hardy to die, yet impotent to live ;
At length lies stretch'd ; and, all his Struggles past,
In faint imperfect Hisses breathes his last. Trapp.

So when the wriggling Snake is snatch'd on high
In Eagle's Claws, and hisses in the Sky :
Around his Foe his twirling Tail he flings, (Ovid.
And twists her Legs, and writhes about her Wings. Add.

——— Like a Snake, his Skin new-grown,
Who, fed on pois'nous Herbs, all Winter lay
Under the Ground, and now reviews the Day,
Fresh in his new Apprel, proud and young,
Rouls up his Back, and brandishes his Tongue,
And lifts his scaly Breast against the Sun. Denh. Virg.

S O F T.

Soft as the Murmurs of a weeping Spring. D'Aven.

Soft as a Lovers Wish. ——— Den. Rin. & Arm.

———— Soft as the balmy Air,

That gently bends the Herbage; and that calmly breathes

The Morning Sweets. ——— Johnf. Viſt.

Soft as thoſe gentle Whiſpers were,

In which th'Almighty did appear:

By the ſtill Voice the Prophet knew him there. Dryd.

Softer than Snow, that falls in downy Feathers. D'Av.

———— Softer far,

Than ſofter Hours of ſweeteſt Slumbers are. Adams. Virg.

S O L D I E R.

———— Canſt thou love a Soldier?

One born to Honour, and to Honour bred;

One that has learnt to treat even Foes with Kindneſs,

To wrong no good Man's Fame; nor praiſe himſelf.

Orw. Orph.

Now Polydore, methinks we might ruſh on

In War together; thou ſhould'ſt be my Guard,

And I be thine, what iſ't could hurt us then?

Now half the Youth of Europe are in Arms,

How fulſome muſt it be to ſtay behind,

And die of rank Diſeaſes here at Home?

No: let me purchaſe in my Youth Renown,

To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old:

I would be buſy in the World, and learn,

Nor, like a coarſe and uſeleſs Dunghill-Weed,

Fixt to the Spot, and rot juſt as I grow. Orw. Orph.

Could all our Care elude the greedy Grave,

Which claims no leſs the Fearful than the Brave,

For Luſt of Fame I ſhould not vainly dare

In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War:

But ſince, alas! ignoble Age muſt come,

Diſeaſe, and Death's inexorable Doom;

The Life, which others pay, let us beſtow,

And give to Fame what we to Nature owe:

Brave, tho' we fall; and honour'd, if we live;

Or let us Glory Gain, or Glory give. Pope. Hom.

Let's bravely on, 'till they, or we, or all,

A common Sacrifice to Honour fall. Denh. Hom.

———— O let Hours be ſhort,

'Till Fields, and Blows, and Groans, applaud our Sport.

Shak. Hen. 4. p. 1.

To

To me the Cries of Fighting Fields are Charms :

Keen be my Sabre, and of Proof my Arms.

I ask no other Blessing of my Stars :

No Prize but Fame, nor Mistress but the Wars. Dr. Auren.

—— Sure I was born to War :

Early in rugged Arms I took Delight,

And still have been the foremost in the Fight :

With Dangers dearly have I bought Renown, (Hector.

And Loss of Honour is my only Fear. Dr. Hom. Spoken by

I'll wade thro' Seas of Blood, and walk o'er Mountains

Of slaughter'd Bodies to immortal Honour. Lee. Theod.

A Soldier's Honour is dearer than his Life. Hig. Gen. Conq.

Metbinks the warring Spirit, that inspires

This Frame, the very Genius of old Rome,

That makes me talk without the Fear of Death,

And drives my daring Soul to Acts of Honour;

Flames in your Eyes: our Souls too are a-kin,

Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for Glory. Lee. Theod.

Thus when the Warriour his lov'd Trumpet hears,

His martial Blood begins to warm apace,

And boils and flushes in his kindling Face;

And much he longs to strive in Glory's Race. Lee. Soph. }

Kindling at Death, and panting to destroy.

War was my Mistress, and I lov'd her long;

She lov'd my Musick; Shoutings were my Song,

And clashing Arms, that echo'd thro' the Plain,

Neighings of Horses, Groans of dying Men;

Notes which the Trump and hoarser Drum affords,

And dying Sounds rising from Falls of Swords. Lee. Glor.

What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War?

What new Alarm? a second, louder yet

Swells in the Wind, and comes more full upon us.

O for some glorious Cause to fall in Battel!

—— O Marcus, I am warm'd; my Heart

Leaps at the Trumpets Voice, and burns for Glory. Add. Cato.

To live and conquer is the noblest Fate;

But the next Glory is a gallant Death:

Success, O Jove, and Victory, are thine;

Fortune is thine; my Honour is my own:

Facing my Doom, with my drawn Sword I'll stand,

Nor turn my Back upon thy wrathful Bolt. Lanfd. H. Love.

O my Antonio! I am all on Fire:

My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge

And bear amidst the Foe, with conqu'ring Troops:

I hear them call to lead them on to Liberty;

To Victory: their Shouts and Clamours rend

My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns. — Cong. M. Bride.

—— A Joy

———— A Joy shoots thro'

My drooping Breast; as often, when the Trumpet
Has call'd my youthful Ardour forth to Battel,
High in my Hopes, and ravish'd with the Sound,
I have rush'd eager on amidst the foremost,
To purchase Victory, or glorious Death. Rowe. Tamerl.

Let's join our Battel with a Force may glur
The Front of Death, and choak him with himself;
As fiercely as destroying Whirlwinds rise, (Mar. C.
Or as Clouds dash, when Thunder shakes the Skies. Otway.

How much 'tis safer at the noisy Bar
With Words to flourish, than engage in War!
By different Methods we maintain our Right;
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight:
In bloody Fields I labour to be great;
His Arms are a smooth Tongue, and soft Deceit:
Nor need I speak my Deeds; for those you see;
The Sun and Day are Witnesses for me:
Let him, who fights unseen, relate his own;
And vouch the silent Stars and conscious Moon. Dryd. Ovid.

This downright fighting Fool, this thick-skull'd Hero;
This blunt unthinking Instrument of Death, (Love.
With plain dull Virtue has outgone my Wit. Dryd. All for

His Courage such, as it no Stop can know,
And Vict'ry gains by 'astonishing the Foe;
With Lightning's Force his Enemies it confounds,
And melts their Hearts ere it the Bosom wounds:
Yet he the conquer'd with such Sweetness gains,
As Captive Lovers find in Beauties Chains:
In War the adverse Troops he does assail,
Like an impetuous Storm of Wind and Hail. Cowl. David.

———— In Battel brave,
But still serene in all the stormy War;
Like Heav'n above the Clouds: and after Fight
As merciful and kind to vanquish'd Foes,
As a forgiving God. ——— Dryd. K. Arth.

O when I see him arming for his Honour,
His Countrey, and his Gods, that martial Fire
That mounts his Courage, kindles even to me:
And when the Trojan Matrons wait him out
With Pray'rs, and meet with Blessings his Return,
The Pride of Virtue beats within my Breast,
To wipe away the Sweat and Dust of War,
And dress my Hero glorious in his Wounds.
Has he not met a thousand list'd Swords?
There's not a Day but he encounters Armies;

And

And yet as safe, as if the broad-brim'd Shield,
That Pallas wears, were held 'twixt him and Death. Dryd.
(Troil. & Cres. Spoken of Hector.

Thou can'st fight well and bravely; thou can'st
Endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers,
Heaven's angry Flames are not suddainer,
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal:
The winged Feet of flying Enemies
I've stood and seen thee mow away like Rushes,
And still kill the Killer: O were thy Mind (Valent.
But half so sweet in Peace, as rough in Dangers! Roch.
O mighty Warriour, in the Heat of Broils (Par.
How terribly did'st thou become the Field! Lee. Mass. of

Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active Soul;
With what a dreadful Course he rushes on
From War to War; in vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage;
He bounds o'er all victorious in his March:
The Alpes and Pyreneans sink before him:
Thro' Winds, and Waves, and Storms, he works his Way,
Impatient for the Battel. — Add. Cato.

Oh for a Muse of Fire:

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the Port of Mars; and, at his Heels,
Leash'd in, like Hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for Employments. — Shak. Hen. 5.

Immediate Sieges, and the Fire of War,
Roul in thy eager Mind: thy plummy Crest
Nods horrible; with more terrifick Port
Thou walk'st, and seem's already in the Fight. Phil.

All bare to View, amid surrounding Friends,
With Godlike Grace, he from the Tow'r descends;
Exulting in his Strength, he seems to dare
His absent Rival, and to promise War. Dryd. Virg.

Like one of Anak's mighty Sons he stalk'd;
Or some tall Oak, that after Orpheus walk'd:
Fix'd, like a vast Colossus, by his Weight,
He stood, expecting his approaching Fare:
Lowring, like Tempests, rising from afar,
He rages, and invites th'advancing War. Blac. Pr. Arth.

O had'st thou seen him, like the God of War,
While griesly Terror perch'd upon his Plume,
Severely shining in his dreadful Helmet, (& Arm.
And thund'ring thro' the Tempest of the Field. Den. Rin.

— — — This brave Man

With long Resistance held the Combat doubtful;
His Party, press'd with Numbers, soon grew faint,

And

And would have left their Charge an easy Prey;
 Whilst he alone, undaunted at the Odds,
 Tho' hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly;
 Nor yielded, 'till o'ermatch'd by many Hands, (Tam.
 He seem'd to shame our Conquest, while he own'd it. Rowe.

Now rushing in the furious Chief appears
 Gloomy as Night, and shakes two shining Spears:
 A dreadful Gleam from his bright Armour came,
 And from his Eye-balls flash'd the living Flame:
 He moves a God, resistless in his Course,
 And seems a Match for more than mortal Force. Pope. Hom.

Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,
 A thousand Wounds let ev'ry Bosom bear,
 'Till the keen Sword be blunt, be broke the pointed Spear. }
 Rowe. Luc.

Merthinks from Ida's Top with noble Joy I view
 The warlike Squadrons by his daring Conduct led,
 And him the blushing Gods outdo:
 Where-e'er he does his dreadful Standards bear,
 Horrour stalks in the Van, and Slaughter in the Reer:
 Whole Swarths of Enemies his Sword does mow,
 And Limbs of mangled Chiefs his Passage strow,
 And Floods of reeking Gore the Fields o'erflow:
 While Heav'n's dread Monarch, from his Throne of State,
 With high Concern upon the Fight looks down,
 And wrinkles his majestick Brow into a Frown,
 To see bold Man, like him, distribute Fate. Oldh.

See the fond Wife, in Tears of Transport drown'd,
 Hugs her rough Lord, and weeps o'er ev'ry Wound:
 Hangs on the Lips, that Fields of Blood relate;
 And smiles, or trembles, at his various Fate:
 Near the full Bowl he draws the fancy'd Line;
 And marks feign'd Trenches in the flowing Wine;
 Then sets th'invested Fort before her Eyes,
 And Mines, that whirl'd Battalions to the Skies:
 His little list'ning Progeny turn pale,
 And beg again to hear the dreadful Tale. Tickell.
 But his chief Strength the Gathite Soldiers are;
 Each single Man able t'o'ercome a War:
 Swift as the Darts they fling thro' yielding Air,
 And hardy all as the strong Steel they bear:
 A Lion's noble Rage sits in their Face,
 Terrible comely, arm'd with dreadful Grace. Cowl. Dav
 Bolder than Lions, they thick Dangers met,
 Thro' Fields with armed Troops and pointed Harvests set;
 Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their gen'rous
 (Heat.
 Like

Like those, they march'd undaunted, and, like those,
Secure of Wounds, and all that durst oppose,
So to Resisters fierce, so gentle to their prostrate Foes.

They daily thrust their Loves and Lives thro' Hazards,
And, fearless, for their Countries Peace, march hourly
Thro' all the Doors of Death, and know the darkeſt:
What Labour would these Men neglect, what Danger?
Where Honour ſits, tho' ſeated on a Billow,
Riſing as high as Heav'n, would not these Soldiers,
Like to ſo many Sea-Gods, charge up to it?
Behold their Swords: Time's Scythe was ne'er ſo ſharp,
Nor ever, at one Harveſt, mow'd ſuch Handfuls;
Thought's ne'er ſo ſuddain, nor Belief ſo ſure,
When they are drawn: and, were it not ſometimes
I ſwim upon their Angers to allay them,
And, like a Calm, depreſs their fell Intentions,
They are ſo deadly ſure, Nature would ſuffer.

Beaum.
(Loyal Subject)

Hunting their Sport, and Plund'ring was their Trade:
In Arms they plough'd, to Battel ſtill prepar'd:
Their Soil was barren, and their Hearts were hard. Dr. Virg.

O Citizens, we wage unequal War,
With Men, unconquer'd in the liſted Field;
Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield. Dryd. Virg.
Where, where is now the gen'rous Fury gone,
That thro' thick Troops urg'd the wing'd Warriour on?
Where now the Spirit, aw'd the liſted Field,
Created to command, untaught to yield? Duke.

— The Soldiers grieve
To ſee the Nations, whom our antient Virtue
With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd,
With Loſs of many a daring Life ſubdu'd,
Fall from their fair Obedience; and ev'n murmur
To ſee the warlike Eagles mew their Honours
In obſcure Towns, that uſ'd to prey on-Princes:
They cry for Enemies; and tell the Captain,
The Fruits of Italy are luſcious: Give us Egypt,
Or ſandy Africk to diſplay our Valours,
There, where our Swords may get us Meat and Dangers;
Digest our well-got Food; for here our Weapons,
And Bodies that were made for ſhining Braſs,
Are both unedg'd and old, with Eaſe and Women.
And then they cry again, Where are the Germans,
Lin'd with hot Spain or Gallia? Bring them near,
And let the Son of War, ſteel'd Mithridates,
Pour on us his wing'd Legions, like a Storm;

Hiding the Face of Heav'n with Show'rs of Arrows;
 Yet we dare fight as Romans: then, as Soldiers
 Tird with a weary March, they tell their Wounds,
 E'en weeping ripe, they are no more nor deeper;
 And glory in those Scars, that make them lovely;
 And, sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims,
 They reckon up the Times and loading Labours
 Of Julius or Germanicus; and wonder,
 That Rome, whose Turrets once were topp'd with Honour,
 Can now forget the Customs of her Conquests.
 Thus they repine; and then cry out? Who leads us?
 Shall we stand here like Statues? Were our Fathers
 The Sons of lazy Moors? Our Princes Persians?
 Nothing but Silk and Softness? ——— Roch. Valent.
 The Brave abroad fight for the Wise at home:
 You are but Camp-Camelions, fed with Air,
 Thin Fame is all the bravest Heroe's Share. Blac. K. Arth.
 ——— Dost thou not know the Fate of Soldiers?
 They are but Ambition's Fools, to cut a Way
 To her unlawful Ends; and, when they're worn,
 Hack'd, hewn with constant Service, thrown aside,
 To rust in Peace, or rot in Hospitals. South. Loy. Bro.
 ——— For, Slaves to Pay,
 What Kings decree, the Soldier must obey:
 Wag'd against Foes; and, when the Wars are o'er,
 Fit only to maintain Despotick Pow'r:
 Dang'rous to Freedom; and desir'd alone
 By Kings, who seek an arbitrary Throne:
 They're Men inur'd to Blood, and exercis'd in Ill.
 Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

S O L I T U D E.

Bless'd Solitude! O harmless easie State!
 Intrench'd in Wisdom from the Storms of Fate! Dryd. Juv.
 Sweet Solitude! when Life's gay Hours are past,
 Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last:
 Coss'd thro' tempestuous Seas, the Voyage o'er,
 Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly Shore:
 Our own strict Judges, our past Life we scan,
 And ask if Glory has enlarg'd the Span:
 If bright the Prospect, we the Grave desire;
 Trust future Ages, and contented die. Tickell.
 ——— I am alone:
 So was the Godhead ere he made the World, (A-la-m.)
 And better serv'd himself, than serv'd by Nature. Dr. Mar.

If Solitude were best, th' All-wise above
 Had made no Creature for himself to love :
 He would not be alone, who all Things can ; (of Inn.
 But peopled Heav'n with Angels, Earth with Man. Dr. State

Few wise Men's Thoughts e'er yet pursu'd
 That which their Eyes had never view'd ;
 And so our never being seen,
 Is the same Thing, as not t' have been :
 Grandeur it self and Poverty
 Were equal, if no Witness by :
 And they, who always sing alone,
 Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one. Hud.

Immortality of the S O U L.

It must be so : Plato, thou reason'st well :
 Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
 This Longing after Immortality ?
 Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
 Of falling into Nought ? Why shrinks the Soul
 Back on her self, and startles at Destruction ?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heav'n it self, that points out an Hereafter,
 And intimates Eternity to Man.
 Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful Thought !
 Thro' what Variety of untry'd Being,
 Thro' what new Scenes and Changes must we pass ?
 The wide, th'unbounded Prospect lies before me ;
 But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Thro' all her Works, he must delight in Virtue ;
 And that, which he delights in, must be happy.
 But when ? or where ? — — —
 I'm weary of Conjectures, — — —
 The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles
 At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point :
 The Stars shall fade away ; the Sun himself
 Grow dim with Age ; and Nature sink in Years :
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
 The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds. Add.

S P E A K I N G.

Speech is the Morning to the Soul ;
 It spreads the beauteous Images abroad. (Guise.
 Which else lie furl'd, and clouded in the Soul. Dryd. D. of Why

Why are thy doubtful Speeches dark and troubled,
As Cieran Seas when vex'd by warring Winds? Smith.
(Phæd. & Hip.

Fear not to speak it: thy harmonious Voicce,
Will make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
And charm the Grief it brings. — Thus let me hear it;
Thus in thy Sight, thus gazing on those Eyes,
I can support the utmost Spite of Fate,
And stand the Rage of Heav'n. Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

— Thou speak'st
As if there were some Monster in thy Thoughts,
Too hideous to be seen. Shak. Othel.

O while you speak, methinks a suddain Calm,
In Spight of all the Horror that surrounds me,
Falls upon ev'ry frighted Faculty,
And puts my Soul in Tune. — Lee. L. J. Brut.

— Prophetick Truth dwells in thee;
For ev'ry Word thou speak'st strikes thro' my Heart,
Lets in new Light, and shews it how't has wander'd.
Otw. Ven. Pref.

Whene'er you speak, with what Delight we hear!
You call up ev'ry Soul to ev'ry Ear. Duke.
Oh! thou hast utter'd Sounds of such a Strain
As Nature cannot bear: Like inmost Mulick,
Which, while it charms the Sense, makes chill the Blood.
(Lee. Cæf. Bor.

Blast me not with such Sounds: —
There's not one fatal Sentence, one dread Word,
But runs, like Ir'n, thro' my freezing Blood. Lee. Cæf. Borg.
What mystick Riddle lurks beneath thy Words,
Which thou would'st seem unwilling to exprefs?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling Phrase,
And let thy Oracle be understood. Rowe. Fair Pen.

Speak this again: —
But speak it to the Winds when they are loudest:
Or to the raging Seas; they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe. — Dryd. OEdip.
O Heart! Oh bleeding Love! but speak, Semandra,
For there is wond'rous Reason, mighty Sense,
In all you say; and I could hear you ever. Lee. Mithr.

— Oh thy charming Tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my Weakness;
Knows, let it name but Love, my melting Heart
Dissolves within my Breast, 'till with clos'd Eyes
I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten. Otway. Ven. Pref.
Thy pleasing Accent thrills into my Breast:
Not the parch'd Earth, when the hot Dog-Star reigns,
O o 2 Sucks

Sucks up refreshing Show'rs, with half the Eagerness,
As I thy well-tun'd Speech. ———

——— O speak that again:

Sweet as the Syren's Song those Accents fall,
And charm me to my Ruin. ——— South. Loy Bro.

Methinks to hear thee talk, Heav'n should smile;
The jocund Orbs roul on in better Order;
The Earth be wrapt in Quiet. O, go on!
Speak yet a little more, a little longer;
For, by the Gods, that listen to our Talk,
'Tis Heav'n to me to hear you: not the Tongues
Of Deities plead so well: my Heart leaps up,
And pants at all you utter: each pointed Syllable,
From those dear lovely Lips, runs to my Soul,
And circles in my Blood. ——— Hopk. Pyrrhus.

A Voice like thine alone might then assuage
The Warrior's Fury, and controul his Rage:
To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal stand;
And fling the brandish'd Sabre from his Hand. Tickell.

——— O I know

Thou hast a Tongue to charm the wildest Tempers;
Herds would forget to graze, and salvage Beasts
Stand still, and lose their Fierceness but to hear thee,
As if they had Reflection; and, by Reason,
Forsook a less Enjoyment for a greater. Rowe. Tamerl.

For while I sit with thee I seem in Heav'n;
And sweeter thy Discourse is to my Ear
Than Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to Thirst
And Hunger both, from Labour, at the Hour
Of sweet Repast: they satiate, but soon fill,
Tho' pleasant: But thy Words, with Grace divine (Lott.
Imbu'd, bring to their Sweetness no Satiety. Milt. Par.

And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race tho' steep; suspense in Heav'n,
Held by thy Voice, thy potent Voice, he hears;
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
Or if the Star of Ev'ning and the Moon
Haste to thy Audience, Night with her will bring
Silence; and Sleep list'ning to thee will watch;
Or we can bid his Absence, 'till thy Song
End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine. Milt. P. Lott.

(Spoken by Adam to the Angel Raphael.

——— He then prepar'd to speak;
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in Spight of Scorn,

Tears,

The
You
You
She,

Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth ; at last (Loft.
Words interwove with Sighs found out their Way. Milt. P.

Whene'er he speaks, my Flocks unheeded stray;
To hear him I could linger out the Day;
Unrir'd 'till Night, 'till all the Stars were gone;
And o'er the Eastern Hills the Sun came on. —

And when she speaks, O Angilo, then Musick,
Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a Soul
To aged Mountains, and made rugged Beasts
Lay by their Rages, and tall Trees, that knew
No Sound but Tempests, to bow down their Branches,
And hear, and wonder; and the Sea, whose Surges
Shook their white Heads in Heav'n, to be, as Midnight,
Still and attentive; steals into our Souls
So suddenly and strangely, that we are (Captain.
From that Time no more ours, but what she pleases. Beaum.
Virtue has tun'd her Heart, and Wit her Tongue. D'Aven.
(Siege of Rhodes.

He was the very Joy of all that saw him;
Form'd to delight, to love, and to perfwade.
Impassive Spirits and Angelick Natures
Might have been charm'd, like yielding human Weakness,
Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his Talking.
Rowe. J. Shore.

— O I have heard him talk
Like the first Child of Love, when ev'ry Word
Spoke in his Eyes, and wept to be believ'd. South. Disap.
Then, with a kind compassionating Look,
And Sighs, bespeaking Pity ere he spoke;
Few Words he said; but easy those and fit, (Abs. & Ach.
More slow than Hybla Drops, and far more sweet. Dryd.
When Lesbia first I saw, so heav'nly fair,
With Eyes so bright, and with that awful Air;
I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial Fire:
But, soon as e'er the beauteous Ideot spoke,
Forth from her coral Lips such Folly broke,
Like Balm, the trickling Nonsense heal'd my Wound;
And, what her Eyes enthrall'd, her Tongue unbound. Cong.

S P H Y N X.

Then Sphynx began to rage;
The Monster Sphynx laid your rich Countrey waste,
Your Vineyards spoil'd, your lab'ring Oxen flew:
Your selves, for Fear, mew'd up within your Walls:
She, taller than your Gates, o'erlook'd your Town:

O o 3

Bur,

But, when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you,
 She drove the Air around her, like a Whirlwind,
 And shaded all beneath; 'till, stooping down,
 She clapt her leathern Wings against your Tow'rs,
 And thrust out her long Neck, ev'n to your Doors.
 You durst not meet in Temples, ———
 T'invoke the Gods for Aid: the proudest He,
 Who leads you now, then crouch'd like a dar'd Lark;
 This Creon shook for Fear: ———
 The Blood of Laius curdled in his Veins. Dryd. OEdip.

S P I D E R.

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,
 Deep ambush'd in her silent Den does lie:
 And feels, far off, the Trembling of her Thread,
 Whose filmy Cord should bind the struggling Fly:
 Then, if at last she find him fast beset,
 She issues forth, and runs along her Loom:
 She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,
 And drags the little Wretch in Triumph home. Dryd.
 ——— So her disembowel'd Web
 The Spider in a Hall or Kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies, she secret stands
 Within her woven Cell: the humming Prey,
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils
 Inextricable; nor will ought avail
 Their Arts, or Arms, or Shape of lovely Hue.
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly, proud of expanded Wings,
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snare,
 Useless Resistance make: with eager Strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
 Then, with envenom'd Jaws, the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes; and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags. Phil.
 The Spiders, in the Vault their snary Webs have spread.
 Dryd. Virg.

Thus Spiders travel, by their Bowels spun
 Into a Thread, and, when the Race is run,
 Wind up their Journey in a living Clue. Cleav.

——— The Spider at the Entrance sets
 Her Snares, and spins her Bowels into Nets. Add. Virg.

S P I R I T S.

Some Astral Forms I must invoke by Pray'r;
 Fram'd all of purest Atomes of the Air:
 In airy Chariots they together ride,
 And sip the Dew, as thro' the Clouds they glide.
 Vain Spirits, you, that shunning Heav'n's high Noon,
 Swarm here beneath the Concave of the Moon:
 Hence, to the Task assign'd you here below;
 Upon the Ocean make loud Tempests blow;
 Into the Wombs of hollow Clouds repair,
 And crush out Thunder from the bladder'd Air:
 From pointed Sun-beams take the Mists they drew,
 And scatter them again in pearly Dew:
 And, of the bigger Drops they drain below, (Love.
 Some mould in Hail, and others stamp in Snow. Dryd. Tyr.

Animal S P I R I T S.

Th' An'mal Spirits, govern'd by the Will,
 Shoot thro' their Tracks, and distant Muscles fill;
 This Sov'raign, by his arbitrary Nod,
 Restrains, or sends his Ministers abroad:
 Swift and obedient to his high Command,
 They stir a Finger, or they lift a Hand;
 They tune our Voices, or they move our Eyes;
 By these we walk, or from the Ground arise;
 By these we turn, by these the Body bend;
 Contract a Limb at Pleasure, or extend.
 Unguided they a just Distinction make,
 This Muscle swell, and leave the other slack:
 And when their Force this Limb or that infects,
 Our Will the Measure of that Force directs;
 The Spirits, which distend them as we please,
 Exert their Pow'r, or from their Duty cease:
 These Out-guards of the Mind are sent abroad,
 And still parolling beat the neighb'ring Road;
 Or to the Parts remote obedient fly;
 Keep Posts advanc'd, or on the Frontier lie:
 The watchful Centinels, at ev'ry Gate,
 At ev'ry Passage to the Senses wait;
 Still travel to and fro the nervous Way,
 And their Impressions to the Brain convey;
 Where their Report the vital Envoys make,
 And with new Orders are remanded back.

Quick, as a darted Beam of Light, they go,
Thro' diff'rent Paths to diff'rent Organs flow;
Whence they reflect as swiftly to the Brain,
To give it Pleasure, or to give it Pain. Blac.

S P L E E N.

Umbriel, a dusky melancholy Spright,
As ever sully'd the fair Face of Light,
Down to the central Earth, his proper Scene,
Repairs to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty Pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a Vapour reach'd the dismal Dome.
No chearful Breeze the fullen Region knows;
The dreaded East is all the Wind that blows:
Here, in a Grotto, shelter'd close from Air,
And skreen'd in Shades from Day's detested Glare;
She sighs for ever on her pensive Bed;
Pain at her Side, and Languor at her Head.
Two Handmaids wait the Throne; alike in Place,
But diff'ring far in Figure and in Face.
Here, stood Ill-Nature, like an antient Maid,
Her wrinkled Form in black and white array'd;
With Store of Pray'rs, for Mornings, Nights, and Noons,
Her Hand is fill'd; her Bosom with Lampoons.
There, Affectation, with a sickly Mien,
Shews in her Cheek the Roses of fifteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the Head aside,
Faints into Airs, and languishes with Pride;
On the rich Quilt sinks with becoming Woe,
Wrapt in a Gown, for Sicknefs, and for Show:
The Fair One feels such Maladies as these
When each new Night-dress gives a new Disease.
A constant Vapour o'er the Palace flies,
Strange Phantoms rising as the Mists arise:
Dreadful, as Hermits Dreams in haunted Shades,
Or bright as Visions of expiring Maids:
Now glaring Fiends, and Snakes on rouling Spires,
Pale Spectres, gaping Tombs, and purple Fires:
Now Lakes of liquid Gold, Elysian Scenes,
And crystal Domes, and Angels in Machines.
Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry Side are seen,
Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one Arm held out;
One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks.

Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
 And Maids, turn'd Bottles, call aloud for Corks.
 Safe pass'd the Gnome thro' this fantastick Band,
 A Branch of healing Spleenwort in his Hand:
 Then thus address'd the Pow'r. — Hail mighty Queen,
 Who rule the Sex from fifty to fifteen.
 Parent of Vapours and of female Wit,
 Who give th' Hysterick or Poetick Fit;
 On various Tempers act by various Ways,
 Make some take Physick, other scribble Plays:
 Who cause the Proud their Visits to delay,
 And send the Godly, in a Pett, to pray. Pope.

S P R I N G.

Spring, the sweet purple Dawn and Morning of the Year.
 The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain
 Descends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;
 Soft balmy Breezes breathe along the Sky:
 The bloomy Season of the Year is nigh.
 The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;
 The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove;
 The Pastures change; the warbling Linnets sing:
 Prepare to welcome in the gawdy Spring. Phil.
 And now the western Winds, with vital Pow'r,
 Call forth the tender Grass, and budding Flow'r.
 And now the vernal Breezes warm the Sky. Add.

For now the sullen Winter's past,
 No more we fear the Northern Blast:
 No Storms, nor threat'ning Clouds appear,
 No falling Rain deforms the Year:
 Already, see! the teeming Earth
 Brings forth the Flow'rs, her beauteous Birth:
 The Dews, and soft descending Show'rs
 Nurse the new-born tender Flow'rs:
 Hark! the Birds melodious sing,
 And sweetly usher in the Spring:
 Close by his Fellow sits the Dove,
 And, billing whispers her his Love. —
 ——— Now the snowy Hills
 Unveil their Tops, and swell the gentle Rills:
 The western Winds dissolve the mellow Soil. Laud. Virg.
 ——— When first the Western Breeze
 Becalms the Year, and smooths the troubled Seas:
 Before the chatt'ring Swallow builds her Nest;
 Or Fields in Spring's Embroidery are drest. Add. Virg.

— The kindly Spring

Began to cloath the Ground, and Birds to sing. Dryd. Virg.

On the moist Ground the Sun serenely shines;
The Winter Winds their blust'ring Rage forbear;
And in a silent Pomp proceeds the mighty Year. Dr. Virg.

The Spring was in the Prime: the neighb'ring Grove
Supply'd with Birds, the Choristers of Love:

Mulick unbought, that minister'd Delight,
To Morning Walks, and lull'd his Cares by Night. Dryd.
(Boc. Theod. & Hon.

When the Sun's Orb, to solace southern Seats,
Inverts his Course, and from the North retreats;
As he advances, his indulgent Beam
Makes the glad Earth with fresh Conceptions teem;
Restores their leafy Honours to the Woods,
Flow'rs to the Banks, and Freedom to the Floods;
Unbinds the Turf, exhilarates the Plain;
Brings back his Labour, and recruits the Swain;
Thro' all the Soil a gen'rous Ferment spreads,
Regenerates the Plants, and new adorns the Meads.
The Birds, on Branches perch'd, or on the Wing,
At Nature's verdant Restauration sing,
And with melodious Lays salute the Spring. Black. }

— In Spring, when all Things prove
The Stings of Pleasure, and the Pangs of Love:
Etherial Jove then glads, with genial Show'rs,
Earth's mighty Womb, and strews her Lap with Flow'rs:
Hence Juices mount; and Buds, embolden'd try
More kindly Breezes, and a softer Sky:
Kind Venus revels: Hark! on ev'ry Bough,
In lulling Strains the feather'd Warblers woo:
Fell Tigers soften in th' infectious Flames;
And Lions, fawning, court their brinded Dames:
Great Love pervades the Deep: To please his Mate,
The Whale, in Gambols, moves his monstrous Weight:
Heav'd by his wayward Mirth, old Ocean roars;
And scatter'd Navies bulge on distant Shores:
All Nature Smiles: Come now, my Fair, my Love,
To taste the Odours of the Woodbine Grove;
To pass the Ev'ning Gloods in harmless Play;
And, sweetly vowing, languish Life away:
An Altar, bound with recent Flow'rs, I rear
To thee, best season of the various Year:
All hail: Such Days in beauteous Order ran,
So soft, so sweet, when first the World began? —

— The early Linnets sing,
The warbling Philomel salutes the Spring.

Now lavish Nature points the purple Year :
 Here on green Banks the blushing Vi'lets glow ;
 Here western Winds on breathing Roses blow.
 Now Hawthorns blossom, now the Daisies spring,
 Now Leaves the Trees, and Flow'rs adorn the Ground:
 All Nature laughs, the Groves fresh Honours wear ;
 The Sun's mild Lustre warms the vital Air. Pope.

The Land, O Sun, revives at thy Approach,
 She Blooms and quickens at thy Touch :
 Her kindled Atoms Life receive ;
 The Meadows and the Groves begin to stir and live :
 Mixt with thy Beams, the southern Breezes blow,
 And help the sprouting Births below :
 Th' infant Flow'rs in Haste appear,
 And gratefully return Perfumes to the kind Air :
 The Trees and Fields again look fresh and gay :
 The Birds begin their softer Play ;
 Thou hast their Life, nay more, their Love, restor'd ;
 Their late and early Hymns praise thee, their welcome Lord :
 The spreading Fire glides thro' the Plains and Woods :
 It even pierces the cold Floods :
 The duller Brutes feel the soft Flame,
 The Fishes leap for Joy, and wanton in their Stream.
 Now active Spring awakes her tender Buds,
 And genial Life informs the verdant Woods.
 Now potent Nature sheds her kindly Show'rs,
 And decks the various Mead with op'ning Flow'rs. Prior.

SQUIRE.

As some raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,
 Till one and twenty keeps his Maidenhead :
 (Pleas'd with some Sport, which he alone does find,
 And thinks a Secret to all Humane Kind :)
 Till mightily in Love, yet half afraid,
 He first attempts the gentle Dairy-Maid :
 Succeeding there, and led by the Renown
 Of Whetstone's Park he comes at Length to Town ;
 Where, enter'd by some Schoolfellow or Friend,
 He grows to break Glass-Windows in the End :
 His Valour too, which with the Watch began,
 Proceeds to Duel, and he kills his Man. Dryd.

So the young Squire, when first he comes
 From Country-School to Will's or Tom's,
 And equally, G--d knows, is fit
 To be a Statesman, or a Wit ;
 Without one Notion of his own,
 Still saunters wildly up and down ;

Till

Till some Acquaintance, good or bad,
 Takes Notice of a staring Lad,
 Admits him in amongst the Gang :
 They jest, reply, dispute, harangue :
 He acts and talks as they befriend him,
 Smear'd with the Colours which they lend him.
 Thus, meerly as his Fortune chances,
 His Merit or his Vice advances,
 If haply he the Sect pursues,
 That read and comment upon News,
 He takes up their mysterious Face ;
 He drinks his Coffee without Lace.
 His Wisdom sets all Europe right,
 And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
 But if it be his Fate to meet
 With Folks that have more Wealth than Wit
 He loves cheap Port, and double Bub,
 And settles in the Hum-drum Club ;
 He learns how Stocks will fall or rise,
 Holds Poverty the greatest Vice ;
 Thinks Wit the Bane of Conversation,
 And says, that Learning Spoils a Nation.
 But if at first he minds his Hits,
 And drinks Champaign among the Wits,
 Five deep he toasts the tow'ring Lasses,
 Repeats you Verses writ on Glasses ;
 Is in the Chair, prescribes the Law ;
 And lies with those he never saw. Prior.

S Q U I R R E L.

— Hast thou never seen
 A Squirrel spend his little Rage,
 In jumping round a rouling Cage ?
 The Cage, as either Side turn'd up,
 Striking a Ring of Bells a-top :
 Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,
 The foolish Creature thinks he climbs :
 But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
 He never gets two Inches high'r.
 So fares it with those merry Blades,
 That frisk it under Phœbus' Shades ;
 In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,
 They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods ;
 Still dancing in an airy Round ;
 Still pleas'd with their own Verses Sound ;
 Brought back, how fast foe'er they go ;
 Always aspiring, always low. Prior.

STAG.

S T A G.

Ev'n thus, a mighty Stag, that long has stood
 The unmolested Monarch of the Wood,
 Safe in its Coverts and protecting Shade,
 If at an an'ient Oak he stands at last
 At Bay, by furious Dogs too closely chas'd ;
 Fearless he looks ; and, to his clam'rous Foes
 Does his thick Grove of native Arms oppose :
 The Dogs with distant Cries infest his Ears ;
 And from afar the Huntsmen cast their Spears ;
 None daring to approach the gen'rous Beast,
 Project aloot their Darts against his Breast. *Blac. P. Arth.*

Under an Oak, whose antique Root peeps out
 Upon the Brook, that brawls along this Wood,
 A poor sequester'd Stag, ———

That from the Hunter's Aim had ta'en a Hurt,
 Did come to languish : ———

The wretched Animal heav'd forth such Groans,
 That their Discharges stretch'd his leathern Coat
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round Tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent Nose (you like it.
 In piteous Chase, and swell'd the running Brook. *Shak. As*

So flies the wounded Stag, provok'd with Pain,
 Bounds o'er the spacious Downs in vain ;
 The feather'd Torment sticks within his Side ;
 And from the smarting Wound a purple Tide
 Marks all his Way with Blood, and dies the grassy Plain.
 (*Hughes. Hor.*)

A mighty Stag grew Monarch of the Herd,
 By all his savage Slaves obey'd and fear'd :
 And, while the Troops about their Sov'reign fed,
 They watch'd the awful Nodding of his Head :
 Still, as he passes by, they all remove,
 Proud in Dominion, prouder in his Love :
 One Subject most did his Suspicion move,
 That shew'd least Fear, and counterfeited Love :
 In the best Pastures by his Side he fed,
 Arm'd with two large Militias on his Head :
 As if he practis'd Majesty he walk'd,
 And, at his Nod, he made not Haste, but stalk'd :
 By his large Shade he saw how great he was,
 And his vast Layers on the bended Grass :
 His Thoughts as large as his Proportion grew ;
 And judg'd himself as fit for Empire too :
 Thus to rebellious Hopes he swell'd at length,
 Love and Ambition growing with his strength :

This

This hid Ambition his bold Passion shews,
 And from a Subject to a Rival grows:
 Solicites all his Princes fearful Dames,
 And in his Sight courts with rebellious Flames:
 Stands by his Mistress' Side, and stirs not thence,
 But bids her own his Love, and his Defence.
 The Quarrel now to a vast Height is grown,
 Both urg'd to fight by Passion and a Throne;
 The sov'raign Stag, shaking his loaded Head,
 On which his Sceptre with his Arms were spread,
 Wisely by Nature there together fix'd,
 Where with the Title the Defence was mix'd:
 Their Heads now meet; and, at one Blow, each strikes
 As many Strokes, as if a Rank of Pikes
 Grew on his Brows; as thick their Antlers stand,
 Which ev'ry Year kind Nature does disband:
 With equal Strength they met, as if two Oaks
 Had fall'n, and mingled with a thousand Strokes:
 While thus with equal Courages they meet,
 The wounded Earth yields to their struggling Feet,
 And while one slides, th' other pursues the Fight,
 And thinks, that forc'd Retreat looks like a Flight:
 But then, asham'd of his Retreat, at length
 Drives back his Foe: his Rage renews his Strength
 As even Weights, into a Motion thrown,
 By equal Turns, drive themselves up and down;
 So sometimes one, then th' other, Stag prevails,
 And Victory, yet doubtful, holds the Scales.
 The Prince, asham'd to be oppos'd so long,
 With all his Strength united rushes on:
 And with one furious Push his Rival throws.
 Yet then he rais'd his Head, on which there grew
 Once all his Pow'r, and all his Title too;
 Unable now to rise, and less to fight,
 He rais'd those Sceptres to demand his Right:
 But such weak Arguments prevail with none,
 To plead their Titles, when their Pow'r is gone.
 His Head now sinks, and with it all Defence;
 Not only robb'd of Pow'r, but all pretence:
 Wounds upon Wounds the Conqu'rouer still gives,
 And thinks himself unsafe, while t'other lives.
 Now to the most scorn'd Remedy he flies;
 And for some Pity seems to move his Eyes.
 The flatt'ring Troops strait to the Victor fly,
 And own his Title to the Victory.
 The Victor now, proud in his great Success,
 Hastes to enjoy his fatal Happiness;

Forgot his mighty Rival was destroy'd,
 By that, which he so fondly now enjoy'd.
 In Passions thus Nature herself enjoys,
 Sometimes preserves, and then again destroys:
 Yet all Destruction, which Revenge can move,
 Time, or Ambition, is supply'd by Love. How.

Tame Stag.

The stately Beast the two Tyrrheidæ bred,
 Snatch'd from his Dam, and the tame Youngling fed;
 Their Sister Silvia cherish'd with her Care
 The little Wanton; and did Wreaths prepare.
 To hang his budding Horns: with Ribbons ty'd
 His tender Neck, and comb'd his filken Hide;
 And bath'd his Body: Patient of Command
 In time he grew; and growing us'd to hand:
 He waited at his Master's Board for Food;
 Then sought his salvage Kindred in the Wood:
 Where grazing all the Day, at Night he came
 To his known Lodgings, and his Countrey Dame.
 This Household-Beast, that us'd the woodland Grounds,
 Was view'd at first by the young Hero's Hounds,
 As down the Stream he swam, to seek Retreat
 In the cool Waters, and to quench his Heat:
 Ascanius, young, and eager of his Game
 Soon bent his Bow, uncertain in his Aim:
 But the dire Fiend the fatal Arrow guides,
 Which pierc'd his Bowels thro' his panting Sides:
 The bleeding Creature issues from the Floods,
 Possess'd with Fear, and seeks his known Abodes;
 His old familiar Hearth, and Household Gods:
 He falls, he fills the House with heavy Groans,
 Implores their Pity, and his Pain bemoans. Dryd. Virg.

S T A L L I O N.

Now, whilst their Youth is fill'd with kindly Fire,
 Submit thy Females to the lusty Sire:
 Watch the quick Motions of the frisking Tail,
 Then serve their Fury with the rushing Male,
 Indulging Pleasure lest the Breed should fail.
 When worn with Years; when dire Diseases come,
 Then hide his not ignoble Age at home:
 For, when his Blood no youthful Spirits move,
 He languishes, and labours in his Love:
 And, when the sprightly Seed shou'd swiftly come,
 Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the Womb:

In

In vain he burns, like hasty Stubble Fires ;
And in himself, his former Self requires.
Then, once again the batter'd Horse beware :
The weak old Stallion will deceive thy Care.

As for the Females, with industrious Care,
Take down their Mettle ; keep them lean and bare ;
When their hot pouting Vent declares their Pain ;
When conscious of their past Delight, and keen
To take the Leap, and prove the Sport again :
With scanty Measure then supply their Food ;
And, when athirst, restrain them from the Flood :
For Fear the Rankness of the swelling Womb
Shou'd scant the Passage, and confine the Room :
Lest the fat Furrows shou'd the Sense destroy
Of genial Lust, and dull the Seat of Joy :
But let them suck the Seed with greedy Force ;
And there inclose the Vigour of the Horse. Dryd. Virg.

S T A R.

The wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The Face of Heav'n, and the nocturnal Sky :
Observes the Stars, and notes their sliding Course ;
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry Force ;
And both the Bears is careful to behold ;
And bright Orion, arm'd with burnish'd Gold. Dr. Virg.

The radiant Galaxies of blended Stars,
Whose Influence governs Mortals here below. Hig. G. Conq.

The Stars rowl adverse, and malignant shine. —

The Stars shine bright, and keep their Place above,
Tho' ruffling Winds deform this lower World. Rowe. Tam.

Were all the Stars, those beauteous Realms of Light,
At Distance only hung to shine by Night, (Blac. }
And with their twinkling Beams to please the Sight? }

Behold the pleasing Pleiades appear,
All springing upward from the briny Seas :
But soon as their affrighted Quire surveys
The wat'ry Scorpion, mend his Pace behind,
With a black Train of Storms, and Winter Wind ;
They plunge into the Deep, and safe Protection find. Dr. }
(Virg.

Pale they wou'd look, as Stars that must be gone,
When from the East the rising Sun comes on. Wall.

—— Adieu, each glimm'ring Light,
Adieu, ye gay Attendants on the Night. Bowles. Theoc.

Morning

Morning Star.

Star of the Morning, why dost thou delay?
 Come, Lucifer; drive on the lagging Day. Dryd. Virg.
 And now the rising Star did Heav'n adorn,
 Whose radiant Fires foretel the blushing Morn. Pope. Hom.
 So the glad Star, which Men and Angels love,
 Prince of the glorious Host, that shines above,
 No Light of Heav'n so chearful, or so gay,
 Lifts up his sacred Lamp, and opens Day. Cowl. David.
 So sinks the Day-Star in the Ocean Bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping Head,
 And tricks his Beams, and, with new-spangled Ore,
 Flames in the Forehead of the Morning Sky. Milt.

Evening Star.

— Now glow'd the Firmament
 With living Saphires: Hesperus, that led
 The starry Host, rode brightest. — Milt. Par. Lost.
 Bright Star, by Venus fix'd above
 To rule the happy Realms of Love:
 Thou, in the dewy Rear of Day,
 Advancing thy distinguish'd Ray,
 Dost other Lights as far outshine,
 As Cynthia's Silver glories thine. —
 — And now the Ev'ning Star,
 Love's Harbinger appear'd. — Milt. Par. Lost.

Falling Star.

— When wand'ring Stars adorn the Night,
 The falling Meteors draw long Trains of Light:
 Like Arrows, shot from the celestial Bow,
 They cut the Air, and strike our Eyes below. Creech. Manil.
 There shot a streaming Lamp along the Sky,
 Which on the winged Lightning seem'd to fly:
 From o'er the Roof the Blaze began to move;
 And trailing vanish'd in th' Idæan Grove:
 It swept a Path in Heav'n, and shone a Guide;
 Then in a steaming Stench of Sulphur dy'd. Dryd.
 — Swift as a shooting Star
 In Autumn thwarts the Night, when Vapours fir'd
 Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner
 From which Point of his Compass to beware
 Impetuous Winds. — Milt. Par. Lost.
 — Like a falling Star,
 Which in a cloudless ev'ning from the Top
 Of Heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop. Add. Ovid.
 — — A

—— A descending Star,
Which warns the Tempest, rushing from afar:
The headlong Planet glides in fiery Streams,
And shoots thro' Darkness with its radiant Beams:
It cuts the Shadows with a Trail of Light,
And makes a Medley of the Day and Night.

S T A T E S M A N.

—— Statesmen are
The Workmanship of inconsiderate Favour:
The Creatures of rash Love: one of those Meteors,
Which Monarchs raise from Earth; ——
And People, wond'ring how they came so high,
Fear, from their Influence, Plagues, and Wars, and Fa-
(mine. Dryd. Maid. Queen.

Th' ambitious Statesman labours dark Designs,
Now open Force employs, now undermines:
By Paths direct his End he now pursues,
By side Approaches now, and slanting Views. Blac.
They Measure not the Compass of a Crown,
To fit the Head that wears it, but their own. D'Aven.
(Siege of Rhodes.

—— His Tongue was made
Smooth, soft and fluent; fitted to persuade:
For courtly Arts, and fine Intrigues of State. Blac. P. Arth.
He was a Man created in the Dark:
He walks invisibly, and dwells in Labyrinths:
Silence he loves; but, when he talks, his Language
Bears more promiscuous Sense than antient Oracles:
So various in his Shapes, that oft he is disguis'd
From his own Knowledge: ——
An Error incident to modern Politicians. (Albovine.
Who labour to know others more than themselves. D'Aven.

So, oft a Statesman lab'ring to be good,
His Honesty's for Treason understood:
While some false flat'ring Minion of the Court
Shall play the Traitor, and be honour'd for't. ——

For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim;
So those, who play a Game of State,
And only cavil in Debate,
Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
The publick Business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer Way to Ruin. Hud.

But Faith is all in Ministers of State;
 For who can promise to be fortunate: Dryd. Ovid.
 Great Statesmen Kings shou'd watch, while they imploy,
 Lest, what they build, those underhand destroy. Lee. Soph.

—— Valiant Fools

Were made by Nature for the Wise to work with,
 They are their Tools; and 'tis the Sport of Statesmen,
 When Heroes knock their knotty Heads together,
 And fall by one another. — Rowe. Amb. Step.

Thus Wit still gets the Mast'ry o'er Courage:
 Longtime unmatch'd in War the Hero shone,
 And mighty Fame in Fields of Battel won;
 'Till one fine Project of the Statesman's Brain
 Bereaves him of the Spoils his Arms did gain,
 And renders all his boasted Prowess vain. Rowe. Amb. Step. }

Thy boist'rous Hands are then of Use, when I
 With this directing Head those Hands apply:
 Brawn without Brain is thine: my prudent Care
 Foresees, provides, administers, the War.
 Thy Province is to fight; but, when shall be
 The Time to fight, the King consults with me:
 No Dram of Judgment with thy Force is join'd:
 Thy Body is of Profit; and my Mind:
 But how much more the Ship her Safety owes
 To him who steers, than him who only rows;
 By how much more the Captain merits Praise,
 Than he who fights; or, fighting, but obeys;
 By so much greater is my Worth than thine,
 Who canst but execute what I design.
 What gain'st thou, brutal Man, if I confess
 Thy Strength Superior, when thy Wit is less?
 Mind is the Man: I claim my whole Desert
 From the Mind's Vigour, and th' immortal Part. Dr. Ovid.

The Bold are but the Instruments o'th Wise,
 They undertake the Dangers we advise:
 And, whilst our Fabrick with their Fame we raise, (G. p. 1.
 We take the Profit, and pay them with Praise. Dr. C. of
 Unhappy Ministers to cheated Princes;
 Who make new Quarrels, new Pretences find, (Conq.
 To please us Wretches, who destroy Mankind. Hig. Gen.

But change in Statesmen is most natural:
 They're Weathercocks of Time, and face about
 To ev'ry veering Wind. — Tate. Loy. Gen.

As old Sinners have all Points
 O'th' Compass in their Bones and Joints,
 Can by their Pangs and Aches find
 All Turns and Changes of the Wind:

So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognosticate ;
And in their Consciences feel Pain
Some Days before a Show'r of Rain. Hud.

He, that seeks Safety in a Statesman's Pity,
May as well run a Ship upon sharp Rocks,
And hope a Harbour. ——— How. Duke of Lerma.

O couldst thou charm the Malice of a Statesman,
And make him quit his Purpose of Revenge,
Thy Preaching might reform the guilty World,
And Vice would be no more. ——— Rowe. Amb. Stepm.

——— Art thou a Statesman,
And canst not be a Hypocrite ? Impossible !
Do not distrust thy Virtues. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.

——— Thy reasons were too strong,
And div'n too near the Head, to be but Artifice:
And after all I know thou art a Statesman,
Where Truth is rarely found. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.

——— Love and Interest sometimes
May make a Statesman Honest. ——— Dryd. Cleom.

This 'tis to serve a Prince too faithfully ;
Who, free from Laws himself, will have that done,
Which, not perform'd, brings us to sure Disgrace ;
And, if perform'd, to Ruin. ———

This 'tis to counsel Things that are unjust,
First to debauch a King to break his Laws,
Which are his Safety, and then seek Protection
From him they have endanger'd. ———

If Princes not protect their Ministers,
What Man will dare to serve them ? ———

——— None will dare
To serve them ill, when they are left to Laws :
But when a Counsellor, to save himself,
Would lay Miscarriages upon his Prince,
Exposing him to publick Rage and Hate ;
O, 'tis an Act as infamously base,
As should a common Souldier skulk behind,
And thrust his Gen'ral in the Front of War :
It shews he only serv'd himself before,
And had no Sense of Honour, Countrey, King ;
But centred on himself ; and us'd his Master,
As Guardians do their Wards, with shews of Care,
But with Intent to sell the publick Safety,
And pocket up his Prince. ——— Dryd. Span. Fryar.

S T A T U E.

Still to new Scenes my wand'ring Muse retires ;
 And the dumb Show of breathing Rocks admires ;
 Where the fam'd Chiffel all its Force has shewn,
 And soften'd into Flesh the rugged Stone :
 In Solemn Silence, a maj-stick Band,
 Heroes, and Gods, and Roman Consuls stand :
 Stern Tyrants, whom their Cruelties renown,
 And Emperours, in Parian Marble frown :
 While the bright Dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
 Still show their Charms, that their proud Hearts subdu'd. Ad.
 The Parian Marble there shall seem to move,
 In breathing Statues, not unworthy Jove. Dryd. Virg.

S T E E R.

A Steer of two Years old they take, whose Head
 Now first with burnish'd Horns begins to spread. Dr. Virg.

A Snow-white Steer, ———
 Who like his Mother bears aloft his Head
 Burs with his threat'ning Brows, and bellowing stands,
 And dares the Fight, and spurns the yellow Sands. Dr. Virg.
 As stubborn Steers, by brawny Plowmen broke,
 And join'd, reluctant, to the gauling Yoke,
 Alike disdain with servile Necks to bear,
 Th' unwonted Yoke, or drag the crooked Share ;
 But rend the Reins, and bound a diff'rent Way,
 And all the Furrows in Confusion lay. Pope. Stat.

S T E N T O R.

Loud Stentor to th' Assembly had Access ;
 None aim'd at more, and none succeeded less :
 True to Extreame ; yet to dull Forms a Slave :
 With Indignation and a daring Air,
 He paus'd a while ; and thus address'd the Chair. Garth.

S T E R I L I T Y of Sexes.

'Tis not the vain Decrees of Pow'rs above
 Deny Production to the Acts of Love ;
 Or hinder Fathers of that happy Name ;
 Or with a barren Womb the Matron shame ;
 As many think, who stain with Victims Blood
 The mournful Altars, and with Incense load,

To

To bless the show'ry Seed with future Life ;
 And to impregnate the well-labour'd Wife :
 In vain they weary Heav'n with Pray'r ; or fly
 To Oracles ; or magick Numbers try :
 For Barrenness of Sexes will proceed,
 Either from too condens'd, or war'ry, Seed :
 The war'ry Juice too soon dissolves away,
 And, in the Parts projected, will not stay :
 The too condens'd, unsoul'd, unwieldy Mass
 Drops short ; nor carries to the distant Place ;
 Nor pierces to the Parts ; nor, tho' injected home,
 Will mingle with the kindly Moisture of the Womb.
 For Nuptials are unlike in their Success ;
 Some Men, with fruitful Seed, some Women bless ;
 And from some Men some Women fruitful are,
 Just as their Constitutions join or jar :
 And many, seeming barren Wives have been,
 Who, after match'd with more prolifick Men,
 Have fill'd a Family with prattling Boys ;
 And many, not supply'd at Home with Joys,
 Have found a Friend abroad to ease their Smart,
 And to perform the sapless Husband's Part :
 So much it does import, that Seed with Seed
 Should of the kindly Mixture make the Breed ;
 And thick with thin, and thin with thick, should join,
 So to produce and propagate the Line.
 Of such Concernment too is Drink and Food,
 T'incrassate, or attenuate, the Blood :
 Of like Importance is the Posture too,
 In which the genial Fear of Love we do :
 For, as the Females of the four-foot Kind
 Receive the Leaping of the Males behind,
 So, the good Wives, with Loins uplifted high,
 And leaning on their Hands, the fruitful Stroke may try :
 For, in that Posture they will best conceive :
 Not when, supinely laid, they frisk and heave :
 For active Motions only break the Blow ;
 And more of Strumpets than of Wives they show ; (flow.)
 When, answ'ring Stroke for Stroke, the mingled Liquors }
 Endearments eager, and too brisk a Bound,
 Throw off the Plough share from the furrow'd Ground :
 But common Harlots in Conjunction heave,
 Because 'tis less their Bus'ness to conceive,
 Than to delight, and to provoke the Deed :
 A Trick, which honest Wives but little need. Dr. Lucr.

STORK

S T O R K.

— The Stork on high
 Seems to salute her infant Progeny,
 Prefaging pious Love with her auspicious Cry. Dr. Juv. }
 The Stork's the Emblem of true Piety;
 Because, when Age has seiz'd, and made her Dam,
 Unfit for Flight, the grateful young One takes
 His Mother on his Back, provides her Food,
 Repaying thus her tender Care of him,
 Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her. Beaum.Span.Curate.

S T O R M.

A Murky Storm, deep low'ring o'er our Heads
 Hung imminent, and with imperious Gloom
 Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver Ray,
 And shaded all beneath. — Add. Virg.

First from a gentle Blast the Winds arise,
 Whose infant Voice in whisp'ring Murmurs flies,
 And with loud Clamours fills the troubled Skies:
 Then thro' the jarring Zones it frets and roars,
 And lifts the swelling Billows to the Shores:
 Vast wat'ry Mountains roul upon the Sand
 And angry Surges beat the trembling Land:
 A harsh, shrill Noise the echoing Caverns fills;
 And strikes the Ear from the resounding Hills;
 Whose rev'rend Tops, with aged Pine-trees crown'd,
 Rock with the Wind, and tremble with the Sound.

The rattling Eurus, and loud Boreas fly,
 And with outrageous Tempests fill the Sky:
 The Sailor's Clamour, and enormous Cries,
 The Crack of Masts, mix'd with the dreadful Noise,
 Of Storms and Thunder, rending all the Air, (B. 1.
 Form the last Scene of Horror and Despair. Blac. P. Arth.

A lowring Cloud, freighted with Storms and Night,
 Came rousing on; the gloomy Waves affright:
 Swell'd by the blust'ring Winds huge Seas arise;
 Tempest and humid Night obscur'd the Skies:
 Redoubled Claps of Thunder burst the Clouds;
 Dispers'd, we wander'd thro' the raging Floods.
 Ev'n Palinurus no Distinction found (Virg.
 Twixt Day and Night; such Darkness reign'd around! Laud.

— The gath'ring Clouds amain
 Pour'd down a Storm of rattling Hail and Rain;
 And Lightning flash'd betwixt: the Field and Flow'rs,
 Burnt up before, were bury'd in the Show'rs. The

The Ladies and the Knights, no shelter nigh,
 Bare to the Weather and the wintry Sky,
 Were dropping wet, disconsolate and wan,
 And thro' their thin Array receiv'd the Rain. Dr. Chauc.
 (The Flower and the Leaf.

Mean time, the gath'ring Clouds obscure the Skies;
 From Pole to Pole the forky Lightning flies;
 The rattling Thunders roul; and Juno pours
 A wint'ry Deluge down; and sounding Show'rs.
 The rapid Rains, descending from the Hills,
 To rousing Torrents raise the creeping Rills. Dryd. Virg.

Now southern Storms arise;
 Loud Rattling shakes the Mountains, and the Plain:
 Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in Rain:
 Whole Sheets of Water from the Clouds are sent. Dr. Virg.

The Storms arise,
 Which southern Winds drive rattling thro' the Skies;
 The Heav'n and Sun their Eyes behold no more;
 The Clouds flash all their Day: loud Tempests roar:
 The Mountains tremble; and the Plains resound;
 And shoreless Oceans deluge on the Ground. Laud. Virg.

Thro' all the Sky arise outrageous Storms,
 And Death stands threat'ning in a thousand Forms:
 Clouds, charg'd with loud Destruction, drown the Day,
 And airy Demons in wild Whirlwinds play:
 Thick Thunder-Claps, and Lightnings livid Glare,
 Disturb the Sky, and trouble all the Air:
 Outrage, Distraction, Clamour, Tumult, reign
 Thro' the Dominions of th' unquiet Main. Blac. P. Arth.

At once the rushing Winds, with roaring Sound,
 Burst from th' Æolian Caves, and rend the Ground;
 With equal Rage their airy Quarrel try,
 And win by Turns the Kingdom of the Sky:
 But with a thicker Night black Auster shrouds
 The Heav'ns, and drives on Heaps the rousing Clouds;
 Then down on Earth a rattling Tempest pours,
 Which the cold North congeals to haily Show'rs:
 From Pole to Pole the Thunder roars aloud,
 And broken Light'nings flash from ev'ry Cloud:
 Now smokes with Show'rs the misty Mountain-Ground,
 And floated Fields lie undistinguish'd round:
 Th' Inachian Streams with headlong Fury run,
 And Æolus rous'd a Deluge on.
 The foaming Lerna swells above its Bounds,
 And spreads its antient Poison o'er the Grounds:
 Where late was Dust, now rapid Torrents play,
 Rush thro' the Mounds, and bear the Dams away:

Old Limbs of Trees, from crackling Forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in Air, and on the Winds are borne:
 The Storm the black Lycean Groves display'd,
 And first to Light expos'd the venerable Shade:
 The Prince with Wonder did the Waste behold,
 While from torn Rocks the massy Fragments roul'd;
 And heard, astonish'd, from the Hills afar
 The Floods descending, and the wat'ry War,
 Thar, driv'n by Storms, and pouring o'er the Plain,
 Swept Herds, and Hinds, and Houses to the Main. Pope. Stat.
 Horror, Confusion, Uproar, Strife and Fear,
 In all their wild amazing Shapes appear. Blac. P. Arth.
 But now the gath'ring Clouds began to rise;
 And lab'ring Winds convey'd them up the Skies:
 A dreadful Storm ensu'd: Fire, Hail and Rain
 Bear with an unknown Fury on the Main:
 Such Thunderclaps, such Winds, such Billows roar,
 As never trembling Sailors heard before:
 Experienc'd Captains, grey in Danger grown,
 Stand now amaz'd, and all their Terreur own:
 In vain to stop the leaking Ships they try'd;
 In vain the Pump, in vain the Rudder ply'd;
 In vain they cut their Masts, or furl'd their Sails;
 The Sea's resistless, and the Storm prevails:
 Some Vessels, with inevitable Shocks,
 Were dash'd to pieces on the craggy Rocks:
 Some overset; some founder'd, some the Sand (Arth.
 Suck'd in; and some were lost upon the Strand. Blac. K.
 As when a loud Autumnal Tempest moves
 Th' inclining Pines, and shakes the golden Groves:
 The Leaves and Fruit from bending Boughs fall down (Arth.
 In yellow Show'rs, and all the Mountains crown. Blac. K.
 With painted Oars the Youths begin to sweep
 Neptune's smooth Face, and cleave the yielding Deep,
 Which soon becomes the Seat of suddain War
 Between the Wind and Tide, that fiercely jar.
 As when a Sort of lusty Shepherds try
 Their Force at Foot-Ball, Care of Victory
 Makes them salute so rudely Breast to Breast,
 That their Encounter seems too rough for Jest;
 They ply their Feet, and still the restless Ball,
 Toss'd to and fro, is urged by them all:
 So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Winds;
 And like Effect of their Contention finds.
 Th' oppress'd Vessel does the Charge abide,
 Only because assail'd on ev'ry Side:

So Men, with Rage and Passion set on Fire,
Trembling for Haste, impeach their mad Desire :
Great Maro could no greater Tempest feign,
When the loud Winds, usurping on the Main
For angry Juno, labour'd to destroy
The hated Reliques of confounded Troy. Wall.

Now, far from either Shore, they plough'd their Way;
And all behind them, and before, was Sea :
When, with the growing Night, the Winds rose high,
A swelling Sea presag'd a Tempest nigh :
A loud the Master cries, Furl all your Sails;
No longer spread to catch the flying Gales :
But his Commands are borne unheard away,
Drown'd in the Roar of a far louder Sea :
Yet, of themselves, their Tasks the Sailors know,
And are, by former Storms, instructed now :
Some to the Masts the struggling Canvas bind,
And leave free Passage to the raging Wind :
Some stop the Leaks, while some the Billows cast
Back on the Sea, which rousls them back as fast
Thus in Confusion they their Parts perform,
While fighting Winds increase th' impetuous Storm :
Amaz'd, the Pilot sees the Waves come on,
Too thick and fast, for his weak skill to shun :
On ev'ry Side the threat'ning Billows fall,
And Art is at a Loss to 'scape them all.
The Cries of Men, the Rattling of the Shrouds,
Floods dash'd on Floods, and Clouds encount'ring Clouds,
Fierce Winds beneath, above a thund'ring Sky,
Unite their Rage to work the Tempest high :
Vast Billows, after Billows, tumbling come,
And rouling Seas grow white with angry Foam :
To mountain Heights the swelling Surges rise,
Waves, pil'd on Waves, seem equal to the Skies ;
Now, rushing headlong with a rapid Force,
Look black as Hell, to which they bend their Course :
The Ship on rising Seas is lifted up,
And now seems seated on a Mountain-Top,
Surveying thence the Stygian Lakes that flow
And roul their distant Waters far below ;
Now, downwards with the tumbling Billows driv'n,
From Hell's profoundest Depth looks up to Heav'n :
Waves after Waves the shatter'd Vessel crush,
All Sides alike they charge, on all they rush :
While with a Noise th' assaunting Billows roar,
As loud as batt'ring Rams, that force a Tow'r :
As Lions, fearless, and secure from Harms,
Rush with prodigious Rage on pointed Arms ;

Chaf

Chaf'd, if repuls'd, they run the fiercer on,
 And lash themselves to Fury, as they run :
 So roul the Seas, with such resistless Force,
 And gather Strength in their impetuous Course :
 Now start the Planks, and leave the Vessel's Sides
 Wide open, to receive the conqu'ring Tides :
 In at the Breach the raging Waters come,
 All pressing to pursue their Conquest home :
 Fierce Neptune now, who long alone had strove,
 As if too weak himself, seeks Aid from Jove :
 Whole Heav'n dissolves in one continu'd Rain,
 Descending, in a Deluge, to the Main,
 Whose mounting Billows toss it back again ;
 Seeming by Turns each other to supply,
 The Sky the Seas, and now the Seas the Sky :
 Show'rs join with Waves, and pour in Torrents down,
 And all the Floods of Heav'n and Earth grow one :
 No Glimp'e of Light is seen, no Sparkles fly,
 From friendly Stars, thro' the benighted Sky :
 Double the Horror of the Night is grown,
 The Tempest's Darknes added to her own ;
 Till thund'ring Clouds strike out a dismal Light,
 More dreadful than the Depth of blackest Night :
 Upwards the Waves, to catch the Flames, aspire,
 And all the rousing Surges seem on Fire :
 Now, mad with Rage, they o'er the Hatches tow'r,
 And strive, possess'd of them, to conquer more :
 As a brave Soldier, whom the strong Desire,
 And burning Thirst of Glory set on Fire,
 With more than common Ardour in his Breast,
 And higher Hopes, spur'd farther than the rest,
 Of scales in vain a well defended Town,
 But mounts at length, and leaps victorious down,
 Alone of all, the dreadful Shock abides,
 While thousand others perish by his Sides :
 So the tenth Billow, rousing from afar,
 More vig'rous than the rest, maintains the War ;
 Now gains the Deck, and, with Success grown bold,
 Pours thence, in triumph down, and sacks the Hold :
 Part, still without, the batter'd Sides assail,
 And, where that led the Way, attempt to scale :
 As in a Town, already half possess'd,
 By foes within it, and without it, press'd,
 All tremble, of their last Defence bereft,
 And see no Hope of any Safety left ;
 No Aid their oft successful Arts can boast,
 At once their Courage and their Skill is lost :

Helpless they see the raging Waters come,
 Each threatens Death, and each presents a Tomb:
 One mourns his Fate in loud Complaints and Tears;
 Another, more astonish'd, quite forbears
 From Sighs and Words, too faint to tell his Fears:
 This calls them bless'd, who fun'ral Rites receive,
 Possess'd in Quiet of a peaceful Grave:
 This rears his suppliant Hands unto the Sky,
 And vainly looks for what he cannot spy:
 This thinks upon the Friends he left behind,
 And his, now orphan, Children rack his Mind:
 Alcyone alone could Ceyx stir,
 His anxious Thoughts ran all alone on her:
 One farewell View of her was all his Care;
 And yet he then rejoic'd, she was not there:
 For a last Look, fain wou'd he turn his Eyes
 On her Abode, but knows not where it lies:
 The Seas so whirl, with such prodigious Might,
 While pitchy Clouds, obscuring Heav'n from Sight,
 Increase the native Horror of the Night:
 Now splits the Mast, by furious Whirlwinds torn,
 And now the Rudder to the Seas is borne:
 A Billow, with those Spoils encourag'd, rides
 Aloft, in Triumph o'er the lower Tides:
 Thence, as some God had pluck'd up Rocks, and thrown
 Whole Mountains on the Main, she tumbles down;
 Down goes the Ship, with her unhappy Freight,
 Unable to sustain the pressing Weight:
 Part of her Men along with her are borne,
 Sunk in a Gulph, whence they must ne'er return:
 Part catch at Planks, in hopes to float to shore,
 Or stem the Tempest, 'till its Rage be o'er:
 Ev'n Ceyx, of the like Support possess'd,
 Swims, undistinguish'd now, among the rest:
 To his Wife's Father, and his own, prefers
 His ardent Vows for Help; but neither hears:
 To both repeats his still neglected Pray'r;
 Calls oft on both, but oft'ner calls on her:
 The more his Danger grew, the more it brought
 Her dear Remembrance to his restless Thought;
 Whose dying Wish was, that the friendly Stream
 Wou'd roul him to those Coasts, whence late he came,
 To her dear Hands, to be interr'd by them:
 Still, as the Seas a breathing Space afford,
 Halcyone, rehears'd, forms ev'ry word:
 Half of her Name his Lips, now sinking, sound,
 When the remaining Half in him was drown'd:

A huge black Arch of Waters, which had hung
High in the gloomy Air, and threaten'd long,
Bursting asunder, hurls the dreadful Heap,
All on his Head, and drives him down the Deep. Hop. Ov.

A violent Wind rose from his secret Cave,
And Troops of frighted Clouds before it drave;
Whilst with rude Haste the confus'd Tempest crowds,
Swift dreadful Flames shot thro' th' encount'ring Clouds:
From whose torn Womb th' imprison'd Thunderbroke,
And in dire Sounds the Prophets Sense it spoke:
Such an impetuous Show'r it downwards sent,
As if the Waters 'bove the Firmament
Were all let loose. Horror, and fearful Noise
Fill'd the black Scene, till the great Prophet's Voice,
Swift as the Wings of Morn, reduc'd the Day, (David.
Wind, Thunder, Rain and Clouds fled all at once away. Co.

Jove gave th' Alarm to Nature: Strait the Thunder
From diff'rent Quarters roar'd, and the blue Lightning
Thwarted the Light'ning in its slanting Flight:
The Sea-Gods in a Moment turn'd the Seas
Up from their deep Foundation: —

They, roaring out, in liquid Mountains roul'd,
With Intervals of horrid Vales between them;
While screaming Monsters echo'd to our Shrieks:
Death in a thousand Shapes at once appear'd,
And each of them amazing: —

Three Days and Nights adrift before the Storm
We in the Deep lay rolling. — Den. Iphig.

See! How the Clouds, like angry Surges, fly, (Jerus.
And dash the crystal Beaches of the Sky! Crown. Dest. of
Now, far at Sea, they saw no Land around,
While distant Skies and Waves the Prospect bound:
A hov'ring Storm stands low'ring o'er their Heads,
And Night and Horror on the Billows spreads. Laud. Virg.

On the Earl of STRAFFORD's Trial and Death.

Great Strafford! worthy of that Name, tho' all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy Fall:
Such was his Force of Eloquence, to make,
The Hearers more concern'd, than he that spake;
Each seem'd to act the Part he came to see,
And none was more a Looker-on than he:
So did he move our Passion, some were known
To wish, for the Defence, the Crime their own.

Now private Pity strove with publick Hate,
Reason with Rage, and Eloquence with Fate :
Now they could him, if he could them, forgive ;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live.
This Fate he could have scap'd, but wou'd not lose,
Honour for Life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their Fears, than Safety from his own,
That his last Action all the rest might crown. Denh.

S T R E A M.

Proud and foolish, noisy Stream !
Who to some muddy Plash thy Birth dost owe,
Which casually a Brook became,
Assisted by the Rain, and melting Snow :
Tho' now thou boast'st thy swelling Tide,
August will soon be here, and end thy short-liv'd Pride.
Thou foam'st and boil'st along the Plain,
The Flocks and Shepherds threat'ning by the Way,
Thro borrow'd Waters basely vain,
Lift'st up thy Head, and dost regardless stray ;
Troubled, oblique, and this alone,
Thy noisy Pride is all, which thou canst call thy own.
Thy upstart Stream will soon be gone,
No Drop remain of thy insulting Flood ;
But the worst Cattle of the Plain
Tread o'er the dusty Sand, and spurn it with Disdain. —
Sweet Stream, that dost with equal Pace,
Both thy self fly, and thy self chase, —
Like sliding Streams, impossible to hold,
Like them fallacious, like their Fountains cold. Dr. Ovid.
See that fair lovely Stream, which down along
From yonder Hillock's gently rising Side,
Pours the smooth Current of its easy Tide. — Theoc.
Thus Streams, that beat against their Banks in vain,
Retreating swell into a Flood again. Orw. D. Carl.
— When Tides against the Current flow, (of Gran. p. 1.
The native Stream runs its own Course below. Dr. Cong.
Thus little Streams rowl on with silent Waves ;
They bubble thro' the Stones, and softly creep,
As fearful to disturb the Nymphs that sleep :
The Moss, spread o'er the Marble, seems to weep :
Whilst other Streams no narrow Bounds contain ; (Lucr.
They break such Banks, and spread o'er all the Plain. Cre.
The Thracians have a Stream, if any try
To taste, his harden'd Bowel petrify :
Whate'er it touches it converts to Stone,

And

And a Marble Pavement where it runs.
 Crathis, and Sybaris her Sister-Flood,
 That slide thro' our Calabrian Neighbour-Wood,
 With Gold and Amber dye the shining Hair:
 And thither Youth resort: For who would not be fair?
 But stranger Virtues yet in Streams we find;
 Some change not only Bodies, but the Mind:
 Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
 Whose Waters into Women soften Men?
 Or Ethiopian Lakes, which turn the Brain
 To Madness, or in heavy Sleep constrain?
 Clytorian Streams the Love of Wine expel:
 Such is the Virtue of th' abstemious Well!
 For there the colder Nymph, that rules the Flood,
 Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God.
 Unlike Effects Lyncestis will produce;
 Who drinks his Water, tho' with moderate Use,
 Reels as with Wine; and sees with double Sight;
 His Heels too heavy, and his Head too light. Dr. Ovid.

S T Y L E.

His incoherent Style, like sick Men's Dreams,
 Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extreams. Rosc. Hor.
 Chuse a just Style, be grave without Constraint;
 Great without Pride, and lovely without Paint. Soam. Boil.
 A Verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,
 And grow obscure, for fear you should be long:
 Some are not gawdy, but are flat and dry;
 Not to be low, another soars too high:
 Would you of ev'ry one deserve the Praise?
 In writing vary your Discourse, and Phrase:
 A frozen Style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
 Instead of pleasing, make us gape and doze:
 Those tedious Authors are esteem'd by none,
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy Tone:
 Happy, who in his Verse can gently steer
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe. Soam. Boil.
 In all you write, be neither low nor vile;
 The meanest Theme may have a proper Style. Soame. Boil.
 There is a kind of Writer pleas'd with Sound,
 Whose fustian Head with Clouds is compass'd round;
 No Reason can disperse them with its Light:
 Learn then to think, ere you pretend to write:
 As your Idea's clear, or else obscure,
 Th' Expression follows perfect, or impure:

What we conceive, with Ease we can exprefs;
Words to the Notions flow with Easinefs. Soame. Boil.

Observe the Language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest Flight:
The smootheft Verse, and the exactest Sense
Displease us, if ill English give Offence:

A barb'rous Phrase no Reader can approve,
Nor Bombast, Noife, or Affectation, love:
In short, without pure Language, what you wrire,
Can never yield us Profit, or Delight. Soame. Boil.

Gently make Haste, of Labour not afraid:

A hundred times consider what you've said:

Polish, repolish, ev'ry Colour lay;

And sometimes add, but oft'ner take away:

'Tis not enough, when swarming Faults are writ,
That here and there are scatter'd Sparks of Wit. Soam. Boil.

Keep to your Subject close in all you say,
Nor for a founding Sentence ever stray. Soame. Boil.

Wise Nature by Variety does please:

Cloath diff'ring Passions in a diff'ring Dress:

Bold Anger in rough haughty Words appears,

Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in Tears:

Make not your Hecuba with Fury rage,

And shew a rattling Grief upon the Stage:

Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore

His seven-fold Waters to the Euxine Shore:

These swol'n Expressions, this affected Noife

Shows like some Pedant, that declaims to Boys:

In Sorrow you must softer Methods keep,

And, to excite our Tears, your self must weep:

Those noisy Words, with which ill Plays abound,

Come not from Hearts that are in Sadness drown'd.

To please you must a hundred Changes try;

Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:

In noble Thoughts must ev'ry where abound,

Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound:

To these you must surprizing Touches join,

And shew us a new Wonder in each Line;

That all, in a just Method, well design'd,

May leave a strong Impression on the Mind. Soame. Boil.

Others for Language all their Care exprefs;

And value Books, as Women Men, for Dress:

Their Praise is still, — The Style is excellent;

The Sense they humbly take upon Content:

Words are like Leaves; and, where they most abound,

Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found.

False Eloquence, like the Prismatick Glass, -
 Its gawdy Colours spreads on ev'ry Place :
 The Face of Nature we no more survey ;
 All glares alike, without Distinction gay :
 But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
 Clears, and improves, whate'er it shines upon :
 It gilds all Objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the Dress of Thought ; and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable :
 A vile Conceit, in pompous Words express'd,
 Is like a Clown, in regal Purple dress'd :
 For diff'rent Styles with diff'rent Subjects sort,
 As sev'ral Garbs with Country, Town, and Court. Pope.

S T R X.

Ye awful Stygian Waves, by which when Gods
 Have sworn, the Oath inviolable stands. Brom. Hom. 10.
 — Behold the Stygian Floods :
 A sacred Stream, which Heav'n's imperial State
 Attests in Oaths, and fears to violate. Dryd. Virg.

S U B J E C T S.

What have the People done, the Sheep of Princes,
 That they should perish for the Shepherd's Fault ?
 They bring their yearly Wooll, to cloath their Owners,
 And yet, when bare themselves, are cull'd for Slaughter.
 (Dryd. Love Trium.)

Safety and equal Government are Things,
 Which Subjects make as happy as their Kings. Wall.
 The Vulgar, Greatness too much idolize, (Gran. p. 1.
 But haughty Subjects it too much despise. Dryd. Cong. of
 When Subjects cannot pay they soon rebel. Dr. Auren.

S U C C E S S.

— For the same Fact, we've often known
 One mount the Cart, another mount the Throne :
 And foulest Deeds, attended with Success,
 No longer are reputed Wickedness,
 Disguis'd with Virtue's Livery and Dress. Oldh.
 It is Success make Innocence a Sin :
 If th' End be glorious, glorious is the Way ; (Dar.
 They always have the Cause, who have the Day. Crown.
 Who follow Fortune still are in the Right. Dryd. Cong.
 (of Gran. p. 1.
 Suc-

Success no more can last than Beauty can. Dryd.
 Had I miscarry'd, I had been a Villain;
 For Men judge Actions always by Events:
 But, when we manage by a just Foresight,
 Success is Prudence, and Possession Right. Hig. Gen. Con.
 If all Things by Success are understood,
 Men, that make War, grow wicked to be good. How. In. Q.
 We cannot answer for unborn Events:
 The Gods have plac'd them in the Hands of Fate,
 To shape and fashion for their high Decrees;
 At their appointed Time to bring them forth,
 To baffle human Wit and Industry. South. Fate of Capua.
 Fate holds the Strings; and Men like Children move,
 But as they're led: Success is from above. Lan. Her. Love.
 'Tis not in Mortals to command Success: (Caro.
 But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it. Add.

S U M M E R.

'Twas now the ripen'd Summer's highest Rage,
 Which no faint Cloud durst mediate to assuage:
 Th' Earth, hot with Thirst, and hot with Lust for Rain,
 Gap'd, and breath'd feeble Vapours up in vain, (David.
 Which strait were scatter'd, or devour'd by th' Sun. Cowl.
 Now both the Lion and the Dog conspire,
 With furious Rays to set the Day on fire. Staff. Hor.
 Now sprouting Births, and beauteous vernal Bloom,
 By the Suns warmer Rays to ripe Perfection come;
 Th' austere and pond'rous Juices they sublime,
 Make them ascend the porous Soil, and climb }
 The Orange-Tree, the Citron, and the Lime:
 Which, drunk in Plenty by the thirsty Root,
 Break forth in painted Flow'rs, and golden Fruit:
 They explicate the Leaves, and ripen Food
 For the silk-Lab'ers of the Mulberry Wood:
 And the sweet Liquor on the Cant bestow,
 From which, prepar'd, the luscious Sugars flow.
 With gen'rous Juice enrich the spreading Vine,
 And in the Grape digest the sprightly Wine.
 The fragrant Trees, which grow by Indian Floods,
 And in Arabia's aromack Woods,
 Owe all their Spices to the Summer's Heat,
 Their gummy Tears, and odorif'rous Sweat.
 Now the bright Sun compacts the precious Stone,
 Imparting radiant Lustre, like his own.
 He tinctures Rubies with their rosy Hue,
 And on the Sapphire spreads a heav'nly Blue;

For the proud Monarch's dazling Crown prepares
Rich orient Pearl, and adamantine Stars. Black.

Now scorching Sirius burnt the thirsty Moors,
And Seas contracted left their native Shores;
The Earth lay chopt, no Spring supply'd his Flood;
And Mid-day Rays boil'd up the Streams to Mud. Cre: Vir.

Now sultry Sirius reigns,
Glows in the Air, and fires the thirsty Plains. Broome.

And now the raging Dog-star mounted high,
Cleaves the parch'd Earth, and blasts the sultry Sky. —

The fiery Suns too fiercely play,
And shrivel'd Herbs on with'ring Stems decay. Dr. Virg.

The Farmer, now secure of Fear,
Sends in the Swains to spoil the finish'd Year:
And now the Reaper fills his greedy Hands;
And binds the golden Sheafs in brittle Bands. Dryd: Virg.

For now the Sun to th' Arctick Line returns,
And with a scorching Ray the Harvest burns;
Empties the Rivers, and the Marshes dries, (Arth,
Chaps the hard Plain, and rustet Meadows fries. Blac. K.

S U N.

Great Eye of all, whose glorious Ray,
Rules the bright Empire of the Day!
O praise his Name, without whose purer Light,
Thou had'st been hid in an Abyss of Night. Rosc.

Such, and so bright, an Aspect now he bears,
As when thro' Clouds th' emerging Sun appears,
And, thence exerting his refulgent Ray,
Dispels the Darkness, and reveals the Day. Pope. Ovid.

God of Verfes and of Days,
Light of the World, and Ruler of the Year!

Great in Wisdom as in Power;
When, clad in rising Majesty,

Thou marchest down o'er Delos' Hills confests'd,
With all thy Arrows arm'd, in all thy Glory drest'd. Prior.

Thus Motion, Light, and Heat, combin'd in one,
Make up the glorious Essence of the Sun. —

The Sun too from above his Vigour yields
To us below, and cherishes our Fields. Creech. Lucr.

The Sun, whose Bounty does each Spring restore
What Winter from the rissled Meadows tore;

Who ev'ry Morning, with an early Ray,
Paints the young blushing Cheeks of infant Day;

Whose Skill, inimitable here below, (Oldham
Limns those gay Clouds, which form Heav'n's colour'd Bow. H.

The

The Sun, bright Orb that blesses all above,
 The sacred Fire, that real Son of Jove,
 Rules not his Actions by capricious Will;
 Nor by ungovern'd Pow'r declines to Ill:
 Fixt by just Laws he goes for ever right;
 Man knows his Course, and thence adores his Light. Prior.

Behold th' indulgent Father of the Day,
 Ne'er covetous of Rest, behold the Sun
 His Course diurnal and his annual run
 How in his glorious Race he moves along,
 Gay as a Bridegroom, as a Giant strong:
 How his unvary'd Labour he repeats,
 Returns at Morning, and at Eve retreats;
 And, by the Distribution of his Light,
 Now gives to Man the Day, and now the Night. Blac.

And when the Morning climbs the Eastern Skies,
 And tuneful Birds salutes her early Rise;
 In ev'ry Grove and Wood with Joy appear,
 And fill with rav'ning Sounds the yielding Air;
 From Heav'n to Earth the Sunbeams take their Flight,
 And gild the distant Globe with gawdy Light. Cre. Luc.

As when the Sun proves from his Orb of Light
 A glorious Deluge on the Face of Night;
 His golden Rays, shot from the rosy East,
 Reach, in a Moment, the remotest West;
 And smiling on the Mountain-Tops are seen,
 Th' immense Expansion past, that lies between. Bl. P. Art.

— The Sun, that constant Spring of Light,
 Still cuts the Heav'ns with Streams of shining white;
 And the decaying Old with new supplies:
 For ev'ry Portion of the Beam, that flies,
 Is but short-liv'd: it just appears, and dies.
 For, when an envious Cloud stops up the Stream,
 The constant Stream of Light, and breaks the Beam,
 The low'r Part is lost, and dismal Shade,
 O'erspreads the Earth; where'er the Cloud's convey'd:
 So from our Lights, our meaner Fires below,
 Our Lamps, or brighter Torches, Streams do flow,
 And drive away the Night: they still supply
 New Flames; as swiftly as the former die,
 New Beams still tremble in the low'r Sky:
 No Space is free; but a continu'd Ray
 Stills keeps a constant, tho' a feeble, Day;
 So fast, ev'n Hydra-like, the fruitful Fires
 Beget a new Beam, as the Old expires:
 So Sun and Moon, with many a num'rous Birth,
 Bring forth new Rays, and send them down to Earth. (Lucr. Cr.
 Such

rior.

rt.

}

Such is the Ray; the Vapour of the Sun :
 How swift its Race? 'tis finish'd when begun.
 They cut the parted Air with greatest Speed:
 No Lets to stop; but, when one Part is gone,
 Another flows, and drives the former on :
 The Rays still rise in a continu'd Stream :
 The following lashes on the lazy Beam. *Crœch. Lucr.*
 For still new Rays spring from the glorious Sun ;
 The former dying when their Race is run :
 And therefore Earth is soon depriv'd of Light ;
 And Rays as soon come on, and chase the Night :
 The Negro Darknefs, wash'd, becomes a white. *Cr. Luc.* }
 So shews the blushing discontented Sun,
 From out the fiery Portal of the East,
 When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
 To dim his Glory, and to stain the Tract
 Of his bright Passage to the Occident. *Shak, Rich. 2.*
 ——— The Sun, when he from Noon declines,
 And, with abated Heat, less fiercely shines,
 Seems to grow milder, as he goes away,
 Pleasing himself with the Remains of Day. *Dryd. Auren.*
 So, when from western Hills, the burning Sun
 Descends, and leaves his Empire to the Moon,
 False Meteors glare, and scatter'd Drops of Light,
 With Glow-worm Spangles, dress the Gloom of Night!
 But, as the radiant God remounts his Car,
 The borrow'd Vapours swiftly disappear :
 They fly the Force of his celestial Ray,
 Or their pale Fires are lost in Floods of Day. *Johns, Vict.*
 Now Phœbus mounts triumphant in the Skies;
 The Clouds disperse, and gloomy Horror flies :
 Darknefs gives Place to the victorious Light; *(Ench.*
 And all around is gay, and all around is bright. *Lanfd. Br.*
 Now thro' the Gates of Light the radiant Sun
 Issues, and leads the circling Minutes on :
 His fiery Coursers, bounding from the Main,
 Hurry the Chariot thro' th' ætherial Plain ;
 The fiery Coursers and the Coach display
 A Stream of Glory, and a Flood of Day. *Broome.*
 You, who are vers'd so much in Causes, tell,
 What from the Tropicks can the Sun repel ?
 What vig'rous Arm, what repercussive Blow,
 Bandies the mighty Globe still to and fro,
 Yet with such Conduct, such unerring Art,
 He never did the trackless Road desert ?
 Why does he never, in his spiral Race,
 The Tropicks, or the Polar Circles pass ?

What

What Gulphs, what Mounds, what Terrours can controul
The rushing Orb, and make him backward roul?
Why should he halt at either Station, why
Not forward run in unobstructive Sky,
Till he has gain'd some unfrequented Place,
Lost to the World, in vast unmeasur'd Space? Blac.

Diurnal Course of the Sun.

Thrice the swift Sun his radiant Chariot drove
O'er the blue Hills, and out-stretch'd Plains above:
As oft the Moon had shot her paler Light, (Arth. B. 2.
In silver Threads, thro' the brown Veil of Night. Blac. Pr.
And now the Sun, twice starting from the East, (Arth.
Had run his Race, and reach'd the falling West. Blac. Pr.
Twice the great Ruler of the Day had hurl'd
His flaming Orb around th' enlighten'd World. Blac. P. Arth.
Twice had the Sun with dawning Glories blest'd
The World, and call'd the Lab'rer from his Rest:
As oft the Night, her fable Vesture, set
With pearly Dew ascends her Throne of Jet. Blac. P. Arth.

Sun-rise.

The rising Sun the Throne of Night invades;
Fenc'd with thick Darkness, and intrench'd in Shades:
His radiant Wings break thro' th' Horizon's Line;
And on the heav'nly Plains triumphant shine. Bl. K. Arth.
And now kind Nature shews her infant Ray;
And the new Sun peeps forth with trembling Ray;
And, loth or fearful to begin his Race,
Looks o'er the Mountains with a blushing Face. Cree. Lucr.
Now Morn with rosy Light had streak'd the Sky,
Up-rose the Sun. — Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.
— The Sun his rising Light displays;
And gilds the World below with purple Rays. Dr. Virg.

Sun-set.

And now the rising Sun's victorious Light,
Had scal'd and pass'd the gloomy Mounds of Night. Bl. K. Arth.
As when the glorious Magazine of Light
Approaches to the Canopy of Night;
He with new Splendour cloaths his dying Rays,
And double Brightness to his Beams conveys:
And, as to brave and check his ending Fate,
Puts on his highest Look in's lowest State;
Dress'd in such Terror, as to make us all
Be Anti-Perfians, and adore his Fall:

Then quits the World, depriving it of Day ;
Whilst ev'ry Herb and ev'ry Plant droop all away. Orinda.

So bright a Track still leave the setting Suns,
That vanish in a Glory. — Dryd. Riv. Lad. —

So the bright Globe, that rules the Skies,
Tho' with a glorious Rise he gild the Heav'ns,
Reserves his choicest Beams to grace his Set,

And then he looks most great,

And then in greatest Splendour dies. Oldh.

And now the Sun drew off his radiant Train ;
And left the Empress of the Night to reign. Blac. P. Arth.

Mean while, in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n,

With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun

Slowly descended, and with right Aspect,

Against the Eastern Gate of Paradise

Level'd his Ev'ning Rays. — Milt. P. Lost.

The setting Sun, all curtain'd round by Night,

At his Departure gives a larger Light. Lee. Sophon.

Mean Time the Sun descended from the Skies ;

And the bright Ev'ning Star began to rise. Dryd. Virg.

—— The bright Sun,

Descends into the Ocean's watry Bed, (Hom.

And Night o'erspreads the Skies with mantling Clouds. Oldis.

S U R P R I Z E.

—— We came, like bold intruding Guests,
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us Welcome :
The Scouts we kill'd, then found their Body sleeping ;
And, as they lay confus'd, we stumbled o'er 'em,
And took what Joint came next ; Arms, Heads, or Legs,
Somewhat undecently : but when Men want Light,
They make but bungling Work. — Dryd. Span. Fry.

—— A Battel blindly fought,
Where Darkness and Surprize made Conquest cheap !
Where Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,
And struck a random Blow. 'Twas Fortune's Work,
And Fortune take the Praise. — Dryd. Span. Fryar.

All guard themselves, when stronger Foes invade ;
Yet, by the weak, Surprizes may be made. Dr. Tyr. Love.

S U S P I C I O N.

Suspicion's but at best a Coward's Virtue. Otw. Ven. Pres.
Oh ! what a ready Tongue Suspicion has !
He, that but fears the Thing he would not know,
Has, by Instinct, Knowledge from others Eyes,

That

That what he fear'd is chanc'd. — Shak. Hen. 4. p. 2.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty Mind :

The Thief still fears each Bush an Officer. Shak. Hen. 6. p. 3.

But Lovers are not easily betray'd :

She found their Plot, and their first Motions fears,
And most suspects, where Safety most appears. Laud. Virg.

S W A N.

Behold twelve Swans on nimble Pennons move
In liquid Air ; whom late the Bird of Jove
Thro' Skies dispers'd : now, joyful on the Wing,
They skim the Clouds, survey the Earth, and sing :
Join'd in a Team they chuse a Place to rest. Laud. Virg.

With fable Oars they cut the silver Wave ;

Their snowy Backs their rustling Pennons lave :
Now to the Stream they throw their arched Crests ;
Then plough the Billows with their downy Breasts :
And now they drive, now clap their Wings : in vain
They wash their Plumes, still pure, still free from Stain.

As Swans, from feeding mounted on the Wing,
With stretch'd-out Necks thro' airy Regions sing :
The chearful Notes the neighb'ring Shores rebound,
And Asia's Lake re-echoes to the Sound. Laud. Virg.

So on Mæander's Banks, when Death is nigh,
The mournful Swan sings her own Elegy. Dryd. Ovid:
So sing the Swans, that in soft Numbers waste
Their dying Breath, and warble to the last. Phil.

As when by Chance a royal Eagle spies,
From some high Mountain's Top, amidst the Skies,
A Flight of Swans, obscuring all the Air,
Swift as the Lightning, which he's said to bear,
Upon the Prey his airy Flight he takes,
And with sharp Pounces vast Destruction makes :
Some fall, struck dead ; some wounded, slowly fly ;
While snowy Clouds of Feathers fill the Sky :
'Those that the fierce Invader's Strokes survive,
With all the Speed, Fear to their Wings can give,
To their belov'd Cayster's Banks return ; (Blac. P. Arth.
And, in their reedy Seats, their Wounds and Losses mourn.

S W E E T.

Sweet as the Breath of Flora, when she lies
In Jess'min Shades, and for young Zephyr sighs. Fent.
She's sweeter than the Spring, wreath'd in the Arms
Of budding Flow'rs. — How. D. of Lerma.

A greater Sweetness on those Lips there grows,
 Than Breath shut out from a new-folded Rose. How. In. Qu.
 ——— Sweeter to the Taste,
 Than swelling Grapes, that to the Vintage haste. Dr. Ov.

S W I F T.

As swift as Love and Danger could persuade. Cowl. Dav.
 ——— Swift as a Lover's Wish. ——— D'Aven.
 Swifter than murd'ring Angels, when they fly
 On Errands of avenging Destiny. Oldh.
 ——— Swift as the Wings of Fear. Oldh.
 Swift as the Motions of the Eye or Mind. Oldh.
 Swift as Armenians in the Panther's Chace. D'Aven.
 Scarce empty Eagles, stooping to their Prey,
 Could be more swift. ——— D'Aven.
 Swift as an Arrow from the twanging Bow. Bro. Hom.
 Swiftly as Syrians, when they charge in War. D'Aven.
 Swift, as he would o'ertake forerunning Thought. D'Av.
 In Swiftness fleetier than the flying Hind,
 Or driven Tempests, or the driving Wind. Dryd. Ovid.
 Speed, to describe whose Swiftness Number fails. Dr. P. L.
 Exploded Lightning scarcely flies so fast. Blac. K. Arth.
 ——— Ev'n so,

But not so swift the Morning Glories flow
 At once from the bright Sun, and strike the Ground:
 So winged Lightning the soft Air does wound:
 Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
 The Motion, having no Account so small, Cowl. David.
 ——— From th' Idæan Mount,

Swift shot the Goddess tow'rs the Tow'rs of Heav'n:
 As when some Trav'ler reviews in Thought
 The various Regions of the travers'd World,
 With nimble Glance from Realm to Realm he flies,
 Fleetier than Lightning flashing from the Clouds:
 So rapidly the Goddess held her Way. Broome. Hom.

——— She was light of Foot,
 As Shatts which long-field Parthians shoot:
 But not so light as to be borne,
 Upon the Ears of standing Corn,
 Or trip it o'er the Water quicker
 Than Witches when their Staffs they liquor,
 As some report. ——— Hud.

S W I M M I N G.

Now all undress'd upon the Banks he stood,
 And clapt his Sides, and leapt into the Flood:

His

His lovely Limbs the silver Waves divide,
His Limbs appear more lovely thro' the Tide:
As Lillies, shut within a crystal Case,
Receive a glossy Lustre from the Glafs. Add. Ovid.

He plung'd into the Sein, and, where 'twas swiftest,
Plough'd to his Point against the headstrong Stream. Lee.
(Mass. of Par.

—— He swam the stormy Main,
By Stretch of Arms the distant Shore to gain. Dryd. Virg.
He in the Billows plung'd his hoary Head; (Dryd. Virg.
And, where he leap'd, the Waves in Circles widely spread.
His skilful Arms support his snowy Limbs;
Still glitt'ring thro' the Streams, in which he swims. ——

S W O O N.

A Death-like Cold seiz'd on me; from my Brow,
Like Southern Dew, the liquid Drops did flow:
Stiff and unmov'd I lay, and on my Tongue
My dying Words, when I would speak them, hung:
As when imperfect Sounds from Children fall,
When in their Dreams they on their Mothers call. Dr. Theoc.

A suddain Damp has seiz'd my vital Spirits;
I see but thro' a Mist, and hear far off. Dryd. Love Trium.
A suddain Chilnel's seizes on my Spirits. Cong. M. Bride.
Sure I am near upon my Journey's End.

My Head runs round, my Eyes begin to fail;
And dancing Shadows swim before my Sight. Rowe. J. Sh.

A sickly Sweat succeeds; and Shades of Night:
Inverted Nature swims before his Sight. Dryd. Ovid.

Astonish'd at the Sight, the vital Heat
Forsakes her Limbs; her Veins no longer beat:
She faints; she falls; and, scarce recov'ring Strength,
Thus, with a fault'ring Tongue, she speaks at length.

Dryd. Virg.

—— She faints: support her:
Sustain her Head, while I infuse this Cordial
Into her dying Lips: From spicy Drugs,
Rich Herbs and Flow'rs the potent Juice is drawn;
With wond'rous Force it strikes the lazy Spirits,
Drives them around, and wakens Life anew.
And see! she stirs; and the returning Blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy Cheeks. —— Rowe. J. Shore.

At this, fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and strait
In Silence tumbled from his Chair of State:
The Crowd in great Confusion sought the Door,
And left the Magus fainting on the Floor:

Offi-

Officious Squirt in Haste forsook the Shop,
 To succour the expiring Horoscope :
 Oft he essay'd the Magus to restore
 By Salt of Succinum's prevailing Pow'r ;
 Yet still supine the solid Lumber lay,
 An Image of scarce animated Clay :
 Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
 By Squirt's nice Hand apply'd an Urinal :
 The Wight no sooner did the Steam receive ;
 But rowz'd, and bless'd the stale Restorative :
 The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel ;
 Such Zeal he had for that vile Utensil !
 So when the great Pelides Thetis found ; (Garth.
 He knew the fishy Smell, and th' Azure Goddess own'd.

S W O R D.

A Sword, whose Weight without a Blow might slay,
 Able, unblunted, to cut Hosts away. Cowl. David.
 He drew his Sword, and breath'd Defiance to my Ears ;
 Swung it about his Head, and cut the Winds, (Rom. & Jul.
 Who, nothing hurt with it, hiss'd him in Scorn. Shak.
 This is a Sword of Spain : the Ice brooks temper ;
 A better never did it self sustain
 Upon a Soldier's Thigh. I've seen the Day,
 That with this little Arm, and this good Sword,
 I've made my Way thro' more Impediments,
 Than twenty times your Stop. — Shak. Othello.

——— In his Hand
 He bore a dreadful and enormous Sword, (Hom.
 Which shone like Lightning's formidable Gleams. Broome.
 Like a well temper'd Sword, that bends at Will,
 But keeps the native Toughness of the Steel. Dryd.
 He girt his faithful Fauchion to his Side,
 In his Ætnæan Forge, the God of Fire,
 That Fauchion labour'd for the Hero's Sire :
 Immortal Keeness on the Blade bestow'd ;
 And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian Flood. Dryd. Virg.
 A silver Belt, illustrious to behold, (Arth.
 Held his broad Sword, adorn'd with Studs of Gold. Blac. P.

S Y B I L.

And now behold the dreadful Caves and Bow'rs,
 Where Phœbus reigns ; where Delos' God inspires
 Sybilla's Breast with strong prophetick Fires. Laud. Virg.
 — The

— The mad divining Dame,
The Priestess of the God, Deiphobe her Name. Dr. Virg.

And thou, O sacred Maid, inspir'd to see
Th' Event of Things in dark Futurity :
But oh ! commit not thy prophetick Mind
To flitting Leaves, the Sport of ev'ry Wind ;
Lest they disperse in Air our empty Fate ;
Write not, but, what the Pow'rs ordain, relate. Dryd. Virg.

Nor shalt thou want thy Honours in my Land ;
For there thy faithful Oracles shall stand,
Preserv'd in Shrines ; and ev'ry sacred Lay,
Which, by thy Mouth, Apollo shall convey ;
All shall be treasur'd by a chosen Train
Of holy Priests, and ever shall remain. Dryd. Virg.

Conduct me thro' the Regions void of Light :
Yours is the Pow'r ; nor Proserpine in vain
Has made you Priestess of her nightly Reign. Dryd. Virg.

A raging Prophetess you there shall see,
Who from her Caves sings what the Fates decree :
Her mystick Numbers writes on Leaves ; and then
In Order lays, and lurks within her Den.
Before the Door they lie as they were plac'd ;
But if, that op'ning, or some gentle Blast
Should them disorder, she no more will sing ;
Nor when once scatter'd to Contexture bring :
Thus many unresolv'd forsake the Maid ;
And hate the gloomy Cell, and louring Shade. Laud. Virg.

— The lofty Temple was
Cut out in Cliffs of Cumæ's cragged Hill,
Whose hundred Doors a hundred Voices fill.
Sybilla's Answers from the Cave resound,
And shake the Caverns of the hollow Ground :
Before the Gate the Virgin call'd aloud ;
Now is the Time ! he comes ! behold the God !
Her varying Looks and Face, with starting Hair,
The inward Tumult of her Soul declare :
Full of the God, her Bosom fiercely swells ;
She bigger seems : her Voice by far excels
All human Sound : when the inspiring God
Possess'd her lab'ring Soul, she call'd aloud.

Impatient of the God, she reels and raves
Around the Vault ; her Heart with Fury heaves :
She strove to shake the Godhead from her Soul :
Mortals in vain celestial Pow'rs controul :
He curb'd her foaming Mouth ; her Bosom fir'd,
Proportion'd to the Spirit he inspir'd.

Thus

Thus from the dark Recess the Sybil spoke;
 And the resisting Air the Thunder broke;
 The Cave rebellow'd, and the Temple shook:
 Th' ambiguous God, who rul'd her lab'ring Breast,
 In these mysterious Words his Mind express'd: (Virg.
 Some Truths reveal'd, in Terms involv'd the Rest. Dryd.

Thus from the holy Place Sybilla sung;
 And round the Vault the Inspiration rung:
 Deep Truths wrapt up in Words of doubtful Sense:
 Phœbus at last withdraws his Influence:
 Checking th' Impulses of her panting Breast;
 Her foaming Rage, and raging Fury ceas'd. Laud. Virg.
 Languid and dull, when absent from her Cave,
 No Oracles of old the Sybil gave:
 But when beneath her sacred Shrine she stood,
 Her Fury soon confess'd the coming God:
 Her Breast began to heave, her Eyes to roul;
 And wond'rous Visions fill'd her lab'ring Soul. Fenton.

S Y L P H.

The light Militia of the lower Sky;
 The lucid Squadrons; Denizens of Air.
 Some to the Sun their Insect Wings unfold,
 Waft on the Breeze, or sink in Clouds of Gold:
 Transparent Forms, too fine for mortal Sight;
 Their fluid Bodies half dissolv'd in Light:
 Loose to the Wind their airy Garments flow;
 Thin glitt'ring Textures of the filmy Dew:
 Dipt in the richest Tincture of the Skies,
 Where Light disports in ever mingling Dies:
 While ev'ry Beam new transient Colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their Wings.
 Some in the Fields of purest Æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day:
 Some guide the Course of wand'ring Orbs on high,
 Or roul the Planets thro' the boundless Sky.
 Some, less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale Light,
 Hover and catch the shooting Stars by Night,
 Or suck the Mists in grosser Air below;
 Or dip their Pinions in the painted Bow,
 Or brew fierce Tempests on the wintry Main
 Or on the Glebe distil the kindly Rain. Pope.

S Y L V A N U S.

Sylvanus comes, with rural Honours crown'd;
 With flow'ry Leaves, and Lillies nodding round. Trap. Vir.
 Be-

Behold Sylvanus, with his mossy Beard,
 And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd
 Of Wood-born Satyrs : See ! he shakes his Spear ;
 A green young Oak, the tallest of the Year. Temp. Virg.
 The old Sylvanus, youthful in Decay. Pope. Ovid.
 Sylvanus comes : his Brows a Country Crown
 Of Fennel and of nodding Lillies drown. Dryd. Virg.

S Y N O D.

Synods are mystical Bear-Gardens,
 Where Elders, Deputies, Churchwardens,
 And other Members of the Court,
 Manage the Babylonish Sport :
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a mere Word.
 Both are but sev'ral Synagogues
 Of carnal Men, and Bears and Dogs :
 Both Antichristian Assemblies,
 To Mischief bent as far's in them lies :
 Both stave and tail, with fierce Contests,
 The one with Man, the other Beasts :
 The Difference is, the one fights with
 The Tongue, the other with the Teeth :
 And that they bait but Bears in this,
 In th' other, Souls and Consciences.
 This to the Prophet did appear,
 Who in a Vision saw a Bear,
 Prefiguring the beastly Rage
 Of Church Rule in this latter Age :
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
 Bears nat'rally are Beasts of Prey,
 That live by Rapine ; so do they :
 What are their Orders, Constitutions,
 Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,
 But sev'ral mystick Chains they make ;
 To tie poor Christians to the Stake ?
 And then set Heathen Officers,
 Instead of Dogs, about their Ears ;
 For, to prohibit and dispense,
 To find out or to make Offence,
 Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
 To play with Souls at fast and loose,
 To set what Characters they please,
 And Mulcts on Sin or Godliness,
 Reduce the Church to Gospel Order,
 By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murder,

To make Presbytery supream,
 And Kings themselves submit to them,
 And force all People, tho' against
 Their Consciences, to turn Saints,
 Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
 Where Saints Monopolists are made:
 When pious Frauds, and holy Shifts
 Are Dispensations and Gifts,
 There Godliness becomes mere Ware,
 And ev'ry Synod but a Fair.
 Synods are Whelps of th' Inquisition,
 A mungrel Breed of like Pernition,
 And, growing up become the Sires
 Of Scribes, Commissioners and Triers;
 Whose Bus'ness is, by cunning Slight
 To cast a Figure for Man's Light;
 To find in Line of Beards and Face
 The Physiognomy of Grace;
 And by the Sound of Twang and Nose,
 If all be sound within disclose,
 Free from a Crack or Flaw of sinning,
 As Men try Pipkins by their ringing:
 By black Caps, underlaid with white,
 Give certain Guesses at inward Light:
 Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,
 To make the spiritual Calling clear. Hud.
 Grave Synod-Men that were rever'd
 For solid Face, and Depth of Beard. Hud.

T.

T A L E N T.

Consider well the Talent you possess;
 To strive to make it more would make it less.
 ——— All should their Talent learn:
 The most Attempting oft the least discern:
 Let P——h speak, and V——k write;
 Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight!
 Such must succeed; but, when th'enervate aim
 Beyond their Force, they still contend for Shame:
 Had C—— printed nothing of his own,
 He had not been the S——fold of the Town:
 Asses and Owls, unseen, themselves betray,
 If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray:
 Had W—— ne'er aim'd in Verse to please,
 We had not rank'd him with our Oglebys:

Still

Still Censures will on dull Pretenders fall;
 A Codrus should expect a Juvenal:
 Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,
 To set off, and to recommend the good:
 So Di'monds take a Lustre from their Foyle,
 And to a B——y 'tis we owe a B——le. Garth.

One Science only will one Genius fit:
 So vast is Art, so narrow human Wit!
 Not only bounded to peculiar Arts,
 But, oft in those, confin'd to single Parts.
 Like Kings, we lose the Conquests, gain'd before,
 By vain Ambition still t'extend them more:
 Each might his sev'ral Province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand. Pope.

T A P E R.

So dying Tapers near their Fall,
 With their own Lustre light their Funeral,
 Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,
 And in that Blaze triumphantly expire. Oldb.
 Like Tapers, new blown out, the Fumes remain,
 To catch the Light, and bring it back again. Dryd. Conq.
 (of Gran. p. 2.)

From gilded Roofs the Lamps such Light display,
 They vanquish Light, and emulate the Day. Laud. Virg.

T A P E S T R Y.

Great Artist, who can't Nature's Face express
 In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dress:
 Can't figur'd Arras animated leave,
 Spin a bright Story, or a Passion weave:
 By mingling Threads, can't mingle Shade and Light,
 Delineate Triumphs, or describe a Fight. ———

The Room with golden Tap'stry glitter'd bright;
 At once to please, and to confound, the Sight. Cowl. Dav

T A R T A R.

So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A Man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
 If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
 His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
 As if just so much he enjoy'd,
 As in another is destroy'd.
 For when a Giant's slain in Fight,
 Or mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,

It is a heavy Case, no Doubt,
A Man should have his Brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large Bones,
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones. Hud.

T A R T A R U S.

The deep Abyfs of gloomy Tartarus;
Those dreadful Caverns shut with Brass and Iron,
Where brooding Night and solid Darknefs dwell;
As far below the Empire of the Dead,
The common Hell, as 'tis from Earth to Heav'n. Oz. Hom.

This Path to that unhappy Region tends,
Which to the Depth of Tartarus descends;
The Seat of Night profound, and punish'd Fiends. Dr. Virg. }

Then of its self unfolds th' eternal Door:
With dreadful Sounds the brazen Hinges roar:
You see, before the Gate, what stalking Ghost
Commands the Guard, what Centries keep the Post:
More formidable Hydra stands within;

Whose Jaws with iron Teeth severely grin:
The gaping Gulph low to the Centre lies;
And twice as deep as Earth is distant from the Skies:
The Rivals of the Gods, the Titan Race, (Space.
Here, findg'd with Lightning, roul within th' unfathom'd
Here lie th' Alcean Twins, I saw them both,

Enormous Bodies of gigantick Growth;
Who dar'd in Fight the Thund'rer to defy;
Affect his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky.
Unhappy Thefeus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fixt by Fate on his eternal Chair:

And wretched Phlegyas warns the World with Cries,
Could Warning make the World more just or wise, Virg. }
Learn Righteousness, and dread th'avenging Deities. Dr. }

T A S T E.

—— We taste, when Savours, wrung
From Meats by crushing Teeth, immerse the Tongue:
When Juices, flowing from the tender Mear,
Bedew the Palate; when they spread all o'er
The spongy Tongue, and stand in ev'ry Pore. Cr. Lucr.

From tasted Honey pleasing Thoughts arise,
And in delightful Airs look thro' our Eyes:
When Rue or Wormwood's touch'd, flies ev'ry Grace;
And violent Distortions scruce the Face. Creech. Lucr.

T E A R S.

Stop, stop those Tears, Monimia, for they fall
Like baneful Dew from a distemper'd Sky :

I feel them chill me to the very Heart. *Otw. Orph.*

By Heav'n, my Love, thou do'st distract my Soul:
There's not a Tear, that falls from those dear Eyes,
But makes my Heart weep Blood. — *Lee. Mith.*

O dry those Tears, those Drops of liquid Pearl,
More precious far than aromattick Gums,
Or fragrant Balm, which Eastern Groves distil. *Hig. G. Cong.*

O raise thee, my Lavinia, from the Earth ;

It is too much, this Tide of flowing Grief,
This Waste of Tears ! — *Rowe. Fair Pen.*

Such Pearls the mourning Eyes of Thetis pay,
When her cool'd Lover bolts thro' Waves away. *Lee. Glor.*

O I will credit my Semandra's Tears,
Nor think them Drops of Chance, like other Women's,
The Weather of their Souls, the cristal Bubbles,
Which they can make at Will. — *Lee. Mith.*

One Smile, one Tear of Joy from my Semandra
Will wash the Anger of the Gods away. *Lee Mithr.*

What precious Drops are those, —
Which silently each others Track pursue ;

Bright as young Di'monds in their infant Dew ? *(Gran. p.2. Dryd. C.of*

Passion grew big, and I could not forbear ;

Tears drown'd my Eyes, and Trembling seiz'd my Soul.

Otw. O. ph.

I see thy modest Tears, asham'd to fall,
And witness any Part of Woman in thee. *(Cres. Dryd. Troil. &*

— In Tears his Eyes would swim,
But manly Virtue binds them to the Brim. *Lee.*

Take then these Tears ; with that he wip'd his Eyes,
'Tis all the Aid my present Pow'r supplies :

No Court Informer can these Arms accuse ; *(& Ach.*

These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use. *Dryd. Abf.*

— Down his afflicted Face

The trickling Tears had stream'd so fast a Pace,
As left a Path, worn by their briny Race. *Otw.*

T E D I O U S.

More tedious than old Dotards, when they woo ;
Than travell'd Fops, when far-fetch'd Lies they prate ;
Or flatt'ring Poets, when they dedicate. *Oldh.*

— *Te*

————— Tedious is the Day,
As is the Night before some Festival;
To an impatient Child, that has new Robes,
And may not wear them. ——— Orw. C. Mar.

T E M P E S T.

—— Behold the gath'ring Tempest rise
With fullen Brow, and slowly mount the Skies:
Th'embattel'd Clouds in gloomy Throngs ascend, (Arth.
And cross the Sky their dreadful Front extend. (Blac. K.

The heavy Tempest labours thro' the Air;
O'erspreading Mists th'extinguish'd Sun-beams drown;
Dark Clouds o'er all the black Horizon frown:
Hoarse Thunder rouls; and, murmur'ing, tries its Voice,
Preluding to the Tempest's dreadful Noise.

The Heav'n's wide Frame outrageous Thunder shocks,
Loud as the mighty Crack of falling Rocks:
The cloudy Machines burst amidst the Skies;
And from their yawning Wombs exploded Lightning flies:
Confusion fills the Air; Fire, Rain, and Hail,
Now mingle Tempests, now by Turns prevail. Blac. P. Arth.

Thus on the Surges rising Tempests blow,
Which swelling by Degrees still whiter grow,
'Till, by the Fury of the Storm full blown,
The muddy Bottom to the Clouds is thrown. Laud. Virg.

Out Boreas rush'd; and, meditating War,
Must'rd his loud Battalions in the Air:
Swift he advanc'd with his collected Force;
High Domes and stately Palaces defac'd,
Demolish'd Towns, and laid the Forest waste.
The lofty Pines from midst the Clouds descend,
And ghastly Ruin on the Hills extend:
The noblest Oaks, which on the Mountains stood,
The great Defence and Glory of the Wood,
Flat on the Ground, sad Desolation! lie,
And with their Roots turn'd up amaze the Sky:
And now the Winds the Southern Ocean gain,
They beat with all their Wings the troubled Main;
And to the Clouds the wat'ry Columns rear:
But then th'unstable Mountains fall as low,
And down as far as Night's Apartment flow:
The secret Horrors of the Gulph display,
And far enlarge the Frontier of the Day:
Disturb the antient Waters of the Deep,
Which, on their central Beds extended, lay asleep:

Q q 2

Th'un-

Th'unconstant Ocean, with alternate Waves,
 Th'etherial Region now, and now th'infernal, laves:
 Against the Skies their Foam the Billows throw,
 And from the Clouds send back their Rain in Snow.
 The Earth's Foundation strong Convulsions shake,
 Disjoint its Frame, and Hell's Partition break:
 Whence pitchy Clouds rise thro' the gaping Wound,
 Pollute the Skies, and Heav'n with Hell confound:
 Such Noise, such Uproar, such Distraction reign,
 And so imbroil the Land, the Air, the Main,
 That Nature, with th'unequal Force oppress'd,
 In agonizing Throes her Fears confess'd,
 That conqu'ring Chaos would subvert her Throne,
 Ruin her Empire, and restore his own:
 In vain the Pilots in the Steerage stand:
 The Ships obey alone the Winds Command:
 Some, their Masts broken, and their Rigging torne,
 Are at the Pleasure of the Tempest borne:
 Some run a-ground, and some with dreadful Shocks
 Are dash'd to Pieces on opposing Rocks.
 The Ships and th'Ocean, and the furious Storm,
 Unite their Noise, and perfect Discord form. Blac. Eliza.

Tempest allay'd by an Angel.

—— Mean time bright Uriel flies,
 Let by a golden Sun-beam down the Skies:
 —— He touch'd his Lyre,
 Fam'd for its Sweetness in the heav'nly Quire:
 Th'enchanted Winds straitway their Fury laid,
 Grew wond'rous still, and strict Attention paid:
 Aerial Dæmons, that by Twilight stray,
 Sport in loud Thunder, and in Tempests play,
 Spread their brown Wings, and fly in Clouds away:
 The Day returns; the Heav'ns no longer scowl;
 And fierce Sea-Monsters, charm'd, forget to howl. Blac. P. (Arth.)

The Winds, obedient, leave in Peace the Waves,
 And fly submissive to their Northern Caves:
 With their cold Wings they sweep th'Etherial Road,
 Impatient to regain their bleak Abode:
 Panting for Breath, and with their Toil oppress'd,
 They to their hollow Hills repair for Rest:
 The Tempest fled, the tow'ring Waves subside;
 And gentle Breezes play along the Tide. Blac. Eliza.

Old Ocean smiles to see the Tempest fled,
 New lays his Waves, and smooths his ruffled Bed. Bl. P. Arth.
 The Storm is hush'd; the Winds breathe out their last;
 The Thunders too in feeble Volleys die;

And

And all the ruffled Elements return
 To their dull Order. — Tate, Loy. Gen.
 Tempests sometimes drive Ships into the Port. Sedl.
 (Ant. & Cleop.)

T H A N K S.

Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but Length of Days,
 To pay some Part, some Little of this Debt,
 This countless Sum of Tendernefs and Love,
 For which I stand engag'd to this All-Excellence:
 Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,
 Snatch me from Life, and cut me short unwarnd;
 Then, then 'twill be enough — I shall be old,
 I shall have liv'd beyond all Æras then.
 Of yet unmeasur'd Time, when I have made
 This exquisite, this most amazing Goodness, (Bride.
 Some Recompence of Love and matchless Truth. Cong. M.
 With Gratitude as low as Knees can pay
 To those best holy Fires, our Guardian Angels (Seb.
 Receive these Thanks, 'till Altars can be rais'd. Dryd, Don.
 ——— You have deserv'd from me

More than Reward can answer. —
 Were the main Ocean crusted into Land,
 And universal Monarchy were mine,
 Here should the Gift be plac'd. — Dryd. D. Seb.

——— What I am,
 Is but thy Gift, make what thou canst of me,
 Secure of no Repulse. — Dryd. D. Seb.

——— For that kind Word
 Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the Earth, (Fair Pen.
 Weep on your Feet, and bless you for this Goodness. Rowe.

——— Your Bounty is beyond my speaking;
 But, tho' my Mouth be dumb, my Heart shall thank you;
 And when it melts before the Throne of Mercy,
 My fervent Soul shall breathe one Pray'r for you;
 That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
 The Grace and Goodness you have shewn to me. Rowe. J. Sh.

What can I pay thee for this noble Usage, (Tam.
 But grateful Praise? So Heav'n it self is paid. Rowe.

Fain I in Gratitude would something say,
 But am too far in Debt for Thanks to pay. Orw. D. Carl.

——— You outbid my Service, (Amb. Stepm.
 And all Returns are vile, but Words the poorest. Rowe.

O call not to my Mind what you have done:
 It sets a Debt of that Account before me, (M. Bride.

Which shews me poor and bankrupt ev'n in Hopes. Cong.
 Well

Well have you made Amends, by this last Comfort,
For the cold Dart you shot at me before :
For this last Goodness, O my Athenais,
I empty all my Soul in Thanks before you. *Lec. Theod.*

The Gods, if Gods to Goodness are inclin'd,
If Acts of Mercy touch their Heav'nly Mind;
And, more than all the Gods, your gen'rous Heart,
Conscious of Worth, requite its own Desert :
In you this Age is happy, and this Earth;
And Parents, more than mortal, gave you Birth :
While rousing Rivers into Seas shall run ;
And round the Space of Heav'n the radiant Sun :
While Trees the Mountain-Tops with Shades supply ;
Your Honour, Name and Praise, shall never die. *Dryd. Virg.*

Th'Inhabitants of Seas and Skies shall change ;
And Fish on Shore, and Stags in Air, shall range :
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's Brink ;
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink :
Ere I, forsaking Gratitude and Truth,
Forget the Figure of that God-like Youth. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thy Name, O Varus, if the kinder Pow'rs
Preserve our Plains, and shield the Mantuan Tow'rs ;
The Wings of Swans, and stronger pinion'd Rhyme,
Shall raise aloft ; and, soaring, bear above
Th'immortal Gift of Gratitude to Jove. *Dryd. Virg.*

O had'st thou fought so poorly as thou speak'st,
Thy Actions, all the Laurels that lie green
Upon thee, strait would wither, and be Dust :
To mention but thy last, thy last of Wars,
Which ev'n the Breath of Majesty makes vile ;
So much below thy Valour is all Language !
The Glory of that Battel is your own :
To thee we owe the Day, our Life, and Empire :
Demand, I say ; ask me most royally :
I will be lavish to thy vast Ambition,
And crown thy Wishes like a giving God. *Lec. Mith.*

Now, by my Hopes of Mercy, he's so lost,
His Heart's so full, brim full of Tendernefs,
The Sense of what you've done has struck him speechless,
Nor can he thank you now but with his Tears. *Lec. Mith.*

There is a kind of Gratitude in Thanks. *(of Cap.*
Tho' it be barren, and bring forth but Words. *South. Fate*

T H E T I S.

O Silver-footed Goddess ! ———
Thy Pow'r was once not uselefs in Jove's Aid,

When

When he, who high above the highest reigns,
 Surpriz'd by Traitor-Gods, was bound in Chains.
 When Juno, Pallas, with Ambition fir'd,
 And his blue Brother of the Seas conspir'd;
 Thou freed'st the Sov'reign from unworthy Bands,
 Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred Hands,
 Twice stronger than his Sire, who sat above,
 Assessor to the Throne of thund'ring Jove:
 The Gods, dismay'd at his Approach withdrew,
 Nor durst their unaccomplish'd Crime pursue. Dryd. Hom.
 Set by old Ocean's Side, the Goddess heard;
 Then from the sacred Deep her Head she rear'd;
 Rose like a Morning Mist. — Dryd. Hom.

T H I C K.

As thick as Swarms of Bees fly round their Hives
 At Ev'ning Close, or when a Tempest drives. Creech. Virg.

Thick as the Leaves in Autumn fall in Woods;
 Or Birds, when forc'd by Storms from Winter Floods,
 Seek after milder Climates on the Land. Laud. Virg.

Thick as the Ears of Wheat on Hermus' Plains,
 Or Lycian Fields, when scorching Phoebus reigns.
 Thick as the Waves in Lybian Seas are roul'd,
 When dire Orion sets in Winter's Cold. Laud. Virg.

—— Thick as scatter'd Sedge

Afloat, when with fierce Winds, Orion arm'd,
 Has vex'd the Red-Sea Coast, whose Waves o'erthrew
 Busris, and his Memphian Chivalry,

While with perfidious Hatred they pursu'd
 The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe Shore their floating Carcasses,
 And broken Chariot-Wheels: so thick bestrown,
 Abject and lost, lay these, cov'ring the Flood,
 Under Amazement of their hideous Change. Milt. P. Lost.

Thick as the Galaxy with Stars is sown. Dryd.

Thick as the Motes that twinkle in the Sun. Dryd. Chau.

(The Wife of Bath's Tale.

T H O U G H T.

Thoughts in an Instant thro' the Zodiack run,
 A Year's long Journey for the lab'ring Sun:
 Then down they shoot, as swift as darting Light,
 Nor can opposing Clouds retard their Flight:
 Thro' subterranean Vaults with Ease they sweep,
 And search the hidden Wonders of the Deep. Blac.

Qq 4

Thoughts

Thoughts are the Picture of the Mind. — D'Aven.

The Hermite's Solace in his Cell;

The Fire that warms the Poets Brain;

The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell;

The Madman's Sport, the wise Man's Pain. —

———— There is Nothing

Or good or bad, but Thinking makes it so. Shak. Haml.

I think; therefore I am: Hard State of Man,

That proves his Being by an Argument,

That speaks him wretched! Birds in Cages lose

The Freedom of their Natures unconfin'd;

Yet they will sing and bill, and murmur there,

As merrily as if they were on Wing:

But Man, that reasoning Fav'rite of Heav'n,

How can he bear it? Tho' the Body find

Respite from Torment, yet the Mind has none:

For thousand restless Thoughts, of different Kinds,

Beat thick upon the Soul: some are comparing

The present with the past; how happy once

I was, and now how wretched: some presenting

My Miseries by others Happiness;

Whilst others, falsely flatt'ring me to Life,

Tell me my Fortune ripens in the Womb

Of Time; and I shall yet be happy. South. Loy. Bro.

Crowds of ill-boding Thoughts my Soul dismay. Lee.

(Soph.

A thousand horrid Thoughts crowd to my Memory.

(Otw. Orph.

A thousand Thoughts prey on my tortur'd Soul;

And whirling Fanny turns my Senses round. South. Loy. Bro.

Consider? How shou'd I ———

Consider, who grow mad with crowding Thoughts,
Where ev'ry one, endeav'ring to be foremost,

Stops up the Passage, and will choak my Reason. Lee. Mith.

Thinking will make me mad: Why must I think,

When no Thought brings me Comfort. — South. F. Mar.

———— Would I had met

Sharpest Convulsions, spotted Pestilences,

Or any other deadly Foe to Life,

(Fair Pen.

Rather than heave beneath this Load of Thought. Rowe.

———— By Heav'n, I'd rather be a Dog,

And lead a brutal Life without Reflection,

(& Arm.

Than to be stung with this tormenting Thought. Den. Rin.

———— A thousand crowding Thoughts

Break in at once: this Way and that they snatch;

They tear my hurry'd Soul: all claim Attention,

And yet not one is heard. ——— Rowe. J. Shore.

My

My ridden Thoughts, hagg'd with oppressing Tears,
Have sunk my Spirits to the Depth of Hell. South. Disap.

O that my working Thoughts were once at rest,
Still as fall'n Stars, or Streams bound up in Frost. Tate.
(Loy. Gen.)

——— O peaceful Solitude!
Here all things smile, and in sweet Confort join;
All but my Thoughts, that still are out of Tune, (Gen.)
And break, like jarring Strings, the Harmony. Tate. Loy.

——— Thou hast rowz'd a Thought,
Which, like a suddain Earthquake, shakes my Frame.
(Cong. M. Bride.)

——— Oh! name it not again,
It shews a beastly Image to my Fanfy,
Will wake me into Madnefs. ——— Otw. Ven. Pref.

——— Forget that Thought,
Which, jarring, grates your Soul, and turns the Harmony
Of blessed Peace to curs'd infernal Discord. Rowe. Amb.
(Stepm.)

O thou hast search'd too deep: ———
There, there I bleed: there pull the horrid Cords,
That strain my cracking Nerves: Engines and Wheels,
That piecemeal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought. ——— Cong. M. Bride.

There is a strange Disorder in thy Thoughts,
Something thou would'st unfold, and know'st not how.
(Rowe. Fair Pen.)

O sleep that Thought, and I shall be at Ease. South. Disap.
Stop thee there, Aspasia; ———

And barr my Fanfy from the guilty Scene;
Let not Thought enter, lest the busy Mind
Should muster such a Train of monstrous Images,
As would distract me. ——— Rowe. Tamerl.

——— O calm
The warring Passions and tumultuous Thoughts, (Pen.)
That rage within thee, and deform thy Reason. Rowe. Fair

See where he stands; folded and fixt to Earth
Stiffning in Thought. ——— Cong. M. Bride.

Pensive, like Kings in their declining State. Dr. Riv. Lad.

Stupid he fate, his Eyes on Earth declin'd;
And various Cares revolving in his Mind. Dryd. Virg.

Nor Devils, nor Angels, of a purer Mould;

Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought.

Nor Man, who knows not Man but by Surmise;

'Tis searching there where Heav'n can only pry. Dryd.

T H R E A T' N I N G.

——— Oh, I can bear no more !
 Thy cunning Engines have with Labour rais'd
 My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
 To fall and crush thee dead : See, thou rash Ixion ;
 Thy promis'd Juno vanish'd in a Cloud :
 And, in her Room, avenging Thunder rous
 To blast thee. ——— Dryd. OEdip.

My Vengeance rous within my Breast : it must,
 It will have Vent : my Blood rides high : I will not hide
 My Head ; but meet thee in the very Face of Danger :

O were it on some Precipice, ———
 High as Olympus, and a Sea beneath,
 Call when thou dar'st, just on the sharpest Point
 I'll meet, and tumble with thee to Destruction :
 A gnawing Conscience haunts not guilty Men,
 As I'll haunt thee : ———

Nay, should'st thou take the Strygian Lake for Refuge,
 I'll plunge in after, thro' the boiling Flames,
 To push thee hissing down the vast Abyss. Dr. Troil. & Cress.

Is there Revenge on Earth, or Pain in Hell,
 Can Art invent, or boiling Rage suggest (& Hip.
 Ev'n endless Tortures, which thou shalt not suffer ? Sm. Phæd.

O thou shalt howl thy fearful Soul away,
 While laughing Crowds shall echo to thy Cries,
 And make thy Pains their Sport. ———
 Drag him to all the Torments, Earth can furnish :
 Let him be rack'd and ganch'd, impal'd alive :
 Then let the mangled Monster, fix'd on high,
 Grin o'er the shouting Crowd, and glut their Vengeance.
 (Smith. Phæd. & Hip.)

——— Rack me,
 Ye Pow'rs above, with all your choicest Torments,
 Horror of Mind, and Pains yet uninvented,
 If I not practise Cruelty upon her,
 And treat Revenge some Way yet never known. Otway. Orph.

Wert thou not privileg'd, like Age and Women,
 My Sword should reach thee, and revenge the Wrong
 Thy Tongue has done my Fame. ——— Rowe. Amb. Step.

——— I will crumble thee,
 Thou bottled Spider, into thy prim'ive Earth, (Guise.
 Unless thou swear thy very Thought's a Lie. Dryd. D. of
 ——— Infamous Wretch ! (D. of Guise.)

So much below my Scorn, I dare not kill thee. Dryd.

O that thou wert my equal; great in Arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a Stain to Honour. — Dryd. All for Love.

Some God pluck threescore Years from that fond Man;
That I may kill him, and not stain my Glory! B. M. Tr.
Hast thou compacted for a Lease of Years (D. of Guise.)
With Hell, that thus thou ventur'st to provoke me? Dryd.

O that I had the fruitful Heads of Hydia,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee Work; still, still, thou Tyrant,
And his thee with the last. — Dryd. D. Seb.

Art thou some Ghost, some Demon, or some God,
That I shou'd stand astonish'd at thy Sight:
If thou could'st deem so meanly of my Courage.
Why did'st thou not engage me Man for Man,
And try the Virtue of that Gorgon Face,
To stare me into Statue? — Dryd. D. Seb.

Think not you dream: or, if you did, my Injuries
Shall call so loud, that Lethargy should wake;
And Death shou'd give you back to answer me:
The long expected Hour is come at Length,
By manly Vengeance to redeem my Fame;
And that once clear'd, eternal Death is welcome. Dr. D. Seb.

— Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell my self;
I durst not think that I was spurn'd and live:
And live to hear it boasted to my Face:
All my long Avarice of Honour lost,
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age:
Has Honour's Fountain then suck'd back the Stream?
He has; and hooting Boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather Pebbles from the naked Ford.
Give me my Love, my Honour, give 'em back; (D. Seb.)
Give me Revenge, while I have Breath to ask it. Dryd.

— Thou might'st as safely meet (Amphit.)
The Thunder launch'd from the red Arm of Jove. Dryd.
Thou would'st elude my Justice, and escape;
But I will follow thee thro' Earth, and Seas; (Amphit.)
Nor Hell shall hide thee from my just Revenge. Dryd.

— O that I had
Some one renown'd, and winter'd as my self,
T'encounter, like an Oak, the rooting Storm:
But thou art weak, and to the Earth wilt bend,
With my least Blast, thy Head of Blossoms down. Lee. Cæs. Bo.
Speak then, or I will tear thee Limb from Limb:
Thou shalt be safe, if thou confess the Truth;
But, if thou hide ought from me, I will rack thee,

'Till

'Till with thy horrid Groans thou wake the Dead :
Or I will cut thee to Anatomy,

And search thro' all thy Veins to find it out. Lee. Cæf. Bor.

If then I prove thee false, O Bellamira,
Not that celestial Copy, ev'n thy Face,
Shall 'scape, but I will raze the Draught, as if
It ne'er had been the Pattern of the Gods :
If thou art false, and if I prove thee so,
That Skin of thine, that matchless West of Heav'n,
Which some more curious Angel cast about thee,
Will I tear off, tho' cleaving to the Shrine :
If thou do'st play me false, think not of Mercy :
I'll take thee unprepar'd, and sink thy Soul;
Body and Soul to everlasting Ruin. Lee. Cæf. Borg.

O wert thou young again : I wou'd put off
My Majesty, to be more terrible,
That, like an Eagle, I might strike this Hare
Trembling to Earth ; shake thee to Dust, and tear
Thy Heart for this bold Lie, thou feeble Dorard. Lee. Alex.

O that thou wert a Man, that I might drive thee
Around the World, and scatter thy Contagion,
As Gods hurl mortal Plagues when they are angry. Lee. Alex.

Think not I have forgot your Insolence :
No ; tho' I pardon'd it ; yet, if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another Crime,
The Bolts of Fury shall be doubled on thee. Lee. Alex.

I'll pour such Storms of Indignation on thee,
Philotas' Rack, Calisthenes' Disgrace ;
Shall be Delight to what thou shalt endure. Lee. Alex.

Safer thou'dst met a Tigress, hunting out
The Thief that robb'd her of her Young. —
Thou shalt be torne by Horses, rack'd alive,
Be bury'd quick ; I'll have thee hew'd to Pieces.
Prometheus' Vulture, and Ixion's Wheel,
The Stone, the Sieve ; the Tortures of the Damn'd
Are but slight Pains : thou shalt be more than damn'd.

(Lansd. Her. Love.)

I'll print a thousand Wounds ; tear thy fine Form,
And scatter thee to all the Winds of Heav'n. Rowe. Fair Pen.

On Eagles Wings my Rage shall urge her Flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy Topmost Height :
Then, like thy Fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n and grov'ling at my Feet ;
See thy last Breath with Indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the Shades below. Rowe. J. Shore.

Ha ! Dost thou brave me, Minion ? Dost thou know
How vile, how very a Wretch my Pow'r can make thee ?
That I can let loose Fear, Distress and Famine ; To

To hunt thy Heels, like Hell-Hounds, thro' the World:
 That I can place thee in such abject State,
 As Help shall never find thee; where, repining,
 Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the Earth for Anguish;
 Groan to the pitiless Winds without return,
 Howl like the Midnight Wolf amidst the Desert,
 And curse thy Life in Bitterness of Misery. Rowe. J. Shore.

But hear me Maid: —

This Blot of Nature, this deform'd, loath'd Creon
 Is master of a Sword, to reach the Blood
 Of your young Minion, spoil the God's fine Work,
 And stab you in his Heart. — Dryd. OEdip.

Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
 And wrench the Bolt red-hissing from the Hand
 Of him that thunders, than but think that Insolence.
 'Tis Daring for a God. — Cong. Mourn. Bride.

The gnawing Vulture and the restless Wheel (Ench.
 Shall be delight to what that Wretch shall feel. Lansd. Brit.

—— Destruction, swift Destruction

Fall on my Coward Head, and make my Name

The common Scorn of Fools, if I forgive him:

If I forgive him? if I not revenge

With utmost Rage, and most unstaying Fury,

Thy Suff'rings thou dear Darling of my Life. Orw. Ven. Pres.

—— From his iron Den I'll waken Death,

And hurl him on this King: my Honesty

Shall steel my Sword; and on its horrid Point

I'll wear my Cause, that shall amaze the Eyes

Of this proud Man, and be too glittering

For him to look on. — Beau. Maid. Trag.

—— By my just Sword he'd safer

Bestrid a Billow, when the angry North

Plows up the Seas, or made Heav'n's Fire his Food. Beau. M. (Trag.

Set Hills on-Hills betwixt me, and the Man,

That utters this, and I will scale them all,

And from the utmost Tops fall on his Neck

Like Thunder from a Cloud. — Beau. Philast.

By Heav'n, I will not lay down my Commission,

Not at his Foot; I will not stoop so low,

But if there be a Part in all his Face

More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there. Dryd. D. Seb.

—— Avoid him! If we meet;

It must be like the Crush of Heav'n and Earth,

T'involve us both in Ruin. — Dryd. D. Seb.

Did he my Slave presume to look so high?

That crawling Insect, who from Mud began,

Warm'd by my Rays, and kindled into Man! Dryd. Aurel.

Had

Had any broad-mouth'd stand'rous Villain said it,
I wou'd have turn'd him outside to the Sun,
Display'd th' infected Fountain of his Thoughts,
And stabb'd the venom'd Lie down to his Heart. South. Dis.

Tho' he were great as the first Cæsar was,
High seated in the Empire of the World,
With Nations waiting round him for his Guards,
He went to nothing: all his Glories here
Should meet their Fate, and fall before my Fury. South. Dis.

To the Earth's utmost Verge I will pursue him:
No place, tho' e'er so holy, shall protect him;
No Shape, that artful Fear e'er form'd, shall hide him.
(Rowe. Fair Pen.

Priesthood, nor Age, nor Cowardise itself,
Shall save him from the Fury of my Vengeance. Rowe. F. Pen.

Yes, yes, ye Gods, you shall have ample Vengeance
On Laius' Murd'rer: O the Traitor's Name!

I'll know't; I will: Art shall be conjur'd for't,
And Nature all unravell'd.—— I'll fetch him,
Tho' lodg'd in Air upon a Dragon's Wing;
Tho' Rocks shou'd hide him: Nay he shall be drag'd
From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along:
His Ghost shall be, by sage Tiresias' Pow'r,
Confin'd to Flesh; to suffer Death once more;
And then be plung'd in his first Fires again. Lee. OEdip.

O did I know the Name of him I dread; (Cæf. Bor.
What God in Arms shou'd save him from my Sword? Lee,

—— Do me Justice,
Or, by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature:
I will have Justice, ——

Who'll sleep in safety, that has done me Wrong? Orw. Orph.

—— My Slave, whom I
Could tread to Clay, dares utter bloody Threats. Lee. Alex.

Safer thou may'st with Thunder play, kiss Fire,
Grapple with Death, a Pestilence invade,
With all his fatal purple Pomp array'd. Lee. Sophon.

Peace, Villains, peace, conspiring Sycophants;
Now, by the Gods, my Eyes are half unseal'd:
But if the Thought, that kindles in my Breast,
Finds proper Fuel to increase my Fire,
I shall consume you, Traitors; if I find,
Which I begin to do, that you have play'd
The Villain——

Mark me: if ought of this, if any Shadow
Appear, that you conspir'd to betray me;
I'll heap such Horrors on your frighted Souls,

That

That you shall call your Brother Devils up,
To snatch you hence, rather than stand my Fury Lee. Mithr.
If she be dead. ——— that If's impossible;

And let none here affirm it for his Soul:
For he that dares but think so damn'd a Lie,
I'll have his Body strait impal'd before me,
And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails. Lee. Alex.

—— Dismiss that Vanity:

Thou, Drances, art below a Death from me:
Let that vile Soul, in that vile Body rest:
The Lodging is well worthy of the Guest. Dr. Virg.

Cowards are fear'd with Threat'nings: Boys are whipt
Into Confessions: but a steady Mind
Acts of itself; ne'er asks the Body Counsel. Otw. Ven. Pres.

Resentments, till by sweet Revenge reveal'd,
Deep in your Breast shou'd wisely be conceal'd:
Repeated Threat'nings only wound the Air:
In vain your empty Words your Passion show:
He should not hear it, 'till he feels the Blow. Black. K. Arth.

T H U N D E R.

—— The dreadful Thunder roars aloud,
When fighting Winds drive heavy Cloud on Cloud:
For where the Heav'n is clear, the Sky serene,
No dreadful Thunder's heard, no Light'ning seen:
But where the Clouds are thick, there Thunders rise:
The furious Infant's born, and speaks, and dies. Creech. Lucr.
From Winds and thick'ning Clouds we Thunder fear;
None dread it from that Quarter which is clear. Dryd.
(Con. of Gran. p. 2.)

—— ——— We hear
A Peal of rattling Thunder roul in Air. Dryd. Virg.
A Flash of Lightning with a thund'ring Sound,
Inflam'd the Sky and shook the trembling Ground:
Again loud Thunder grumbled in the Sky. Laud. Virg.
O for a Peal of Thunder, that cou'd make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and Cato tremble. Add. Cato.
What Mind's unshaken, and what Soul not aw'd,
And who not thinks the angry Gods abroad,
Whose Limbs not shrink, when dreadful Thunder, hurl'd
From broken Clouds, shakes the affrighted World? Creech.
(Lucr.)

Clouds, with ripe Thunder charg'd some Angels thither
And some the dire Materials brought for new. (drew,
Hot Drops of Southern Show'rs, the Swears of Death,
The Voice of Storms, and winged Whirlwind's Breath:

The

The Flames shot forth from fighting Dragon's Eyes,
 The Smokes that from scorch'd Fever's Ovens rise,
 The reddest Fires with which sad Comets glow;
 And Sodom's neighb'ring Lake did Spirits bestow
 Of finest Sulphur; amongst which they put
 Wrath, Fury, Horrour, and all mingled shut
 Into a cold moist Cloud, t'inflame it more,
 And make th' enraged Pris'ner louder roar. Cowl. David.
 His Shafts are spent, and his tir'd Thunders sleep,
 Nor longer bellow thro' the boundless Deep. Dr. State of Inn

T I G E R.

So, on the guardless Herd, their Keeper slain;
 Rushes a Tiger in the Lybian Plain. Wall.
 The Mother Tigers thus, their Children slain,
 Pursue the murd'ring Wretch, and scour along the Plains
 (Eusf. State)

So, happ'ly tam'd, the Tiger bears his Bands,
 Less grimly howls, and licks the Keeper's Hands;
 But, if by Chance he tastes forbidden Gore,
 He yells amain, and makes his Dungeon roar:
 He glares; he foams; he aims a desp'rate Bound;
 And his pale Master flies the dang'rous Ground. Tick. Luc

T I M E.

When first the Frame of this vast Ball was made,
 And Jove with Joy the finish'd Work survey'd;
 Vicissitude of Things, of Men and States,
 Their Rise and Fall were destin'd by the Fates.
 Then Time had first a Name; by firm Decree
 Appointed Lord of all Futurity:
 Within whose ample Bosom Fates repose
 Causes of Things, and secret Seeds inclose,
 Which, rip'ning there, shall one Day gain a Birth
 And force a Passage thro' the teeming Earth.
 To him they give to rule the spacious Light,
 And bound the yet unparted Day and Night:
 To wing the Hours, that whirl the rousing Sphere;
 To shift the Seasons, and conduct the Year:
 Duration of Dominion, and of Pow'r
 To him prescribe, and fix each fated Hour.
 This mighty Rule to Time the Fates ordain,
 But yet to hard Conditions bind his Reign:
 For, ev'ry beauteous Birth he brings to light,
 How good soe'er, and grateful in his Sight.

He must again to native Earth restore,
 And all his Race, with iron Teeth, devour.
 Nor Good, nor Great shall 'scape his hungry Maw,
 But bleeding Nature prove the rigid Law. Cong.
 Time takes no Measure in Eternity. How. Velt. Virg.
 What's Time, when on Eternity we think?
 A thousand Ages in that Sea must sink:
 Time's nothing but a Word, a Million
 Is full as far from Infinite as one. Denh.
 The Future is not; and what was is gone:
 Thus we the present only call our own. ———
 And Time itself at last must die,
 And yields its triple Empire to Eternity. Oldh.
 Time is no Measure, which can Motion mete;
 For Time can nothing but duration be
 Of Beings; and Duration can suggest
 Nothing, or of their Motion, or their Rest:
 Only prolong'd Existence Time implies,
 Whether the Thing is mov'd, or quiet lies. Blac. Creat.
 There's none destroys, like Time, and none so old. Tate.
 (Loy. Gen.

Time changes all; and, as with swiftest Wings
 He passes forward on, he quickly brings (Lucr. }
 A diff'rent Face, a diff'rent Sight of Things. Creech. }
 Ev'n strongest Tow'rs and Rocks, all feel the Rage
 Of pow'rful Time; ev'n Temples waste by Age:
 Nor can the Gods themselves prolong their Date;
 Change Nature's Laws, or get Reprieve from Fate.
 Ev'n Tombs grow old, and waste, by Years o'erthrown;
 Men's Graves before, but now become their own.
 How oft the hardest Rock dissolves, nor bears,
 The Strength but of a Few; tho' pow'rful Years. Cr. Lucr.
 Despair not then; for Time these Grievs will cure:
 Time dries the sighing Widow's Eyes, and makes
 The Wretch in Bondage, in his Chains forget
 That ever he was happy. ——— Hig. Gen. Conq.
 O Time and Industry, ye mighty Two,
 That bring our Wishes nearer to our View. Prior.
 Good Heav'n! thy Book of Fate before me lay;
 But to tear out the Journal of this Day:
 Or if the Order of the World below,
 Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow, }
 Give me that Minute, when she made her Vow:
 That Minute, ev'n the Happy, from their Bliss might give,
 And those, who live in Grief, a shorter Time wou'd live.
 So small a Link, if broke, th' eternal Chain
 Would, like divided Waters, join again:

It

It will not be ; the Fugitive is gone ;
 Press'd by the Crowd of foll'wing Minutes on :
 That precious Moment's out of Nature fled,
 And in the Heap of common Rubbish laid, Gran. p. 1.
 Of things that once have been, and are decay'd. Dr. Conq. of

T I S I P H O N E.

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' Brink,
 Her Snakes, unty'd, sulphureous Waters drink ;
 But, at the Summons, roll'd her Eyes around,
 And snatch'd the starting Serpents from the Ground :
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in Air
 The gliding Light'ning, or descending Star :
 Thro' Clouds of airy Shades she wing'd her Flight,
 And dark Dominions of the silent Night ;
 Swift, as she pass'd, the flitting Ghosts withdrew,
 And the pale Spectres trembled at her View :
 To th' iron Gates of Tænarus she flies ;
 There spreads her dusky Pinions to the Skies :
 The Day beheld, and sick'ning at the Sight,
 Veil'd her fair Glories in the Shades of Night :
 Affrighted Atlas, on the distant Shore,
 Trembled, and shook the Heav'ns and Gods he bore.
 A hundred Snakes her gloomy Visage shade ;
 A hundred Serpents guard her horrid Head :
 In her sunk Eyeballs dreadful Meteors glow :
 Such Light does Phœbe's bloody Orb bestow,
 When, lab'ring with strong Charms, she shoots from high
 A fiery Gleam, and reddens all the Sky.
 Blood stain'd her Cheeks, and from her Mouth there came
 Blue steaming Poisons, and a Length of Flame :
 From ev'ry Blast of her contagious Breath,
 Famine and Drought proceed, and Plagues, and Death :
 A Robe obscene was o'er her Shoulders thrown ;
 A Dress by Fates and Furies worn alone :
 She toss'd her meagre Arms ; her better Hand
 In waving Circles whirl'd a fun'ral Brand ;
 A curling Serpent from her Left did rear
 His flaming Crest, and lash'd the yielding Air.
 A His from all the snaky Tire went round. Pope. Stat.
 Tisiphone, let loose from under Ground,
 Majestically pale, now treads the Round :
 Before her drives Diseases and Affright :
 And ev'ry Moment rises to the Sight ;
 Aspiring to the Skies ; encroaching on the Light. Dr. Virg.

T I T L E

T I T L E.

What, tho' no gawdy Titles grac'd my Birth ?
 Titles, the servile Courtier's lean Reward ;
 Sometimes the Pay of Virtue, but more oft
 The Hire, which Greatness gives to Slaves and Sycophants :
 Yet Heav'n, that made me honest, made me more
 Than ever King did, when he made a Lord. Rowe. J. Shore.

T O B A C C O.

The Indian Weed, unknown to anient Times,
 Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
 Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
 The Blood distemper'd from its noxious Salts ;
 Friend to the Spirits, with which Vapour blend
 It gently mitigates ; Companion fit
 Of Pleasantry and Wine : nor to the Bards
 Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
 Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs. Phil. Cyder.

T O I L.

He taught them Love of Toil, by which they keep
 Obstructions from the Mind, and quench the Blood :
 Ease but belongs to us like Sleep ; and Sleep,
 Like Opium, is our Med'cine, not our Food. D'Aven.
 Some Labour ev'n the easiest Life would chuse. Dryd.
 (State of Inn.
 And work is Pleasure, when we chuse our Task. Dryd.
 (State of Inn.

Our Labours you with sickly Eyes behold,
 And think them our Dishonour ; which indeed
 Are the protractive Trials of the Gods,
 To prove heroick Constancy in Men. Dr. Troil. & Cress.
 The Sire of Gods and Men, with hard Decrees,
 Forbids our Plenty to be bought with Ease ;
 And wills that mortal Men, inur'd to Toil,
 Should exercise with Pains the grudging Soil :
 Himself invented first the shining Share,
 And whetted human Industry by Care. Dryd. Virg.
 What cannot endless Labour, urg'd by Need ? Dr. Virg.
 Heroes, delay'd and disappointed, prize
 The Crown, which, got too cheaply, they despise :
 Pleasures, the farther off, the greater seem ;
 And Toil and Danger best preserve Esteem. Blac. P. Arth.
 T O I L.

T O I L E T.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd ;
 Each silver Vase in mystick Order laid :
 First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
 With Head uncover'd, the cosmetick Pow'rs ;
 A heav'nly Image in the Glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her Eye she rears :
 Th' inferiour Priestess, at her Altar's Side
 Trembling, begins the sacred Rites of Pride :
 Unnumber'd Treasures ope at once ; and here
 The various Off'rings of the World appear ;
 From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring Spoil.
 This Casket India's glowing Gems unlocks ;
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder Box :
 The Tortoise here, and Elephant unite,
 Transform'd to Combs, the speckled and the white :
 Here files of Pins extend their shining Rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billets-doux :
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms,
 The Fair each Moment rises in her Charms,
 Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace ;
 And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face ;
 Sees by degrees a purer Blush arise ;
 And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes. Pope.

T O M B.

————— 'Tis dreadful !
 How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
 Whose antient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
 To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
 By its own Weight made stedfast and immoveable ;
 Looking Tranquillity ! It strikes an Awe
 And Terror to my aking Sight : The Tombs,
 And monumental Caves of Death look cold,
 And shoot a Chilness to my trembling Heart :
 ————— The Horror of this Place,
 And Silence, will increase my Melancholy. Cong. M. Bridg.
 Behold, my Son, this rude unpolish'd Marble ;
 The common Receptacle of our Dust, (Gen.
 When Fate shall summon our obedient Spirits. Tate. Loy.
 ————— They'll decently bestow
 This Lumber in some Vault by Nature fram'd ;
 Wrapt in no Sables, but of decent Night :

Pageantry, or more superfluous Trains
 such as mourn for hire: no fun'ral Dirge,
 what the widow'd Turtle shall afford me.
 The Pomp, that I despis'd in Life, in Death
 hold most vain; nor care to rot in State. Tate. Loy. Gen.
 Within a dismal Grott, which Damps furround,
 All cold she lies upon th' unwholsome Ground:
 The Marble weeps, and, with a silent Pace,
 trickling Tears distil upon her Face:
 falsely you weep, ye Rocks, and falsely mourn;
 never will you let the Nymph return.
 With a feign'd Grief the faithless Tomb relents,
 and, like a Crocodile, its Prey laments. Cong.
 ——— The silent Tomb, (ver come. —
 Affittance which Distempers give, but where they ne-
 Statues and Tombs turn, like our selves, to Dust:
 perse to all Ages can our Deeds declare;
 ombs but a while shew where our Bodies are. D'Av.

T O N G U E.

O that delightful Engine of her Thoughts,
 that blab'd them with such pleasing Eloquence,
 torn from forth that pretty hollow Cage,
 Where like a sweet melodious Bird it sung
 sweet vary'd Notes, enchanting ev'ry Ear. Shak. T. Andron.

T O R R E N T.

Not with such Rage a swelling Torrent flows
 above his Banks, th' opposing Dams o'erthrows,
 depopulates the Fields; the Cattle, Sheep,
 shepherds, and Folds, the foaming Surges sweep. Den. Vir.
 ——— Like a Torrent swell'd
 With wint'ry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
 breaking a Way impetuous, and involves,
 Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Cattle, Men, Phil. Cyd.
 So when the Bank neglected is o'erthrown,
 the boundless Torrent will the Country drown. Wall.
 Not with less Fury flows a Torrent Stream,
 and overturns with Rage th' opposing Dam:
 shepherds and Sheep to this Destruction yield, (Virg.
 While foaming Floods plough up the fertile Field. Laud.
 Thus when a rapid Torrent overflows,
 swept by encount'ring Rocks the Floods resound,
 With dreadful Noise, and shake the Banks around. Lau. Vir.
 The

The wary Ploughman, on the Mountain's Brow,
Undams his war'ry Stores; huge Torrents flow;
And, rattling down the Rocks, large Moisture yield;
Temp'ring the thirsty Fever of the Field. Dryd. Virg.

As when a Torrent, down some Mountain's Side,
To the low Valleys roulds its rapid Tide;
Where mighty Stones and rocky Fragments, high
Within the rude unfashion'd Channels, lie;
O'er abrupt Tracts its Course the Deluge bends;
And, roaring down, with mighty Falls, descends:
Prodigious Noise th' aerial Region fills:
The Shepherds hear, and tremble on their Hills. Bl.P. Art
——— Torrents sometimes yield:
Too large a Bev'rage to the drunken Field. Dryd. Virg.

TRANSLATION and TRANSLATOR.

——— Composing is the nobler Part,
But good Translation is no easy Art:
For tho' Materials have long since been found,
Yet both your Fanfy and your Hands are bound:
And, by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but Judgment more. Rose.

The noblest Fruits, transplanted in our Isle,
With early Hopes, and fragrant Blossoms smile:
Familiar Ovid tender Thoughts inspires,
And Nature seconds all his soft Desires:
Theocritus does now to us belong,
And Albion's Rocks repeats his rural Song:
Who has not heard how Italy was blest;
Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
Or Gallus' Song, so tender, and so true,
That ev'n Lycoris might with Pity view:
When mourning Nymphs attend their Daphnis' Herse,
Who does not weep, that reads the moving Verse?
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted Strains
Sicilian Muses, thro' these happy Plains,
Proclaim Saturnian Times, our own Apollo reigns! Rose.

When France had breath'd, after intestine Broils,
And Peace and Conquest crown'd her foreign Toils;
The choicest Books, that Rome or Greece have known,
Her excellent Translators made her own:
From thence our gen'rous Emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the same:
But now, we shew the World a nobler Way,
And in translated Verse do more than they:

serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
 With Sweetness not to be express'd in Prose :
 Degrad'g Prose explains his Meaning ill,
 And shews the Stuff, but not the Workman's Skill :
 Who have serv'd him more than twenty Years,
 Scarce know my Master, as he there appears :
 Vain are our Neighbour's Hopes, and vain their Cares ;
 The Fault is more the Languages, than theirs :
 'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in Words,
 Of softer Sound perhaps than ours affords :
 But who did ever in French Authors see
 The comprehensive, English Energy ?
 The weighty Bullion of one Sterling Line,
 Drawn to French Wire, would thro' whole Pages shine.
 This I'll recant, when France can shew me Wit,
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ. Rosc.
 Each Poet with a diff'rent Talent writes ;
 One praises, one instructs, another bites :
 Examine how your Humour is inclin'd,
 And which the ruling Passion of your Mind :
 Then seek a Poet, who your Way does bend,
 And chuse an Author, as you chuse a Friend :
 United by this Sympatherick Bond,
 You grow familiar, intimate and fond :
 Your Thoughts, your Words, your Styles, your Souls agree ;
 No longer his Interpreter, but He. Rosc.
 Take Pains the genuine Meaning to explore ;
 There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious Oar :
 Search ev'ry Comment, that your Care can find ;
 Some here, some there, may hit the Poet's Mind ;
 Yet be not blindly guided by the Throng ;
 The Multitude is always in the Wrong.
 When Things appear unnatural, or hard,
 Consult your Author, with himself compar'd :
 Who knows what Blessings Phœbus may bestow,
 And future Ages to your Labour owe ?
 Such Secrets are not easily found out ;
 But, once discover'd, leave no room for Doubt. Rosc.
 While in your Thoughts you find the least Debate,
 You may confound, but never can translate :
 Your Style will this thro' all Disguises show ;
 For none explain more clearly than they know :
 He only proves he understands a Text,
 Whose Exposition leaves it unperplex'd. Rosc.
 The genuine Sense intelligibly told,
 Shews a Translator both discreet and bold. Rosc.

Excursions are inexpressibly bad,
 And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
 Abstruse and mystick Thoughts you must express
 With painful Care, but seeming Easiness:
 For Truth shines brightest thro' the plainest Dress. Rosc.

Your Author always will the best advise:
 Fall, when he falls; and, when he rises, rise.
 Affected Noise is the most wretched Thing,
 That to Contempt can empty Scribblers bring. Rosc.

Secure of Fame, thou justly dost esteem
 Less Honour to create, than to redeem:
 Nor ought a Genius, less than his that writ,
 Attempt Translation; for, transplanted Wit
 All the Defects of Air, and soil does share,
 And colder Brains like colder Climates are.
 In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
 A vital Spirit, but a vital Heat.
 That servile Path thou nobly dost decline
 Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line:
 Those are the labour'd Births of slavish Brains,
 Not the Effect of Poetry, but Pains:
 Cheap vulgar Arts, whose Narrowness affords
 No Flight for Thoughts, but poorly sticks at Words:
 A new and nobler Way thou dost pursue,
 To make Translations, and Translators too:
 They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame; (Fanshawe
 True to his Sense, but truer to his Fame. Denh. To Sir R.

As when of old Heroick Story tells
 Of Knights, imprison'd long by magick Spells,
 Till future Time the destin'd Hero send,
 By whom the dire Enchantment is to end:
 Such seems this Work, and so reserv'd for thee,
 Thou great Revealer of dark Poësie.
 Those sullen Clouds, which have, for Ages past,
 O'er Persius' too long suff'ring Muse been cast,
 Disperse, and fly before thy sacred Pen;
 And, in their Room, bright Tracks of Light are seen:
 Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling Breast inspires,
 The God of Musick and Poetick Fires:
 Else, whence proceeds this great Surprize of Light,
 How dawns this Day forth from the Womb of Night?
 As Coin, which bears some awful Monarch's Face,
 For more than its intrinsic Worth will pass;
 So your bright Image, which we here behold,
 Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold;
 For, still obscure, to us no Light he gives,
 Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,
Till Art and Force th' unwilling Sparks reveal:
But, thro' your Skill, from these small Seeds of Fire,
Bright Flames arise, which never can expire, Con. to Dryd.

And here Lucretius whole we find,
His Words, his Musick, and his Mind:
Thy Art has to our Country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought. Wall. to Evelyn,

As Flow'rs, transplanted from a Southern Sky,

But hardly bear; or in the raising die;

Missing their native Sun, at best retain

But a faint Odour, and survive with Pain;

Thus ancient Wit in modern Numbers taught,

Wanting the Warmth with which its Author wrote,

Is a dead Image, and a senseless Draught:

While we transfuse, the nimble Spirit flies,

Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies:

But we conclude from thy translated Song,

So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,

Celestial Charmer! Soul of Harmony!

That ev'ry Genius was reviv'd in thee.

Thy Trumpet sounds, the Dead are rais'd to Light,

Never to die, and take to Heav'n their Flight;

Deck'd in thy Verse, as clad with Rays, they shine,

All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.

Say, is't thy Bounty, or thy Thirst of Praise?

That, by comparing others, all might see,

Who most excel, are yet excel'd by thee. Lansd. to Dryd.

Thou mak'st the Beauties of the Romans known,

And England boasts of Riches, not her own:

Thy Lines have heighten'd Virgil's Majesty,

And Horace wonders at himself in thee.

Thou teachest Persius to inform our Isle

In smoother Numbers, and a clearer Style:

And Juvenal, instructed in thy Page,

Edges his Satire, and improves his Rage:

The Copy casts a fairer Light on all,

And still outshines the best Original.

Now Ovid boasts th' Advantage of thy Song,

And tells his Story in the British Tongue:

Thy charming Verse, and fair Translations shew

How thy own Laurel first began to grow:

How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry Gods,

And frighted at himself, ran howling thro' the Woods:

How human Limbs

Have water'd Kingdoms, and dissolv'd in Streams;

Of those rich Fruits, that on the fertile Mould
 Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into Gold:
 How some in Feathers, or a ragged Hide,
 Have liv'd a second Life, and diff'rent Natures try'd:
 Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
 A nobler Change, than he himself can tell. Add. to Dryd.

Thou only for this noble Task wert fit,
 To shame thy Age to a just Sense of Wit,
 By shewing how the learned Romans writ:
 To teach fat heavy Clowns to know their Trade,
 And not turn Wits, who were for Porters made;
 But quit false Claims to the poetick Rage,
 For Squibs, and Crackers, and a Smithfield Stage:
 Had Providence e'er meant, that, in Despight
 Of Art and Nature, such dull Clods should write,
 Bavius and Mævius had been sav'd by Fate
 For Settle and for Shadwel to translate;
 As it so many Ages has for thee
 Preserv'd the mighty Work that now we see. Duke to

(Mr. Creech, on his Translation of Lucretius.

— But you his manly Genius raise;
 And make your Copy share an equal Praise:
 O how I see thee, in soft Scenes of Love,
 Renew those Passions, he could only move!
 Here Cupid's Charms are with new Art express'd;
 And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful Rest;
 Leaves her Elyzium, as if glad to live,
 To love and wish, to sigh, despair and grieve,
 And die again for him, that would again deceive.
 Nor does the mighty Trojan less appear
 Than Mars himself amidst the Storms of War:
 Now his fierce Eyes with double Fury glow;
 And a new Dread attends th'impending Blow:
 The Daunian Chiefs their eager Rage abate,
 And, tho' unwounded, seem to feel their Fate.
 For this great Task our loud Applause is due:
 We own old Favours, but must press for new.
 Th' expecting World demands one Labour more;
 And thy lov'd Homer does thy Aid implore,
 To right his injur'd Works, and set them free
 From the lewd Rhymes of grov'ling Ogleby:
 Then shall his Verse in graceful Pomp appear;
 Nor will his Birth renew the ancient Jar:
 On those Greek Cities we shall look with Scorn,
 And in Great Britain think the Poet born. — To Mr. Dry

(den on his Translation of Virg

The Muses Empire is restor'd again,
 In Charles's Reign and by Roscommon's Pen:
 Yet modestly he does his Work survey,
 And calls a finish'd Poem an Essay:
 For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here;
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe:
 So well is Art disguis'd for Nature to appear:
 Nor need those Rules to give Translation Light;
 His own Example is a Flame so bright,
 That he, who but arrives to copy well,
 Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel:
 When he translates, teaches Translators too,
 No firstling Kid, nor any vulgar Vow
 Should at Apollo's grateful Altar stand:
 Roscommon writes! to that auspicious Hand,
 Muse, feed the Bull, that spurns the yellow Sand. Dryd.

T R A V E L L E R.

So Travellers, that lose their Way by Night,
 If from afar they chance t' espy
 Th' uncertain Glimm'ring of a Taper's Light,
 Take flatt'ring Hopes, and think it nigh;
 Till, weary'd with the fruitless Pain,
 They sit them down, and weep in vain,
 And there in Darkness and Despair remain. Cowl.

So Travellers, who waste the Day,
 Careful and cautious of their Way,
 Noring at length the setting Sun,
 Still mend their Pace as Night comes on,
 Double their Speed to reach the Inn,
 And whip and spur thro' thick and thin. Lanf.

T R E A C H E R Y.

——— Nature abhors,
 And drives thee out from the Society
 And Commerce of Mankind for Breach of Faith:
 Men live and prosper but in mutual Trust,
 A Confidence of one another's Truth:
 That thou hast violated. — South. Oron.
 When Breach of Faith join'd Hearts does disengage,
 The calmest Temper turns to wildest Rage. Lee: Sophon.
 Howe'er in private Mischiefs are conceiv'd,
 Torture and Shame attend their open Birth:

Like Vipers in the Womb, base Treach'ry lies,
Still gnawing that, whence first it did arise;
No sooner born, but the vile Parent dies. Cong. Doub. De. }
He, to betray us, did himself betray;
At once the Taker, and at once the Prey. Denh. Virg.

False Eyes
Are quick to see another's Treacheries. How. Ind. Queen.
None can defend those who betray themselves. Sedl. Ant.
(& Cleop.

Princes invite, who pardon Treachery. Sedl. Ant. & Cleo.
A treach'rous Friend will be a tim'rous Foe. Sedl. An. & Cl.
It is more easy to betray
Than ruin any other way. Hud.

T R E A S O N.

Who strike at Kings, repeat the Giant's Crime,
And strike at Jove, ——— Lanfd. Her Love.
Can Gold corrupt you to betray your Master?
Dogs on their Feeders fawn, but you betray. Hig. G. Cong.

The faithful Dog flies at the Robber's Throat
That would break in to force his Master's Treasure:
But Dogs are watchful Creatures; true to Trust:
Men are the first to prey upon their Lords:
In Dangers they forsake us; shifting still (H. Love.
From Side to Side, as they can mend their Bargain. Lanfd.
The Heart and harbour'd Thoughts of Ill make Traitors,
Not spleeny Speeches. ——— Roch. Valent.

How sweet is Treason when the Traitor's safe! Dr. D. Seb.
How safe is Treason, and how sacred Ill,
Where none can sin against the People's Will!
Where Crowds can wink, and no Offence be known,
Since in another's Guilt they find their own. Dryd.
Courage with Treason seldom does abide. Sedl. An. & Cl.
Sure no Religion binds Men to be Traitors. Johnf. Cat.

T R E A S U R E R.

Content with Hands unsoil'd to guard the Prize,
He keeps the Store with undesiring Eyes:
So, round the Tree, that bore Hesperian Gold,
The sacred Watch lay curl'd in many a Fold:
His Eyes uprearing to th' untasted Prey,
The sleepless Guardian wasted Life away. Tickell.

T R E A T T.

T R E A T Y.

Treaties are but the Combates of the Brain, (Gran. p. 2.
 Where still the stronger lose and weaker gain. Dr. Con. of
 Treaties are vain to Losers. Dryd. State of Inn.
 Honour begins to blush, and hides his Face :
 For those who treat sheath all their Swords,
 To try by Length of fencing Words, (Rhodes.
 How far they may consent to meet Disgrace. D'Av. Siege of

T R E E S.

So the fair Tree, whereon the Eagle builds,
 Poor Sheep from Tempests, and their Shepherds shields :
 The royal Bird possesses all the Boughs,
 But Shade and Shelter to the Flock allows. Wall.
 I, like a naked Tree, my Shelter gone, (Auren.
 To Winds and Winter-Storms must stand expos'd alone. Dr.
 ——— The young Sapling
 Is throw'd long beneath the Mother Tree,
 Before it be transplanted from its Earth,
 And trust it self for Growth. — Dryd. Troil. & Cress.
 Their Trunks grown strong, their spreading Branches shoot,
 Look fresh and green, and bend beneath their Fruit. Cr. Lu.
 The Tree once fix'd, its Rest is torn away. Garth.
 Some Trees their Birth to bounteous Nature owe :
 For some without the Pains of planting grow :
 With Osiers thus the Banks of Brooks abound ;
 Sprung from the wat'ry Genius of the Ground :
 From the same Principles grey Willows come ;
 Herculean Poplar, and the tender Broom :
 But some from Seeds, inclos'd in Earth, arise ;
 For thus the mastful Chestnut mares the Skies :
 Hence rise the branching Beech, and vocal Oak ;
 Where Jove of old oraculously spoke :
 Some from the Root a rising Wood disclose ;
 Thus Elms, and thus the salvage Cherry grows :
 Thus the green Bays, that binds the Poet's Brows,
 Shoots, and is shelter'd by the Mother's Boughs. Dr. Virg.
 Thus Apple Trees, whose Trunks are strong to bear
 Their spreading Boughs, exert themselves in Air ;
 Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
 Not trusting foreign Forces, but their own ; (Dryd. Virg. }
 Till with the ruddy Freight the bending Branches groan : }
 Ev'n cold Caucasian Rocks with Trees are spread :
 And wear green Forests on their hilly Head :

Tho' bending from the blast of Eastern Storms,
 Tho' shent their Leaves, and shatter'd are their Arms;
 Yet Heav'n their various Plants for Use designs,
 For Houses Cedars, and for shipping Pines;
 Cypress provides for Spokes and Wheels of Wains;
 And all for Keels of Ships, that scour the wat'ry Plains:
 Willows in Twigs are fruitful; Elms in Leaves:
 The War, from stubborn Myrtle, Shafts receives:
 From Cornels Jav'lins, and the tougher Yeugh
 Receives the bending Figure of the Bow:
 Nor Box, nor Limes, without their Use are made,
 Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the Turner's Trade, (vade. }
 Which curious Hands may kerve, and Steel with Ease in- }
 Light Alder Stems the Po's impetuous Tide,
 And Bees in hollow Oaks their Honey hide. Dryd. Virg.

The sailing Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
 The Vine-Prop Elm; the Poplar never dry;
 The Builder Oak, the King of Forests all;
 The Alpine good for Staves, the Cypress Funeral;
 The Laurel, Meed of mighty Conquerors,
 And Poets sage; the Fir that weepeth still;
 The Willow, worn of forlorn Paramours;
 The Eugh, obedient to the Bender's Will:
 The Birch for Shafts; the Sallow for the Mill,
 The Myrtle sweet, bleeding i'th' bitter Wound;
 The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
 The fruitful Olive; and the Platane round;
 The Carver Holm; the Maple seldom inward sound. Spea.

Thus a tall Pine his shady Head displays,
 And proudly all the Subject Grove surveys. Blac. Eliza.

— They fell the neighb'ring Oaks;
 Hills, blest'd with shady Honours, they uncrown;
 And from the Mountains pull their Glory down. Blac. Eliza.

No more the Feller shall our Forest wound;
 No more the Axe shall thro' the Hills resound,
 Nor mangled Limbs of Trees o'erspread th'incumber'd
 (Ground. Blac.

TRIMMER.

These Trimmers are for holding all Things ev'n,
 Just like to him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heav'n.
 Damn'd Neuters! in their middle Way of steering,
 They're neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good red Herring:
 Nor Whigs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
 Nor Birds, nor Beasts, but just a Kind of Bat;
 A Twilight An'mal; true to neither Cause,
 With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and Claws. Dryd.

T R I T O N.

Him, and his martial Train the Triton bears :
 High on his Poop the Sea-green God appears :
 Frowning, he seems his crooked Shell to sound ;
 And, at the Blast, the Billows dance around :
 A hairy Man above the Wasse he shows ;
 A Porpoise Tail beneath his Belly grows ;
 And ends a Fish : His Breast the Waves divides ;
 And Froth and Foam augment the murm'ring Tides. Dr. Vir.

T R I T O N I A N Lake.

These Waters to the tuneful God are dear ;
 Whose vocal Shell the Sea-green Nereids hear :
 These Pallas loves : so tells reporting Fame :
 Here first from Heav'n to Earth the Goddess came :
 Here her first Footsteps on the Brink she stay'd ;
 Here in the wat'ry Glas her Form survey'd ; (Rowe. Luc. }
 And call'd her self from hence the chaste Tritonian Maid. }

T R I U M P H.

The marching Troops thro' Athens take their Way :
 The great Earl-Marshal orders their Array :
 The Fair from high the passing Pomp behold :
 A Rain of Flow'rs is from the Windows roul'd :
 The Casements are with golden Tissue spread ;
 And Horses Hoofs, for Earth, on silken Tap'stry tread.
 (Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

Unnumber'd Camels, laden and oppress'd
 With all the Lux'ry of the wanton East,
 Beneath the Booty groan'd along the Road,
 Themselves a Prey, as was their precious Load :
 Here royal Captives and chain'd Lords appear ;
 And vulgar Slaves press'd with an endless Reer. Bl. P. Arth.

— In purple Robes,
 With solemn State the Magistrates proceed :
 The Streets adorn'd ; the Doors with Statues grac'd ;
 Vast thronging Crowds retard the great Procession ;
 Whose loud repeated Shouts divide the Air ;
 While flutt'ring Birds their empty Pinions shake :
 With Garlands crown'd the Virgins strew the Ways,
 And in glad Hymns repeat his glorious Name ;
 While joyful Mothers to their wond'ring Babes
 Point out the Hero, as he drives along. Hig. Gen. Conq.

——— He comes, and with a Port so proud,
 As if he had subdu'd the spacious World :
 And all Synope's Streets are fill'd with such
 A Glut of People, you would think some God
 Had conquer'd in their Cause, and them thus rank'd,
 That he might make his Entrance on their Heads ;
 While, from the Scaffolds, Windows, Tops of Houses,
 Are cast such gawdy Show'rs of Garlands down,
 That ev'n the Crowd appear like Conquerours,
 And the whole City seems like one vast Meadow,
 Set all with Flow'rs, as a clear Heav'n with Stars :
 Nay, as I heard, ere he the City enter'd,
 Your Subjects lin'd the Way for many Furlongs ;
 The very Trees bore Men : and, as our God,
 When from the Portal of the East he dawns,
 Beholds a thousand Birds upon the Boughs,
 To welcome him with all their warbling Throats,
 And prune their Feathers in his golden Beams ;
 So did your Subjects, in their gawdiest Trim,
 Upon the pendant Branches speak his Praise :
 Mothers, who cover'd all the Banks beneath,
 Did rob the crying Infants of the Breast,
 Pointing Ziphares out to make them smile ;
 And climbing Boys stood on their Father's Shoulders,
 Answ'ring their shouting Sires with tender Cries,
 To make the Consort up of gen'ral Joy. Lee. Mithr.

T R U C E.

A Truce succeeds the Labours of the Day ;
 And Arms suspended with a long Delay. Pope. Ovid.
 Cessations, for short Time, in War, are like
 Small Fits of Health in desprate Maladies :
 Which, while the present Pain seems to abate,
 Flatter into Debauch and worse Estate. Suckl. Bren.

T R U M P E T.

Give with thy Trumpet a loud Note to Troy ;
 Now crack thy Lungs, and split the sounding Brass. Dryd.
 (Troil. & Cresf.
 Hark ! the shrill Trumpet pours a dreadful Sound,
 And animates the Soldiers to the Charge. Br. Hom.
 ——— The Trumpets Sound
 And warlike Symphony is heard around. Dr. Ch. Pal. & Arc.
 Then was the Trumpet heard, and tuneful Lyre ;
 One did the Triumph ling ; and one the War inspire. (Blac.
 T R U S T.

T R U S T.

We both are bound by Trust, and must be true;
 For he, who to the Bad betrays his Trust,
 Tho' he does good, becomes himself unjust.
 When Brutus did from Cæsar Rome redeem,
 The Act was good, but was not good in him:
 You see, the Gods adjudg'd it Parricide,
 By dooming the Event on Cæsar's Side.
 'Tis Virtue not to be oblig'd at all;
 Or not conspire our Benefactor's Fall. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

—— Trust repos'd in noble Natures
 Obliges them the more. —— Dryd. Assig.
 I'll trust thee with my Life: on those soft Breasts
 Breathe out the choicest Secrets of my Heart,
 'Till I have nothing in it left but Love. Orw. Orph.

T R U T H.

Truth still is one; Truth is divinely bright;
 No cloudy Doubts obscure her native Light. Rosc.
 Truth stamps Conviction in your ravish'd Breast;
 And Peace and Joy attend the glorious Guest. Rosc.
 —— The Dignity of Truth is lost
 With much protesting. —— Johnf. Catil.
 Truth, which it self is Light, does Darknefs shun;
 And the true Eaglet safely dares the Sun. Dryd.
 For Truth has such a Face, and such a Mien,
 As to be lov'd needs only to be seen. Dryd. Hind. & Panth.
 Hard are the Ways of Truth, and rough to walk;
 Smooth on the Tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' Ear;
 And tunable as sylvan Pipe or Song. Milt. Par. Reg.
 No Mask, like open Truth, to cover Lies;
 And to go naked is the best Disguise. Cong. Doub. Dealer.
 She with no winding Turns the Truth conceal'd,
 But put the Woman off, and stood reveal'd. Dryd. Bocc.
 (Theod. & Hon.

T U R T L E.

As when some cruel Hind has born away
 The Turtles Nest, and made the Young his Prey,
 Sad in her native Grove she sits alone, (Fent.
 There hangs her little Wings, and murmurs out her Moan.
 Thus some sad Turtle his lost Love deplores,
 And with deep Murmurs fills the sounding Shores. Pope.
 R r 5 The

The Dove, that murmurs at her Mate's Neglect,
But counterfeits a Coyness to be courted. Dryd. Amphit.

The Storm blown over, so the wanton Doves
Shake from their Plumes the Rain, and seek the Groves;
Pair their glad Mates, and coo eternal Loves. }

Lanfd. Brit. Ench.

So two kind Turtles, when a Storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the Sky:
Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves,
Leaving in Murmurs their unfinish'd Loves:
Perch'd on some dropping Branch they sit alone, (Gran. p.2.
And soo, and hearken to each others Moan. Dryd. Cong. of

T W I L I G H T.

———— A Light,
That scarce distinguish'd Day from Night:
Such as in thick grown Shades is found,
When here and there a piercing Beam
Scatters faint spangled Sunshine on the Ground,
And casts about a melancholy Gleam. ———

T Y L O N.

A sacred Man, a venerable Priest!
His Wit, his Learning, Judgment, equal rise;
Divinely humble, yet divinely wise:
He seem'd Express on Heav'n's high Errand sent;
As Moses meek, as Aaron-eloquent:
When he the sacred Oracles reveal'd,
Our ravish'd Souls, in bless'd Enchantments held,
Seem'd lost in Transports of immortal Bliss:
Arm'd with celestial Fire, his sacred Darts
Glide thro' our Breasts, and melt our yielding Hearts:
So Southern Breezes and the Spring's mild Ray,
Unbind the Glebe, and thaw the frozen Clay:
He triumph'd o'er our Souls; and, at his Will,
Bid this touch'd Passion rise, and that be still:
Lord of our Passions, he. with wond'rous Art,
Can strike the secret Movements of our Heart;
Release our Souls, and make them soar above,
Wing'd with divine Desires, and Flames of heav'nly Love.
Blac. Pr. Arth.

T Y P H O E U S.

Thus when the bold Typhoeus scal'd the Sky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own Heav'n to fly;

The

The lesser Gods, that shar'd his prosp'rous State,
All suffer'd in the exil'd Thund'rer's Fate. Dryd.
Monstrous Typhoeus thus new Terrours fill,

He, who assail'd the Skies,
And now beneath the burning Hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies.

Hearing the Lyre's celestial Sound,
He bellows in th' Abyss profound;
Sicilia trembles at his Roar,
Tremble the Seas, and far Campania's Shore;
While all his Hundred Mouths at once expire
Volumes of curling Smoke, and Floods of liquid Fire. Cong.
Threat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire Abodes,
Again to challenge Jove, and fight the Gods. Add. Sil. Ital.

T Y R A N T.

You make your self abhorr'd for Cruelty;
The Empire groans under your bloody Reign,
And its vast Body bleeds in ev'ry Vein. Dr. Tyr. Love.

When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a Man begin:
But the brute Soul by Chance was shuffled in:
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain,
Where valiant Beasts by Force and Rapine reign:
In Life's next Scene, if Transmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion is reserv'd for thee. Dryd. Auren.

For this proud Man affects Imperial Sway,
Controuling Kings, and trampling on their State;
His Will is Law; and what he wills is Fate.
Command thy Slaves: my free-born Soul disdains. (Hom.)
A Tyrant's Curb; and, restiff, breaks the Chains. Dryd.
——— Methinks I see

Th' insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field,
Strow'd with Rome's Citizens, and drench'd in Slaughter;
His Horses Hoofs wet with Patrician Blood!
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen Curse,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man,
Who owes his Greatness to his Countrey's Ruin? Add. Cato.

——— 'Tis an impious Greatness,
And mix'd with too much Horror to be env'y'd. Add. Cato.

Who was the Man? Oblivion blast his Name,
Torn out, and blotted from the Book of Fame!
Who fond of lawless Rule, and proudly brave,
First sunk the filial Subject to a Slave:
His Neighbour's Realms by Frauds unkingly gain'd
In guileless Blood the sacred Ermin stain'd;

Laid

Laid Schemes for Death, to Slaughter turn'd his Heart,
And fitted Murder to the Rules of Art. Tickell.

Tyrants and Devils think all Pleasures vain,
But what are still deriv'd from others Pain. D'Aven.
(Siege of Rhodes.)

Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in Place,
From the Good, Danger; from the Bad, Disgrace:
They doubt the Lord's; mistrust the People's Hate,
Till Blood become a Principle of State:

Secur'd not by their Guards, nor by their Right,
But still they fear, ev'n more than they affright.
Great Acts t' ambitious Princes Treason grow, (David.)
So much they hate that Safety which they owe. Cowl.

A Tyrant's Pow'r in Rigour is express'd;
The Father yearns in a true Prince's Breast. Dryd.

—— Tyranny, that savage brutal Pow'r,
Which not protects, but still devours Mankind. ——

—— And this to Tyranny belongs,
To forget Service, but remember Wrongs. Denh. Sophy.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd this happy Land,
And scatter'd Blessings with a wasteful Hand!
But what avail her unexhausted Stores,
Her blooming Mountains, and her sunny Shores,
With all the Gifts that Heav'n and Earth impart,
The Smiles of Nature, and the Charms of Art,
While proud Oppression in her Valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy Plains?
The poor Inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning Orange and the swelling Grain:
Joyless he sees the growing Oils and Wines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant Shade repines:
Starves in the Midst of Nature's Bounty curst, (of Italy.)
And in the laden Vineyard dies for Thirst. Add. Spoken

TYRTÆUS.

When by Impulse from Heav'n Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping Soldiers a new Courage sprung:
Reviving Sparta now the Fight maintain'd;
And, what two Gen'als lost, a Poet gain'd;
By secret Influence of indulgent Skies,
Empire and Poësie together rise:
True Poets are the Guardians of a State;
And, when they fail, portend approaching Fate:
For that, which Rome to Conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses, Fire:

Heav'n

Heav'n joins the Blessings ; no declining Age
E'er felt the Raptures of poetick Rage. *Rosc.*

U.

VAGELL I U S.

Nigh live Vagellius, one reputed long
For Strength of Lungs and Pliancy of Tongue :
Which Way he pleases, he can mould a Cause :
The worst has Merits, and the best has Flaws :
Five Guineas make a Criminal to-day ;
And ten to-morrow wipe the Stain away :
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd ;
Milo's the Lecher ; Clodius, th' Homicide ;
Cato, pernicious ; Catiline, a Saint ;
Or — suspected ; D — innocent. *Garth.*

V A L E.

———— There lies a Vale
With Mountains pent, which shady Woods surround ;
In this a rapid Torrent cleaves the Ground ;
The rocky Cliffs repeat the murmur'ing Sound. *Laud. Virg.* }
Lonely the Vale, and full of Horror stood,
Brown with the Shade of a religious Wood. *Dryd. Chauc.*
(The Wife of Bath's Tale.
The spacious Vale rich Seas of waving Corn,
And lowing Herds and woolly Flocks adorn. *Blac. Pr. Arth.*

V A L U E.

———— What's ought but as 'tis valu'd ?
But Value dwells not in Opinion only !
It holds the Dignity and Estimation,
As well, in what 'tis precious of it self,
As in the Prizer : 'tis Idolatry *(Cres.*
To make the Service greater than the God. *Shak. Troil. &*

V A R I E T Y.

Variety's the Source of Joy below ;
From which still fresh revolving Pleasures flow :
In Books and Love the Mind one End pursues,
And only Change th'expiring Flame renews. —
———— For what's so sweet in Love
As Change ? If you must love, then love

Like

Like other Men : Love, like th'immortal Gods,
 Variety, the Luxury of Love. ——— Lanſd. Her. Love.
 Shun vain Variety : 'Tis but Diſeaſe :
 Weak Appetites are ever hard to pleaſe. ———

V E N I C E.

Venice, whoſe rival Tow'rs invade the Skies,
 And from amidſt the Waves with equal Glory riſe.
 Venetia ſtands with endleſs Beauties crown'd ;
 And, as a World, within her ſelf is found :
 Hail Queen of Italy ! for Years to come,
 The mighty Rival of immortal Rome !
 Nations and Seas are in thy States enroll'd ;
 And Kings among thy Citizens are told :
 Auſonia's brighteſt Ornament ! by thee
 She ſits a Sov'raign, uninvl'd and free.
 By thee, the rude Barbarian chas'd away,
 The riſing Sun chears with a purer Ray
 Our Weſtern World ; and doubly gilds the Day. Add. } (Sannaz.)

V E N U S.

Sing, Muſe, the Force, and all-informing Fire
 Of Cyprian Venus, Goddeſs of Deſire :
 Her Charms th'immortal Minds of Gods can move ;
 And tame the ſtubborn Race of Men to Love.
 The wilder Herds, and rav'nous Beaſts of Prey,
 Her Influence feel, and own her kindly Sway.
 Thro' pathleſs Air, and boundleſs Ocean's Space,
 She rules the feather'd Kind, and finny Race :
 Whole Nature on her ſole Support depends,
 And, far as Life exiſts, her Care extends :
 With Eaſe her Charms the Thunderer can bind ;
 And captivate with Love th'Almighty Mind :
 Ev'n he, whoſe dread Commands the Gods obey,
 Submits to her, and owns ſuperior Sway :
 Enſlav'd to mortal Beauties by her Pow'r,
 He oft deſcends, his Creatures to adore.
 But Jove, at length with juſt Reſentment fir'd,
 The laughing Queen her ſelf with Love inſpir'd :
 Swift thro' her Veins the ſweet Contagion ran,
 And kindled in her Breſt Deſire of mortal Man.
 To Cyprus ſtrait the wounded Goddeſs flies,
 Where Paphian Temples in her Honour riſe,
 And Altars ſmoke with daily Sacrifice.

Soon

Soon as arriv'd, she to her Shrine repair'd,
 Where, entring quick, the shining Gates she barr'd:
 The ready Graces wait, her Baths prepare,
 And oint, with fragrant Oils, her flowing Hair:
 Her flowing Hair around her Shoulders spreads,
 And all adown Ambrosial Odour sheds.
 Last, in transparent Robes her Limbs they fold,
 Enrich'd with Ornaments of purest Gold:
 And ever as she walk'd thro' Lawn or Wood,
 Promiscuous Herds of Beasts admiring stood;
 Some humbly follow, while some, fawning, meet;
 And lick the Ground, and crouch beneath her Feet.
 Dogs, Lions, Wolves, and Bears, their Eyes unite, (Hom.)
 And the swift Panther stops to gaze with fix'd Delight. Con:
 Thee, Venus, thee both Heav'n and Earth obey,
 Immense thy Pow'r, and boundless is thy Sway. Dr. Ovid:

Venus rules the Gods above;

Love rules them, and she rules Love. Cong.

O Venus, Beauty of the Skies,

To whom a thousand Temples rise;

Gaily false in gentle Smiles,

Full of Love-perplexing Wiles:

Descend thou bright immortal Guest,

In all thy radiant Charms confest. —

O potent Queen, from Neptune's Empire sprung;

Whose glorious Birth admiring Nereids sung:

Who 'midst the fragrant Plains of Cyprus rove,

And whose bright Presence gilds the Paphian Grove;

Where to thy Name a thousand Altars rise,

And frequent Clouds of Incense hide the Skies. Gay.

The Laughter-loving Dame. — Wall.

— The stern Goddess of sweet bitter Cares,

Who bows our Necks beneath her brazen Yoke. Dr. Amph.

The Tyrant Queen of soft Desires!

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my Veins!

At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!

Cyprus no more with her Abode is blest:

I am her Palace, and her Throne my Breast. Cong. Hor.

She comes, as the bright Cyprian Goddess moves,

When loose, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves, Carl. }

She rides to meet the warlike God she loves. Orw. Don }

Her Face refulgent, and majestic Mien, (Hom.)

Confess'd the Goddess, Love's and Beauty's Queen. Cong.

So Venus moves, when to the Thunderer

In Smiles or Tears she would some Suit prefer:

When, with her Cestus girt, —

And drawn by Doves, she cuts the liquid Skies;

And kindles gentle Fires, where e'er she flies:

To

To ev'ry Eye a Goddess is confess'd;
By all the heav'nly Nation she is blest'd; (of Gran. p.2.)
And each with secret Joy admits her to his Breast. Dryd. C.

As when sweet Venus, so the Fable sings,
Awak'd by Nereids from the Ocean springs;
With Smiles she sees the threat'ning Billows rise;
Spreads smooth the Surge, and clears the louring Skies:
Light, o'er the Deep, with flutt'ring Cupids crown'd,
The pearly Conch and silver Turtles bound:
Her Tresses shed ambrosial Odours round. Tickell.

Court of VENUS.

In the fam'd Cyprian Isle a Mountain stands,
That casts a Shadow into distant Lands;
In vain Access of human Feet is try'd:
Its lofty Brow looks down with noble Pride.
On bounteous Nile, thro' sev'n wide Channels spread,
And sees old Proteus in his oozy Bed.
Along its Sides no hoary Frosts presume
To blast the Myrtle Shrubs or nip the Bloom:
The Winds with Caution sweep the rising Flow'rs,
While balmy Dews descend and vernal Show'rs.
The ruling Orbs no wint'ry Horrors bring;
Fix'd in th' Indulgence of eternal Spring;
Unfading Sweets in purple Scenes appear,
And genial Breezes soften all the Year:
The nice luxurious Soul, uncloy'd, may move,
From Pleasures still to circling Pleasures rove;
For endless Beauty kindles endless Love.
The Mountain, when the Summit once you gain,
Falls by Degrees, and sinks into a Plain:
Where the pleas'd Eye may flow'ry Meads behold,
Inclos'd with branching Ore, and hedg'd with Gold:
Or, where large Crops the gen'rous Glebe supplies;
And yellow Harvests, unprovok'd, arise:
For, by mild Zephyrs fann'd, the teeming Soil
Yields ev'ry Grain; nor asks the Peasants Toil.
A sylvan Scene, in solemn State display'd,
Flatters each feather'd Warbler with a Shade;
But here no Bird its painted Wings can move,
Unless elected by the Queen of Love:
Ere made a Member of this tuneful Throng,
She hears the Songster, and approves the Song.
The joyous Victors hop from Spray to Spray,
The Vanquish'd fly with mournful Notes away.
Branches, in Branches twin'd, compose the Grove;
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into Love:

The

The trembling Palms their mutual Vows repeat,
 And bending Poplars bending Poplars meet.
 The distant Platanes seem to press more nigh,
 And, to the sighing Alders, Alders sigh.
 Blue Heav'ns above them smile, and all below
 Two murm'ring Streams in wild Meanders flow.
 This, mix'd with Gall, and that, like Honey, sweet,
 But ah! too soon th' unfriendly Waters meet:
 Steep'd in these Springs, if Verse Belief can gain,
 The Darts of Love their double Pow'r attain:
 Hence all Mankind a bitter Sweet have found,
 A painful Pleasure, and a grateful Wound.
 Along the grassy Banks, in bright Array,
 Ten thousand little Loves their Wings display,
 Quivers and Bows their usual Sport proclaim;
 Their Dress, their Stature, and their Looks, the same:
 Smiling in Innocence, and ever young,
 And tender as the Nymphs from whom they sprung.
 Here Love's imperial Pomp is spread around;
 Voluptuous Liberty, that knows no Bound;
 And sudden Storms of Wrath, which soon decline,
 And Midnight Watchings o'er the Fumes of Wine;
 Unartful Tears; and hettick Looks, that show,
 With silent Eloquence, the Lover's Woe;
 Boldness unfledg'd, and to stoll'n Raptures new,
 Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue.
 Fears that delight, and anxious Doubts of Joy,
 Which check our swelling Hopes, but not destroy;
 And short-breath'd Vows, forgot as soon as made,
 On airy Pinions, flutter thro' the Glade:
 Youth with a haughty Look and gay Attire,
 And rousing Eyes, that glow with soft Desire,
 Shines forth, exalted on a pompous Sear,
 While sullen Cares and wither'd Age retreat.
 Now from afar the Palace seems to blaze,
 And hither would extend its golden Rays,
 But by Reflection of the Grove is seen,
 The Gold still vary'd by a waving Green.
 Proud Columns, towering high, support the Frame,
 That hewn from Hyacinthian Quarries came.
 The Beams are Em'rals, and yet scarce adorn
 The Ruby Walls on which themselves are borne.
 The Pavement rich with Veins of Agate lies,
 And Steps, with shining Jasper slippery, rise.
 Here Spices in Parterres promiscuous blow,
 Not from Arabia's Fields more Odours flow:
 The wanton Winds thro' Groves of Cassia play,
 And steal the ripen'd Fragrances away:

The

Here, with its Load the wild Amomum bends;
 There Cinnamon in rival Sweeters contends:
 A rich Perfume the ravish'd Senses fills,
 While from the weeping Tree the Balm distills.
 The Judgment of the Glass is here unknown;
 Here Mirrours are supply'd by ev'ry Stone:
 Where-e'er the Goddess turns, her Image falls,
 And a new Venus dances on the Walls. Eusd. Claud.

Cestus or Girdle of V E N U S.

When thus the Laughter-loving Goddess spoke;
 She took th'embroider'd Girdle from her Breast,
 In which were woven soft seducing Charms,
 Fond Love, and gay Desires, and gentle Vows,
 With innocent Deceit, and toying Play:
 Baits able to betray the wisest Man. Br. Hom.

V E R S E.

How does thy Verse subdue the list'ning Ear!
 Nor half so sweet are midnight Winds, that move
 In drowsy Numbers o'er the waving Grove:
 Nor dropping Waters, that in Grotts distil,
 And with a tinkling Sound their Caverns fill. Phil.

What Present worth thy Verse can Mopsus find?
 Not the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind
 So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind;
 Not sounding Shores, beat by the murm'ring Tide,
 Nor Rivers that thro' stony Valleys glide. Duke, Virg.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd Ears
 Are the sweet Numbers of thy mournful Verse,
 As to rir'd Swains soft Slumbers on the Grass;
 As freshest Springs, that thro' green M'adows pass,
 To one that's parch'd with Thirst, and Summer's Heat.
 Duke, Virg.

V E R T U M N U S.

Vertumnus varies ev'ry Shape with Ease,
 And tries all Forms that may Pomona please. Pope. Ovid.

But most Vertumnus did his Love profess,
 With greater Passion, but with like Success,
 To gain her Sight a thousand Forms he wears;
 And first a Reaper from the Field appears:
 Sweating he walks, while Loads of golden Grain
 O'ercharge the Shoulders of the seeming Swain:

O'er his Back a crooked Scythe is laid,
 And Wreaths of Hay his Sun-burnt Temples shade :
 Off in his harden'd Hand a Goad he bears,
 Like one, who late unyok'd the sweating Steers :
 Sometimes his pruning Hook corrects the Vines,
 And the loose Stragglers to their Ranks confines :
 Now, gath'ring what the bounteous Year allows,
 He pulls ripe Apples from the bending Boughs.
 A Soldier, now, he with his Sword appears;
 A Fisher, next, his trembling Angle bears.
 Each Shape he varies, and each Art he tries,
 On her bright Charms to feast his longing Eyes.
 A Female Form at last Vertumnus wears;
 With all the Marks of rev'rend Age appears,
 His Temples thinly spread with silver Hairs :
 Prop'd on his Staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted Mitre shades his furrow'd Brows. Pope. Ovid.

V E S T A.

The third celestial Pow'r, averse to Love,
 Is Virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove :
 Her Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd;
 And both, with fruitless Labour, long pursu'd :
 For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
 And bound her Purpose with a solemn Oath,
 A Virgin Life inviolate to lead :
 She swore ; and Jove, assenting, bow'd his Head.
 But since her rigid Choice the Joys deny'd
 Of nuptial Rites, and Blessings of a Bride,
 The bounteous Jove with Gifts that Want supply'd.
 High on a Throne she sits amidst the Skies,
 And first is fed with Fumes of Sacrifice ;
 For holy Rites to Vesta first are pay'd,
 And on her Altar First fruit Off'rings laid ;
 So Jove ordain'd in Honour of the Maid. Cong. Hom.

V I C E.

Vice, like some Monster, suff'ring none to 'scape,
 Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her Shape :
 Here, like a General, she struts in State,
 While Crowds in Red and Blue her Orders wait :
 There, like some pensive Statesman, walks demure,
 And smiles, and hugs, to make Destruction sure :
 Now, under high Commodores, with Looks erect,
 Barefac'd devours in gawdy Colours deck'd :

Then.

Then, in a Vizard, to avoid Grimace,
 Allows all Freedom, but to see the Face:
 In Pulpits, and at Bar, she wears a Gown,
 In Camps a Sword, in Palaces a Crown. *Lansd.*
 Nothing suits worse with Vice than Want of Sense:
 Fools are still wicked at their own Expence. *Roch.*

VICISSITUDE.

What is our Bliss, that changes with the Moon?
 And Day of Life, that darkens ere 'tis Noon? *Prior.*
 Vain Hopes, and empty Joys of human Kind!
 Proud of the Present, to the Future blind! *Dryd. Booc.*
(*Cym. & Iphig.*)

Oh frail Estate of humane Things,
 And slipp'ry Hopes below!
 Now to our Cost your Emptiness we know;
 For 'tis a Lesson dearly bought,
 Assurance here is never to be sought. *Dryd.*
 To day a Conquerour, and to night a Slave! (*Conq.*)
 How short the Space between these vast Extreams! *Hig.*
 Revolving Time, shifts Scenes of Toil and Fate,
 And in a Night swells grov'ling Mortals great:
 Others, her scorn, from Fortune's Height cast down,
 Again more glorious mount the steady Throne. *Laud. Virg.*
 Think on the slipp'ry State of human Things,
 The strange Vicissitudes, and sudden Turns
 Of War, and Fate recoiling on the Proud,
 To crush a merciless and cruel Victor:
 Think there are Bounds of Fortune, set above,
 Periods of Time, and Progress of Success,
 Which none can stop before th' appointed Limits,
 And none can push beyond. — *Dryd. Love Triump.*
 Oh dismal Change! Nothing is constant found: (*Nero.*)
 The Gods, with Whirlwinds, drive our Fortunes round. *Lea.*
 Oh! why has Fate maliciously decreed,
 That greatest Blessings must by Turns succeed? *Steph.*
 Things at the Worst will cease; or else climb upwards
 To what they were before. — *Shak. Macb.*

VICTIM.

Thus the gay Victim, with fresh Garlands crown'd,
 Pleas'd with the sacred Fife's enliv'ning Sound,
 Thro' gazing Crowds in solemn State proceeds; (*Dist. Moth.*)
 And, dress'd in fatal Pomp, magnificently bleeds. *Phil.*

VICTORY.

VICTORY.

As when two Scales are charg'd with doubtful Loads,
 From Side to Side the trembling Balance nods;
 Till pois'd aloft, the resting Beam suspends
 Each equal Weight; nor this, nor that descends:
 No Conquest, loth for either to declare,
 Levels her Wings; and, hov'ring, hangs in Air. Pope. Hom.
 But Victory not always is entail'd:
 The Wise their Conduct lose; the Strong their Force:
 'Tis Heav'n alone the Fate of Empire weighs;
 Whose Pow'r, resistless by all human Force,
 Derides our Prudence, and our shallow Foresight,
 By interpoling the minute Accidents,
 Unthought of, unforeseen by Man's dim Eyes,
 Turns from the Victor what he thought secure,
 And turns the Fate of Battel. — Hig. Gen. Conq.
 Ev'n Victors are by Victories undone:
 Thus Hannibal, who foreign Laurels won,
 To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own. Dryd. }

VILLAIN.

Hell's greatest Masters all their Skill combin'd,
 To form and cultivate so fierce a Mind:
 A finish'd Monster form'd without a Fault:
 No Flaw of Goodness, no deforming Vein,
 Or streak of Virtue did their Offspring stain. Blac. K. Arth.
 Inexorable Hatred, Pride unmix'd,
 Desperate Revenge, and Malice deeply fix'd,
 With Wrath, from ev'ry Stain of Love refin'd,
 Reign uncontroll'd in his invenom'd Mind. Blac. K. Arth.
 Sure there was never any great Thing yet
 Aspir'd to, but by Violence and Fraud:
 And, he that sticks, for Folly of a Conscience,
 To reach it, is a good religious Fool;
 A superstitious Slave, and sure to die a Beast. John. Cat.
 Th' original Villain sure no God created;
 He was a Bastard of the Sun by Nile,
 Ap'd into Man, with all his Mother's Mud
 Crust'd about his Soul. — Dryd. All for Love.
 — A Villain when he most seems kind,
 Is most to be suspected. — Lansd. Jew. of Ven.
 'Tis Punishment enough to be a Villain. Rowe. Tamerl.
 The Villain's Conscience is his greatest Pain. Hig. G. Conq.

VINE.

VINE.

Sweet Offspring of the Ground,
 With heav'nly Nectar yearly crown'd! Rosc.
 See, how the tender Ringers of the Vine,
 Around the clust'ring Fruit, their greener Curls entwine.
 See Grapes in Clusters imitating Gold:
 Some blushing Bunches of a purple Hue. Dryd. Ovid.
 Rathe ripe are some, and some of later Kind;
 Of golden some, and some of purple Rind. Dryd. Virg.

—— Now teach thy feeble Rows
 To mount on Reeds, and Wands; and, upward led,
 On aspen Poles to raise their forky Head:
 On these new Crutches let them learn to walk,
 'Till, swerving upward with a stronger Stalk,
 They brave the Winds; and, clinging to their Guide,
 On Tops of Elms at Length triumphant ride, Dryd. Virg.
 The Vine will cling, while the tall Poplar stands;
 But, that cut down, creeps to the next Support,
 And twines as closely there.—— Dryd. D. Seb.

An Elm was near, to whose Embraces led,
 The curling Vine her swelling Clusters spread:
 He view'd their twining Branches with Delight,
 And prais'd the Beauty of the pleasing Sight:
 Yet this tall Elm, but for his Vine, he said,
 Had stood neglected, and a barren Shade:
 And this fair Vine, but that her Arms surround
 Her marry'd Elm, had crept along the Ground:
 Ah beauteous Maid, let this Example move
 Your Mind, averse from all the Joys of Love, Pope. Ovid.

VIRGIL.

—— The Mantuan Swan, Virgil the Wise,
 Whose Verse walks highest, but not flies:
 Who brought green Poesy to her perfect Age;
 And made that Art, which was but Rage. Cowl.
 Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in State,
 Makes all Jove's Thunder on her Verses wait:
 But writes sometimes as soft and moving Things,
 As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings. Rosc.
 How many Ages since has Virgil writ?
 How few are they who understand him yet?
 Approach his Altars with religious Fear;
 No vulgar Deity inhabits there:
 Heav'n shakes not more at Jove's imperial Nod,
 Than Poets shou'd before their Mantuan God.

Hail mighty Maro! May that sacred Name
Kindle my Breast with thy Celestial Flame!
Sublime Ideas, and apt Words infuse!
The Muse instruct my Verse, and thou inspire my Muse! Rosc.

V I R G I N.

But I desire to live a Virgin Life;
Nor know the Name of Mother, or of Wife:
Like Death, thou know'st, I loath the nuptial State;
And Man, the Tyrant of our Sex, I hate,
A lowly Servant, but a lofty Mate:
Where Love is Duty on the female Side;
On theirs, meer sensual Gust, and sought with surly Pride.
(Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

A Maid I am, and of thy Virgin-Train:
Oh, let me still that spotless Name retain!
Frequent the Forests; thy chaste Will obey; (Pal. & Arc.
And only make the Beasts of Chace my Prey! Dr. Chauc.
All white, a Virgin Saint, she fought the Skies;
For Marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies. Dryd.
As some fair Plant, that in a Garden's rear'd,
Safe from the pinching Plough, and trampling Herd,
Whilst yet the Sun's mild Rays and gentle Show'rs,
And fanning Winds refresh its op'ning Flow'rs,
The Eyes of ev'ry Youth, and ev'ry Maid allures:
Torn from the Stalk, the tender Blossoms fade,
Despis'd by ev'ry Youth and ev'ry Maid:
So, while her Virgin Bloom adorns the Fair,
By all she's courted, and to all she's dear:
But, when her faded Chastity is gone,
By none she's courted, is belov'd by none. —

V I R T U E.

Blest Virtue, whose almighty Pow'r
Does to our fallen Race restore.
All that in Paradise we lost, and more:
Sure Card, by which this frail and tott'ring Bark we steer,
Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here,
Thro' all the rouling Waves of Fear,
And dang'rous Rocks of black Despair.
Safe in thy Conduct, unconcern'd we move,
Secure from all the threat'ning Storms that blow,
From all th' Attacks of Chance below,
And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.
Best Mistress of our Souls! whose Charms and Beauties last,
And

And are by very Age increas'd,
 By which all other Glories are defac'd.
 Grant me, O Virtue, thy most solid, lasting Joy;
 Grant me the Pleasures of the Mind;
 Pleasures, which only in pursuit of thee we find;
 Which Fortune cannot mar, nor Chance destroy,
 Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy State
 Above the Changes and Reverse of Fate,
 Above her Favours, and her Hate.
 One Moment in thy blest Enjoyment is
 Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliss,
 Which we derive from Sense,
 Which often cloy, and must resign to Impotence. Oldh.
 O give me Virtue then, which sums up all,
 And firmly stands, when Crowns and Sceptres fall. Orinda.
 ——— By Virtue Men are great, (Virg.)
 Which spreads their Fame beyond the Reach of Fate. Laud.
 Virtue's a Joy, that will for ever last;
 It makes pale Death less terrible appear,
 Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear. Rosc.
 The Gods a Guard for Virtue still provide. Sedl. Ant. & C.
 ——— Then why shou'd Virtue fear,
 When with their murd'ring Shafts the Gods appear:
 Guilt, tremble thou, when Heav'n's wing'd Vengeance flies
 Thro' frighted Cities; or when Storms arise, D'Aven. Circe.
 How few cou'd follow those strict Rules they gave!
 For human Life will human Frailties have;
 And Love of Virtue is but barren Praise,
 Airy as Fame; not strong enough to raise.
 The Actions of the Soul above the Sense.
 Virtue grows cold without a Recompence. Dryd. Tyr. Love
 ——— A settled Virtue
 Makes it self a Judge, and, satisfy'd within;
 Smiles at that common Enemy, the World:
 I am no more afraid of flying Censures, (Riv. Lad.)
 Than Heav'n of being fir'd with mounting Sparkles. Dryd.
 Good Deeds their Worth and Value have from hence,
 They their own Glory are and Recompence. Otway. Alcibiad.
 The virtuous nothing fear, but Life with Shame,
 And Death's a pleasant Road, that leads to Fame. Lanfd.
 My Virtue, which I serv'd, is but a Name;
 Since it betrays me to this publick Shame.
 Virtue's no God, nor has she Pow'r divine;
 But he protects it, who did first enjoin. Dr. Con. of Gran. p.2.
 ——— Let Mortals learn,
 When in obedience to the Gods they tread
 The doubtful Paths of Destiny, to affront

The dreadful'st Dangers with a dauntless Spirit :
 Let 'em not, ev'n in worst Extreame, despair;
 For, while they keep to virtue's narrow Paths,
 With Guards invincible they march surrounded :
 The Gods, who surely guide them on the Way,
 From them no more than from themselves can stray ;
 For Virtue's of Divinity a Ray. Den. Iphig. }
 But living Virtue, all Achievements past,
 Finds Envy still to grapple with at last. Wall.
 — Is Virtue then

Given to make us wretched ? Ah ! sad Portion !
 Fatal to all that have thee ! shunn'd on Earth,
 Depress'd, and shewn but in severest Trials,
 Condemn'd to Solitude, then shining most
 When black Obscurity surrounds : poor, poor,
 But ever beautiful ! — — — — — Lansd. Her. Love.

Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still,
 Exerts itself, and then throws off the Ill. Dryd. Auren.

— O pursue,
 Pursue the sacred Counsels of your Soul,
 Which urge you on to Virtue : let not Danger,
 Nor the incumb'ring World make faint your Purpose :
 Assisting Angels shall conduct your Steps ; (Shore.
 Bring you to Bliss, and crown your End with Peace Rowe.J.

To civilize the rude unpolish'd World,
 And lay it under the Restraint of Laws :
 To make Man mild, and sociable to Man ;
 To cultivate the wild licentious Savage,
 With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib'ral Arts,
 Th' Embellishments of Life : Virtues, like these,
 Make human Nature shine, reform the Soul,
 And break the fierce Barbarians into Man. Add. Cato.

Virtue, that scorns on Coward's Terms to please,
 Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Ease :
 But then she joys, then smiles upon her State,
 Then fairest to her self, then most compleat,
 When glorious Danger makes her truly great. Rowe.Luc. }
 This Virtue is the Wealth, which Tyrants want. Dryd.
 (Span. Fryar.

'Tis Virtue to repent a vicious Deed. E. of Mulg. Ovid.
 Virtues, when cover'd most, are most reveal'd. Eusd.
 And superstitious Virtue turns to Vice. Rosc.
 Virtue's no Slave of Man : no Sex confines the Soul. Dryd.
 (Auren.

O Aurenge-zebe ! thy Virtues shine too bright :
 They flash too fierce : I, like the Bird of Night,
 Shut my dull Eyes, and sicken at the Sight. Dryd. Auren.

Thy Virtues shine, but for as to be borne,
Clear as the Sun, and gentle as the Morn. Lee.

—— O I know him
Fierce in the Right, and obstinately good:
When round beset, his Virtue, like a Flood,
Breaks with resistless Force th' opposing Dams,
And bears the Mounds along; they're hurry'd on, (& Hip.
And swell the Torrent they were rais'd to stop. Sm. Phæd.
A noble Temper shines ev'n thro' his Faults,
And gilds them into Virtues. — Dryd. Love Triump.
The Heav'ns have Clouds; and Spots are in the Moon:
But faultless Virtue shines in her alone. How. Ind. Queen.
To what a Height of Arrogance she swells!
Pride, or ill Nature, still with Virtue dwells. Dr. Tyr. Love.

U M B R A.

Nor must we the obsequious Umbra spare,
Who, soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War:
But, when some Rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies set on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight:
Else courteous Umbra, to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene:
With him the Present still some Virtues have;
The Vain are sprightly; and the Stupid, grave;
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppish, neat;
The Lewd are airy, and the Sly, discreet:
A Wren's an Eagle; a Baboon, a Beau;
C—— a Lycurgus; and a Phocion, R——. Garth.

V O I C E.

There's wond'rous Musick in thy Voice: The Story
Of Orpheus, which appears so bold a Fiction,
Was prophecy'd of Thee: thy Voice has tam'd
The Tigers and the Lions of my Soul. Denh. Sophy.
Thy Voice, like sad, but pleasing, Musick, flew:
Like dying Swans, 'twas sweet and fatal too. Lee. Sophon.
O Charm me with the Musick of thy Tongue!
I'm ne'er so blest, as when I hear thy Vows,
And listen to the Language of thy Heart. Orw. Orph.
That Voice was wont to come in gentle Whispers,
And fill my Ears with the soft Breath of Love. Orw. V. Pref.
Methought I heard a Voice,
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at feed before him. Orw. Orph.

His Voice is soft as is the upper Air,
 Or dying Lovers Words; ——— Dryd. Riv. Lad.
 Methought I heard a Voice,
 Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds
 Fight with the Waves; now in a still small Tone
 Your dying Accents fell, as wrecking Ships,
 After the dreadful Yell, sink murm'ring down,
 And bubble up a Noise. ——— Lee. OEdip.

Who talks of dying in a Voice so sweet,
 That Life's in love with it? ——— Otw. Orph.
 There's Heav'n still in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
 Virtue's departing; for thy better Angel
 Still makes the Woman's Tongue his rising Ground,
 Wags there a while, and takes his Flight for ever. Dryd.
 (Duke of Guise.)

His Voice Attention, still as Midnight, draw;
 His Voice more gentle than the Summers Breeze,
 That mildly Whispers thro' the waving Trees;
 Soft as the Nightrigales complaining Song;
 Or murm'ring Currents, as they roul along. ———
 O were my Voice a Trumper loud as Fame,
 To reach the Round of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea,
 All Nations shou'd be summon'd to this Place. Dr. D. Seb.

VOITURE.

In his gay Thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
 And all the Writer lives in ev'ry Line:
 His easy Art may happy Nature seem;
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar Fate,
 Who' without Flatt'ry pleas'd the Fair and Great:
 Still with Esteem no less convers'd than read;
 With Wit well-natur'd, and with Books well-bred:
 His Heart, his Mistress and his Friend did share;
 His Time, the Muse, the Witty, and the Fair:
 Thus, wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Cheerful, he play'd the Trifle, Life, away,
 'Till Death, scarce felt, did o'er his Pleasures creep,
 As smiling Infants sport themselves to sleep:
 Ev'n Rival Wits did Voiture's Fate deplore,
 And the Gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before:
 The truest Hearts for Voiture heav'd with Sighs,
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes:
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's Death,
 But that for ever in his Lines they breathe. Pope.

Let the strict Life of graver Mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious Comedy:
 In ev'ry Scene some Moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach:
 Let mine, like Voiture's, a gay Force appear,
 And more diverting still than regular;
 Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace;
 No Matter for the Rules of Time and Place:
 Criticks in Wit, or Life, are hard to please:
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. Pope.

U P B R A I D I N G.

—— Fly, be gone,
 And hide thee where bright Virtue never shone:
 The Day will shun thee; nay, the Stars, that view
 Mischiefs and Murders, Deeds to thee not new,
 Will start at this. ——— Lee. Alex.

—— What's Life without your Honour?
 Could you transform your self into a Gorgon,
 Or make that beardless Face like Jupiter's,
 I wou'd be heard in spite of all your Thunder:
 O Pow'r of Guilt! you fear to stand the Test
 Which Virtue brings: like Sores, your Vices shake
 Before this Roman Healer: but, if you be not
 Quite dead with Sleep, for ever lost to Honour,
 Before I go, I'll rip the Malady;
 I'll let the Venom flow before your Eyes,
 And lash you with keen Words from lazy Love. Lee. Theod.

—— I wou'd but shake him,
 Rowze him a little from this Death of Honour,
 And shew him what he shou'd be. ——— Lee. Theod.

O Emperour! Thou Picture of a Glory!
 Thou mangled Figure of a ruin'd Greatness!
 O thou royal Villany,
 In Purple dipt to give a Gloss to Mischief!
 Yet, ere thy Death enriches my Revenge,
 And swells the Book of Fate, thou statelier Madman,
 Plac'd by the Gods upon a Precipice,
 To make thy Fall more dreadful; ———
 By all th' immortal Gods, I will awake thee;
 I'll rowze thee, Cæsar, if strong Reason can;
 If thou had'st ever Sense of Roman Honour,
 Or the Imperial Genius ever warm'd thee,
 Why hast thou us'd me thus for all my Service,
 My Toils, my Fights, my Wounds in horrid War?
 Why did'st thou tear the only Garland from me,

That

That cou'd make proud my Conquests? Roch. Valent.

(Spoken by Maximus to Valentinian.

A thousand Nights have brush'd their balmy Wings
Over these Eyes, but ever, when they clos'd,
Thy Tyrant Image forc'd 'em ope again,
And dry'd the Dewes they brought. — Dryd. D. Seb.

Tyrant! (it irks me so to call my Prince)
But just Resentment and hard Usage coin'd
Th' unwilling Word, and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due. — Dryd. D. Seb.

If I'm a Traytor, think and blush, thou Tyrant,
Whose Injuries betray'd me into Treason,
Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,
And hurry'd me from Hopes of Heav'n to Hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd Crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the Skies,
I charge on thee, to make thy Damning sure. Dr. D. Seb.

I serv'd thee fifteen hard Campaigns
And pitch'd thy Standard in these foreign Fields,
By me thy Greatness grew; thy Years grew with it,
But thy Ingratitude outgrew them both Dryd. D. Seb.

Thou hast lost thy Honour! Oh, had'st thou dy'd
Ten thousand Deaths, ere blasted Grillon's Glory!
Grillon, that sav'd thee from a barb'rous World,
Where thou had'st starv'd or sold thy self for Bread,
Took thee into his Bosom, foster'd thee
As his own Soul, and laid thee in his Heart-strings.
And now for all my Cares to serve me thus!
It wrings the iron Tears from Grillon's Heart,
And melts me to a Babe. — Dryd. Duke of Guise.

— O Woman in Perfection!
Thou dazling Mixture of ten thousand Circes,
In one bright Heap cast by some huddling God. Lee. Cæ. B.

— Thou! I want a Name
By which to style thee: All articulate Sounds,
That do express the Mischief of vile Woman,
That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
To speak thee to the Height. — Beaum. Doub. Marr.

Are there not Poisons, Flames, and Racks, and Swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's Words?

But what could Swords or Poisons, Racks or Flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle Frame?

More fatal Henry's Words, they murder Emma's Fame. } -

And fall these Sayings from that gentle Tongue,

Where civil Speech and soft Persuasion hung;

Whose artful Sweetness and harmonious Strain

Courting my Grace, yet courting it in vain,

Call'd Sighs and Tears, and Wishes to its Aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing Flame convey'd.
Still blam'd the Coldness of the Nut-brown Maid? Prior. }

Are we in Life thro' one great Error led?
Is each Man perjurd, and each Nymph betray'd?
Of the superiour Sex art thou the worst?
And I of mine the most compleatly curst?
Yet thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's Image ever touch'd thy Heart,
Thou sure must give one Thought, and drop one Tear,
To her, whom Love abandon'd to despair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded Stone
Bid it in lasting Characters be known,
That of Mankind she lov'd but thee alone. Prior. }

Could I believe thee? Could I think thee true?
But, O thou Siren, I will stop my Ears
To thy enchanting Notes: the Winds shall bear
Upon their Wings thy Words more light than they. Dryd.
(Troil. & Cress.)

I take the Gods to witness, with more Sorrow
And more Vexation hear I these Reproaches, (Valent.
Than were my Life dropt from me thro' an Hour-Glass. Roch.
You have your self your Kindness overpay'd:
He ceases to oblige, who can upbraid. Dryd. State of Inn.
Ev'n Benefits, upbraided, are dissolv'd. Hig. Gen. Conq.

U S U R P E R.

—— Right I have none:
'Tis Force alone must justify the Deed: (Cym. & Iphig.
Then let the Losers talk in vain of Right. Dryd. Bocc.

—— If I thought my Soul
Of Kin to thine, soon wou'd I rend my Heartstrings,
And tear out that Alliance: But thou, Viper,
Hast cancell'd Kindred; made a Rent in Nature;
And thro' her holy Bowels gnaw'd thy Way
Thro' thy own Blood to Empire. Dryd. D. Seb.

—— The Queen has in her Chapel
All Night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the Gods
With Vows for her Deliverance. ——

—— O Alphonso,
I fear they come too late: her Father's Crimes
Hang heavy on her, and weigh down her Prayers:
A Crown usurp'd! a lawful King depos'd!
In Bondage held, debar'd the common Light!
His Children murder'd, and his Friends destroy'd!
What can we less expect than what we feel?
And what we fear will follow. ——

—— Avert

— Avert it, Heav'n!

Then Heav'n must not be Heav'n, judge th' Events

By what has pass'd. Th' Usurper joy'd not long

His ill-got Pow'r: 'tis true, he dy'd in Peace:

Unriddle that, ye Pow'rs! — Dryd. Span. Fry.

For impious Greatness Vengeance is in Store:

Short is the Date of all ill-gotten Pow'r. Lansd.

Kings, who did Crowns unjustly get,

In Hell on burning Thrones are set:

And oh! uneasily their Crowns they wear,

And their own Guilt amidst their Guards they fear:

Cares, when they wake, their Minds unquiet keep,

And Ghosts in Visions lord it o'er their Sleep. Dr. Tem.

How hardly can Usurpers manage well

Those, whom they first instructed to rebel! Dr. Hind. & Pant.

'Tis greater to restore, than to usurp, a Crown. Cowl.

VULCAN.

Not less concern'd, nor at a later Hour,

Rose from his downy Couch the forging Pow'r. Dr. Virg.

The limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd Feast,

And, hopping here and there, himself a Jest,

Put in his Word: then crown'd a Bowl unbid:

The laughing Nectar overlook'd the Lid:

At Vulcan's homely Mirth his Mother smil'd;

And, smiling, took the Cup the Clown had fill'd:

The Reconciler Cup went round the Board:

Which, empty'd, the rude Skinker still restor'd:

Loud Fits of Laughter seiz'd the Guests, to see

The limping God so dest at his new Ministry. Dryd. Hom.

VULTURE.

Thus rav'nous Vultures watch the dying Lion, (& Hip
To tear his Heart, and riot in his Blood. Smith. Phad.

As when a Vulture, on Imaus bred,

Whose snowy Ridge the roving Tartar bounds,

Dislodging from a Region, scarce of Prey,

To gorge the Flesh of Lambs or yearling Kids,

On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies towards the Springs

Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian Streams:

But in his Way lights on the barren Plains

Of Serricana, where Chineses drive

With Sails and Wind their cany Waggon light. Milt. P. Lost.

As when two Vultures on the Mountain's Height,

Stoop with their sounding Pinions to the Fight,

S f 4

They

They cuff; they tear; they raise a screaming Cry:
The Defart echoes; and the Rocks reply. Pope. Hom.

W.

W A N T.

If all her former Woes were not enough,
Look on her now; behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to Death, distress'd on ev'ry Side,
With no one Hand to help; and tell me then,
If ever Misery were known like hers?

And can she bear it? Can that delicate Frame
Endure the Bearing of a Storm so rude?
Can she, for whom the various Seasons chang'd,
To court her Appetite, and crown her Board;
For whom the foreign Vintages were press'd;
For whom the Merchant spread his silken Stores;
Can she intreat for Bread, and want the needful Raiment,
To wrap her shiv'ring Bosom from the Weather?
When she was mine, no Care came ever near her:
I thought the gentlest Breeze, that wakes the Spring,
Too rough to breathe upon her: Chearfulness
Danc'd all the Day before her; and at Night
Soft Slumbers waited on her downy Pillow:
Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
Where piercing Winds blow sharp, and the chill Rain
Drops from some Penthouse on her wretched Head,
Drenches her Locks, and kills her with the Cold;
While her Head rests on what cold Stone she pleases. Rowe.

(J. Shore.

But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive Want, or Hunger's pressing Pain?
Those Limbs, in Lawn and softest Silk array'd,
From Sun-beams guarded, and of Winds afraid,
Will they bear angry Jove? will they resist
The parching Dog-Star, and the bleak North-East?
When, chill'd by adverse Snows, and beating Rain,
We tread with weary Steps the longsome Plain;
When with hard Toil we seek our ev'ning Food,
Berries and Acorns, from the neighb'ring Wood;
And find amongst the Cliffs no other House,
But the thin Covert of some gather'd Boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thy Eye
Around the dreary Waste, and, weeping, try
To find thy Father's hospitable Gate,
And Seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding fate? Prior.

The

The Rise of Fortune did I only wed,
 From its Decline determin'd to recede?
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
 On the smooth Surface of a Summer's Sea,
 While gentle Zephyrs play in prosperous Gales,
 And Fortune's Favour fills the swelling Sails;
 But wou'd forsake the Ship, and make the Shore,
 When the Winds whistle, and the Tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no: one sacred Oath has ty'd
 Our Loves: one Destiny our Life shall guide;
 Nor Wild, nor Deep our common Way divide.

}

When from the Cave thou risest with the Day,
 To beat the Woods, and rouse the bounding Prey;
 The Cave with Moss and Branches I'll adorn,
 And chearful sit, and wait my Lord's Return:
 And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten Deer,
 (For seldom, Archers say, thy Arrows err.)
 I'll fetch quick Fuel from the neighbouring Wood;
 And strike the sparkling Flint, and dress the Food:
 With humble Duty and officious Haste,
 I'll cull the furthest Mead for thy Repast:
 The choicest Herbs I to thy Board will bring;
 And draw thy Water from the freshest Spring:
 And when at night, with weary Toil oppress'd,
 Soft Slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome Rest;
 Watchful I'll guard thee; and with midnight Prayers
 Weary the Gods to keep thee in their Care:
 And joyous ask, at Morn's returning Ray,
 If thou hast Health, and I may bless the Day.
 Behold me fixt, where-e'er thou lead'st it to go,
 Friend to thy Pain, and Partner of thy Woe.
 Blest, when my Dangers and my Toils have shown,
 That I of all Mankind cou'd love but thee alone. Prior.

Misfortunes oft prove to Invention kind;
 Instruct our Wit, and aid the lab'ring Mind. Dryd. Ovid.

Want takes false Measures both of Pow'r and Joys;
 And envy'd Greatness is but Crowd and Noise. How.

——— To Men,

Press'd by their Wants, all Change is ever welcome. John. C.

All noble Minds with Shame their Wants confess. D'Aven.

(Siege of Rhodes.)

W A R.

Wars, horrid Wars I view; a Field of Blood;
 And Tyber, rousing with a purple Flood. Dryd. Virg.

———— All the dire Calamities
 Of raging War, chain'd up in Discipline,
 Are now broke loose, trooping in horrid March,
 To fright the World : ———
 Now Lust and Rapine both divide the Spoil;
 And Giant Murder now bestrides our Streets,
 Stalking in State, and wading deep in Blood. South. F. of Cap.
 Hark! Hark! The glorious Voice of War
 Calls aloud, for Arms prepare!

Drums are beating,
 Rocks repeating,

Martial Musick charms the joyful Air. Cong.
 New Storms of War, like Hail, around us fall:
 Fury, that fate at home on massy Shields,
 Now heaves them up, and ranges thro' the Fields:
 With all her hundred Whips of Wire she comes
 And drives despairing Monarchs to their Tombs:
 War! How it Sounds! away, to Arms! to Arms!
 My Soul to Battel now all fire turns;
 Swift as the Gods in Haste outstrips the Wind,
 And leaves the Courfers of the Day behind. Lee. Sophon.
 Yet, yet a little, and destructive Slaughter
 Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous Prospect:
 Pass but an Hour, which stands berwixt the Lives
 Of Thousands and Eternity; what Change
 Shall hasty Death make in yon glit'ring Plain!
 O thou fell Monster, War! that in a Moment
 Lay'st waste the noblest Part of the Creation;
 The Bast and Master-Piece of the Great Maker;
 That wears in vain th' Impression of his Image,
 Unprivileg'd from thee. ——— Rowe. Tamerl.

The neighb'ring Cities break all Leagues, and fly
 To Arms: Mars rages impious o'er the World.
 Tillage has lost its due Regard; the Hinds
 Press'd into Soldiers, Fields lie waste and wild;
 And crooked Scythes are hammer'd into Swords. Trap. Virg.
 Tumultuous Passions, Wrath, Revenge and Shame,
 Invade our Breasts, and our gall'd Souls inflame:
 Strait, with one Voice, we all for Arms declare,
 And ev'ry Breast already feels the War:
 The Plowman hastens to a nobler Toil,
 Unyokes his Ox, and leaves untill'd the Soil:
 Abandons all his Hopes, and rustick Care,
 Lays down his Goad, and shakes the warlike Spear:
 The Tradesman quits his Shop, and takes the Field,
 And makes his Thirst of Gain to Thirst of Honour yield:

The Shepherds on the Hills forsake their Flocks;
 And leave their browsing Goats upon the Rocks:
 And Farmers quit the Hopes their Fields afford,
 To reap fresh Laurels with their conqu'ring Sword:
 As when black Clouds, dark'ning the Summer-Sky,
 Loaded with cristal Tempests, slowly fly;
 Th' Artillery discharg'd, with mighty Sound,
 Th' exploded Hailstones leap upon the Ground,
 Thunder amidst the Woods, and from the Hills rebound.
 So with the Britons all the Region swarms;
 So thick their Troops, so loud the Noise of Arms:
 The groaning Earth complains; and, trembling, feels
 The trampling Hoofs, and Charlots fervid Wheels.
 The lighted Beacons from the Hills declare,
 As blazing Comets do, approaching War:
 The flaming Signal's giv'n: the Regions round
 With Horsemen, Arms, and warlike Noise resound:
 As when

In some great Town a Fire breaks out by Night;
 And fills, with crackling Flames and dismal Light,
 With Sparks and pitchy Smoke, th' astonish'd Sky;
 Th' affrighted Guards, that first the Flame espy,
 Strait give th' Alarm, and spread the dreadful Cry:
 Th' amaz'd Inhabitants the Signal take,
 And run, in Crowds half cloath'd and half awake,
 To stop the spreading Ruin, and to tame,
 With spouting Engines, the destructive Flame:
 So, when the frightful Cry of War begun,
 Into the Fields in Troops the Britons run. *Blac. P. Arth.*

O'er prostrate Towns and Palaces they pass,
 Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass:
 Breathing Revenge, while Anger and Disdain
 Fire ev'ry Breast, and boil in ev'ry Vein,
 Here shatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far,
 Rise up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War. *Add.*

Our Land a Purchase to the Sword now lies;
 Her Harvests for uncertain Owners rise:
 Each Vineyard doubtful of its Master grows;
 And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows. *Add.*

War is the Province of ambitious Man,
 Who rears the mis'able World for Empire. *Rowe. Tamerl.*
 The brazen Throat of War had ceas'd to roar. *Milr. P. Loff.*

Enough of War the wounded Earth has known;
 Weary at length, and wasted with Destruction,
 Sadly she rears her ruin'd Head, to shew
 Her Cities humbled, and her Countreys spoil'd,
 And to her mighty Masters sues for Peace. *Rowe. Tamerl.*

— Now,

——— Now, glorious War, farewell,
 Thou Child of Honour and ambitious Thoughts,
 Begot in Blood, and nurs'd with Kingdom's Ruins:
 Thou golden Danger, courted by thy Followers
 Thro' Fires and Famines, for one Title from thee,
 A long farewell I give thee. Noble Arms,
 Ye Ribs for mighty Minds, ye iron Houses,
 Made to defie the Thunderclaps of Fortune,
 Rust and consuming Time must now dwell with you:
 And thou, good Sword, that knew'st the Way to Conquest,
 Upon whose fatal Edge Despair and Death dwelt,
 That when I shook thee thus, foreshewd'st Destruction,
 Sleep now from Blood, and grace my Monument:
 Farewel, my Eagle: when thou flew'st, whole Armies
 Have stoop'd below thee: at Passage I have seen thee
 Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy Fury,
 And bang them up together, as a Tassel,
 Upon the Stretch, a Flock of fearful Pigeons:
 I yet remember, when the Volga curl'd,
 The aged Volga, when he heav'd his Head up,
 And rais'd his Waters high, to see the Ruins,
 The Ruins our Swords made, the bloody Ruins!
 Then flew this Bird of Honour, bravely flew:
 But this must be forgotten, quite forgotten,
 And all that tends to Arms, by me for ever. Beaum. L. Subj.

——— Oh now, for ever
 Farewel the tranquil Mind, farewell Content:
 Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big War,
 That makes Ambition Virtue: Oh farewell,
 Farewel the neighing Steed, and the loud Trump,
 The Spirit-stirring Drum, and the shrill Fife,
 The royal Banner, and all Quality,
 Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War;
 And, O ye mortal Engines, whose rude Throats
 Th' immortal Jove's dread Clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel: Othello's Occupation's gone. Shak. Othel.

CIVIL WAR.

Remember him, the Villain, righteous Heav'n,
 In thy great Day of Vengeance: blast the Traitor
 And his pernicious Counsels; who, for Wealth,
 For Pow'r, the Pride of Greatness or Revenge,
 Would plunge his native Land in Civil Wars.
 Have we so soon forgot those Days of Ruin,
 When, like a Matron, butcher'd by her Sons,
 And cast beside some common Way, a Spectacie
 Of Horrour and Affright to Passers by,

Our

Our groaning Countrey bled at ev'ry Vein ;
 When Murders, Rapes, and Massacres prevail'd ;
 When Churches, Palaces, and Cities blaz'd ;
 When Insolence and Barbarism triumph'd,
 And swept away Distinction : Peasants trod
 Upon the Necks of Nobles : low were laid
 The rev'rend Crozier and the holy Mitre ;
 And Desolation cover'd all the Land.
 Who can remember this, and not like me,
 Here vow to sheathe a Dagger in his Heart,
 Whose damn'd Ambition wou'd renew those Horrors,
 And set, once more, that Scene of Blood before us ? Rowe.
 (J. Shore.

——— What Tears has Albion shed !
 Heav'ns ! What new Wounds, and how her old ; have bled !
 She saw her Sons with purple Deaths expire ;
 Her sacred Domes involv'd in rousing Fire :
 A dreadful Series of intestine Wars,
 Inglorious Triumphs, and dishonest Scars. Pope.

When civil Dudgeon first grew high,
 And Men fell out they knew not why :
 When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,
 Set Folks together by the Ears,
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For Dame Religion as for Punk ;
 Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,
 Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore :
 When Gospel Trumpetter, surrounded
 With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel sounded ;
 And Pulpit, Drum ecclesiastick,
 Was beat with Fiit, instead of a Stick. Hud.

The sober part of Israel, free from Stain,
 Well knew the Value of a peaceful Reign ;
 And, looking backward, with a wise Affright ;
 Saw Seams of Wounds, dishonest to the Sight :
 In Contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
 They curst the Memory of Civil Wars. Dryd. Abs. and Ach.
 From ev'ry Part the roaring Cannons play ;
 From ev'ry Part Blood roars as loud as they :
 Alas ! what Triumphs can this Vict'ry show,
 That dies us red with Blood and Blushes too ?
 How can we wish that Conquest, which bestows
 Cypress, not Bays, upon the conqu'ring Brows ? Cowl.

What Rage, O Citizens, what Fury
 Does you to these dire Actions hurry ?
 What OEitrum, what phrenetick Mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your Blood ?

What

What Towns, what Garrisons might you
With Hazard of this Blood subdue,
Which now you're bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable Flay? Hud.

O, spare the Wounds, our bleeding Countrey fears,
The thousand Ills, which Civil Discord brings:
O still that Noise of War, whose dread Alarms
Frighten Repose from Countrey Villages;
And stir rude Tumult up and wild Distraction
In all our peaceful Cities. ——— Rowe. Amb. Stepm.

So shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a Time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded Accents of new Broils,
To be commenc'd in Strands afar remote:
No more the thirsty Entrance of this Soil
Shall daub her Lips with her own Children's Blood:
No more shall trenching War chanel her Fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the armed Hoofs
Of hostile Paces: those oppos'd Eyes,
Which, like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine Shock,
And furious Close of civil Butchery,
Shall now, in beauteous well-beseeming Ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred and Allies.
The Edge of War now, like an ill-sheath'd Knife,
No more shall cut his Master. ——— Shak. Hen. 4. p. 1.

From hence let fierce contending Nations know,
What dire Effects from civil Discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our Countrey with Alarms,
And gives up Rome a Prey to Roman Arms;
Produces Fraud and Cruelty and Strife;
And robs the guilty World of Cato's Life. Add. Cato.

W A V E S.

Ambitious Waves, that strove to climb the Rocks,
That bound them in, and roar'd to be repuls'd. Hop. Pyrrh.
The Surges, raging with intestine War;
With high curl'd Heads look terrible from far:
The Foam of breaking Waves, in pointed Sleet,
Like driv'n Snow, does on the Ocean bear:
At ev'ry Shock the dashing Waters fly,
And Clouds of liquid Dust obscure the Sky. Blac. P. Arth.
Thus swelling Billows on the Main appear,
A furious Tempest pressing hard their Rear,

When

When their embattel'd Legions march from far,
 To storm some lofty Mound with liquid War. *Blac. Eliza.*
 Thus surging Waves, against a solid Rock,
 Tho' all to Shivers dash'd, th' Assault renew, *(Reg.)*
 Vain Batt'ry! and in Froth and Bubbles end. *Milt. Par.*
 ----- They loudly roar,
 As Billows, dashing on the trembling Shore. *Creech. Lucr.*
 ----- No Water fries,
 Nor Billows with unequal Murmur roar,
 But smoothly glide along, and swell the Shore. *Dr. Virg.*

W E A V E R.

The Weavers stretch their Stays upon the West,
 And shoot the flying Shuttle thro' the Loom. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Both take their Stations, and the Piece prepare;
 And order ev'ry slender Thread with Care:
 The Web enwraps the Beam; the Reed divides,
 While thro' the wid'ning Space the Shuttle glides,
 Which their swift Hands receive: then, pois'd with Lead,
 The swinging Weight strikes close th' inserted Thread:
 Each girds her flowing Garments round her Waste,
 And plies her Arms and Feet with dextrous Haste:
 Here each inweaves the richest Tyrian Die;
 There fainter Shades in beauteous Order lie:
 Such various Mixtures in the Texture shine;
 Set off the Work, and brighten each Design;
 As when the Sun his piercing Rays extends,
 When from thin Clouds some d'istilly Show'r descends,
 We see the spacious humid Arch appear,
 Whose transient Colours paint the splendid Air:
 By such Degrees the deep'ning Shadows rise,
 As pleasingly deceive our dazzled Eyes:
 And tho' the same th' adjoining Colour seems,
 Yet Hues of diff'rent Natures die th' Extreams:
 Here height'ning Gold they 'midst the Woof dispose,
 And in the Web an antique Story rose,
 A glowing Warmth the blended Colours give,
 And in the Piece each Figure seems to live.
 Such just Proportion graces ev'ry Part,
 Nature her self appears improv'd by Art.
 Festoons of Flow'rs, inwove with Ivy, shine *(Gay. Ovid.)*
 Border the wondrous Piece, and round the Texture shine.

W E E P I N G.

Here her well govern'd Tears dropt down apace:
 Beauty and Sorrow, mingled in one Face *Have*

Have Charms resistless. — Cowl. David.

And now a Mist of Grief comes o'er my Eyes. Dr. D. Seb

— Fall, fall, crystal Fountains,

And ever feed your Streams, ye rising Sorrows,

Till you have wept your Mistress into Marble. Roch. Val

My Eyes grow full, and swim in their own Light. Dryd

(M. A-la-mode

Now all my Mother comes into my Eyes,

And gives me up to Tears. — Shak. Hen. 5.

I feel the Woman breaking in upon me ;

And melt about my Heart : my Tears will flow. Add. Cato.

— O break not yet, my Heart,

Tho' my Eyes burst, no matter. — Dryd. All for Love.

These Thanks I pay you : —

And know, that when Sebastian weeps, his Tears

Come harder than his Blood. —

— They plead too strongly

To be withstood : my Clouds are gath'ring too

In kindly Mixture with his royal Show'r. Dryd. Don Seb.

Thou know'st the gentle Temper of my Soul ;

Which the mistaken World Good Nature call ;

Tho' easy to be rais'd, more easy to be calm'd :

Like to Heav'n's Anger, my relenting Rage

Begins in Tempests, and is lay'd by Show'rs :

The swelling Drops burst thro' their lucid Orbs,

And chase each other down my flowing Cheeks,

Which blush with Shame at the old Soldier's weakness.

(Hig. Gen. Conq.

Why holds thy Eye that lamentable Rheum,

Like a proud River peering o'er its Bounds. Shak. K. John.

Why dost thou weep, and pour into my Wounds

New Oil to make them blaze. — Lee. Cæs. Borg.

Compose your Looks : smooth down that starting Hair,

And dry your Eyes, which spite of this Distraction,

I see are full, brim full of gushing Tears. Lee. Cæs. Borg.

O, why, Semanthe, why these falling Tears ?

I swear, my Love, not the last Drops of Life,

Just flowing from my Heart, are dearer to me, (Brother.

Than those rich Pearls, that trickle from thy Eyes. Sou. Lo.

— Why bend thy Eyes to Earth ?

Wherefore these Looks of Heaviness and Sorrow ?

Why breathes that Sigh, my Love, and wherefore falls

That trickling Show'r of Tears, to stain thy Sweetness ?

(Rowe. J. Shore.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see

The World in Sympathy with thee.

The

The chearful Birds no longer sing ;
 But drop the Head, and hang the Wing :
 The Clouds have bent their Bosom low'r,
 And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r :
 The Brooks beyond their Limits flow ;
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe :
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares,
 They heave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears
 Fantastick Nymph ! that Grief should move
 The Heart obdurate against Love :
 Strange Tears ! whose Pow'r can soften all,
 But that dear Breast, on which they fall. Prior.

Her Soul, unable to contain its Grief,
 Pours forth a Deluge of impetuous Sorrow. Den. Iphig.

Then from her swimming Eyes began to pour
 Of softly falling Rain a silver Show'r. Cong.
 With Floods of Woe she bathes her beauteous Face,
 And Streams from Myrrha's Eyes kept equal Pace. Hop.Ov.
 Tears blind her Eyes, and Groans suppress her Words.
 (Hopk. Ovid.)

Ye Gods ! she weeps : behold that falling Show'r !
 See, how her Eyes are quite dissolv'd in Tears !
 Can she in vain that precious Torrent pour ?
 Oh ! no : it bears away my Doubts and Fears :
 'Twas Pity sure that made it flow ;
 For the same Pity stop it now : (does part,
 For ev'ry charming, heav'nly Drop, that from those Eyes
 Is paid with Streams of Blood, that gush from my o'erflow-
 (ing Heart. Walfh.)

—— She mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries,
 And fruitless Tears came trickling from her Eyes. Dr.Virg.
 Her Soul in Sadness, and her Eyes in Tears,
 Sighing she said, she fear'd her Heart might break ;
 Then, at my Feet, in all the Storm of Grief ;
 Such Floods of Sorrow burst from her bright Eyes,
 I could not keep my Manhood, but wept too. South.Disap.
 ——— Down her Cheeks

Flow'd the round Drops : And, as we see the Sun
 Shine thro' a Show'r, so look'd her beauteous Eyes,
 Casting forth Light and Tears together. — I anfd.H.Lov.

Down her fair Cheeks the trickling Sorrow flows,
 Like dewy Spangles on the blushing Rose. Gay.
 By Day she seeks some melancholy Shade,
 To hide her Sorrows from the prying World.
 At Night she watches all the long long Hours,
 And listens to the Winds and beating Rain, (Pèn.
 With Sighs as loud, and Tears that fall as fast. Row. Fa.
 ——— Had

————— Had her Eyes been fed
From that rich Stream, which warms her Heart, and number'd
For ev'ry falling Tear a Drop of Blood,
It had not been too much. ——— Rowe. Fair Pen.

The Accents die upon her charming Tongue,
And leave her lovely overflowing Eyes.
To pour out the Abundance of her Soul. Den. Lib. Assert.

————— Had you seen
Her Dove-like Sorrow, which she beg'd for Rome,
With Eyes Tear-charg'd, yet sparkling thro' the Dew,
Whilst charming Pity dimpled each soft Cheek. Shakesf.
(& Tate. Coriol.

Look, how her mournful Eyes move melting Pity!
In which the Greatness of her Mind appears,
That struggles to repress her mighty Woe. Den. Lib. Assert.

Behold those Eyes, by the kind Gods design'd
To cherish Nature, and delight Mankind,
All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Show'rs,
Than April drops upon the springing Flow'rs:
Such Tears as Venus for Adonis shed,

When at her Feet the lovely Youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her Cestus, and unyok'd her Doves. Duke.

Then haste, conduct me to the lovely Mourner:
Oh! I will kiss the pearly Drops away:
Suck from her rosy Lips the fragrant Sighs;
With other Sighs her panting Breast shall heave;
With other Dews her swimming Eyes shall melt;
With other Pangs her throbbing Heart shall bear;
And all her Sorrows shall be lost in Love. Smith. Ph. & Hip.

He with his Tears augments the Morning Dew. (& Juh.
And adds to Clouds more Clouds with his deep Sighs. Sh R.

————— Look, the good Man weeps;
And strangles all his Language in his Tears. Shak. Hen. 8.

He, making shew as he would rub his Eyes,
Disguis'd, and blotted out, a falling Tear. (Love.
Dryd. All for

I could perceive with Joy a silent Show'r
Run down his silver Beard. ——— Lee. L. Jun. Brut.

Oh! Sir, what have you done? You've burst the Heart
Of your old Gasper; with this Flood of Goodness;
And see, it gushes from my aged Eyes. Lee. Mass. of Par.

————— Forbear these strict Embraces,
Your Tears, your hanging on my Bosom thus:
Your Sighs reduce my Age to sobbing Childhood,
And make an Infant of your poor old Man. Lee. Mithr.

————— You smother all (Mithr.
Your Words with Groans; dry up this womanish Grief. Lee.
He

He bent, he sunk beneath his Grief:
His dauntless Heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his Eyes rebel'd. Dryd.

Then he, profuse of Tears
In suppliant Mood fell prostrate at our Feet. Add. Virg.
At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his Eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some Drops of kindly Dew. Dr. Ovid.
Here, stopping with a Sigh, he pour'd a Flood
Of Tears, to make his last Expression good. Dryd. Booc.

(Sig. & Guise)

My Tears begin to take his Part so much,
They mar my Countenancing. — Shak. K. Lear.
If that the Earth could teem with Woman's Tears,
Each Drop she weeps would prove a Crocodile. Shak. Othel.
Her wat'ry Eyes assault my very Soul;
They shake my best Resolve. — Lee. Alex.

By Heav'n, his weeps, and I could drink the Dew. M.
(Lee. Mich.)

I weep, 'tis true: but Machiavel, I swear,
They're Tears of Vengeance; Drops of liquid Fire;
So Marble weeps when Flames surround the Quarry;
And the pil'd Oaks sprout forth such scalding Bubbles,
Before the gen'ral Blaze. — Lee. Cæs. Borg.

O that my Tears could make thy Heart relent!
Then would I drain those crystal Sluices dry:
Rivers I'd weep, and long luxuriant Streams. Lee. Nero.

Those moving Tears will quite dissolve my Frame;
They melt that Soul, which Threats could never shake. T.
(Hig. Gen. Con.)

Weeping for Joy.

Back, foolish Tears, back to your native Spring,
Your tributary Drops belong to Woe;
Which you, mistaking, offer up to Joy. Shak. Rom. & Jul.

Joy had the like Conception in our Eyes,
And, at that Instant, like a Babe, sprung up. Sh. Tim. of Arch.

Behold a Joy,

A wat'ry Comfort rising in his Eyes. Lee. L. J. Brut.
But these are Tears of Joy: to see you thus has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold. Con. M. Br.

W E L C O M E.

Welcome as after Dark'ness cheerful Light;
Or to the weary Wand'rer downy Night. Lansd. Br. Ench.
Welcome as Life, as Victory, and Fame,
As Hope to Lovers, or the tortur'd Wretch

Cessa-

Cessation of his Pain. — Hig. Gen. Cong.
 Not Wealth to Misers; Honour to the Brave;
 Health to the Sick; or Freedom to the Slave,
 Could be more welcome. — Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.

————— O happy Night!

Not to the weary Pilgrim half so welcome,
 When, after many a toilsome bleeding Step,
 With joyful Looks he spies his long'd-for Home.
 Thus comes, to the despairing Wretch, the glad
 Reprieve: 'tis Mercy, Mercy at the Block:
 Thus the toss'd Seaman, after boist'rous Storms,
 Lands on his Countries Breast, thus stands and gazes
 And runs it o'er with many a greedy Look;
 Then shouts for Joy, and makes ———

The echoing Hills and all the Shores resound. Lee. Cæ. Bor

For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
 Meets with the surest Welcome, when arriv'd, Cong. Ovid.

At your Approach, they crowded to the Port,
 And, scarcely landed, you create a Court:
 The Waste of civil Wars, their Towns destroy'd,
 Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
 Were all forgot, and one triumphant Day
 Wip'd all the Tears of three Campaigns away.
 Blood, Rapines, Massacres, were cheaply bought:
 So mighty Recompence your Beauty bought!
 As when the Dove, returning, bore the Mark
 Of Earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring Ark;
 The Relicks of Mankind, secure of Rest,
 Op'd ev'ry Window to receive the Guest;
 And the fair Bearer of the Message bless'd:
 So, when you came, with loud repeated Cries,
 The Nation took an Omen from your Eyes;
 And God advanc'd his Rainbow in the Skies,
 To sign inviolable Peace restor'd:
 The Saints with solemn Shout proclaim'd the new Accord.

(Dryd.

W H A C H U M.

Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,
 Not Wine, but more unwholesome Law:
 To make 'twixt Words and Lines huge Gaps,
 Wide as Meridians in Maps;
 To squander Paper and spare Ink,
 And cheat Men of their Word, some think,
 From this, by merited Degrees,
 He to more high Advancement rise,

To

To be an Under-Conjurer,
 Or Journey-Man Astrologer :
 His Bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
 And Men with their own Keys unriddle ;
 To make them to themselves give Answers,
 For which they Pay the Necromancers ;
 To fetch and carry Intelligence
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
 And all Discoveries disperse
 Among the Pack of Conjurers ;
 What Cut-purses have left with them,
 For the right Owners to redeem ;
 And, what they dare not vent, find out,
 To gain themselves and th' Art Repute ;
 Draw Figures, Schemes, and Horoscopes,
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, Brokers Shops,
 Of Thieves, ascendant in the Cart,
 And find out all by Rules of Art ;
 Which way a Serving-Man, that's run
 Away with Money or Cloaths, is gone ;
 Who pick'd a Fob at Holding-forth,
 And where a Watch for half the Worth
 May be redeem'd, or stolen Plate
 Restor'd at conscionable Rate. Hud.

W H I P P I N G.

Whipping that's Virtue's Governess,
 Tutress of Arts and Sciences ;
 That mends the gross Mistakes of Nature,
 And puts new Life into dull Matter ;
 That lays Foundation for Renown,
 And all the Honours of the Gown. Hud.

Thus Pedants, out of School-boys Breeches,
 Do claw and curry their own Itches. Hud.
 But Brutes and Boys alone are taught with Blows.
 Rowe. Fair Pen.

W H I S P E R.

Mark, how she whispers like a Western Wind,
 Which trembles thro' the Forest — Dryd. Love Triump.

— He whisper'd with a Voice,
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes. Milt. Par. Lost.
 Now chang'd the jarring Noise to Whispers low ;
 As Winds, forsaking Seas, more softly blow. Dryd. Chauc.
 (Pal. & Arc.
 W I D O W.

W I D O W.

O lonely Mourner of a widow'd Bed. Rowe. Fair Pen.
 Will you to Grief your blooming Years bequeath?
 Condemn'd to waste in Woes your lonely Life,
 Without the Joys of Mother, or of Wife:
 Think you these Tears, this pompous Train of Woe,
 Are known, or valu'd, by the Ghosts below?
 Why will you fight against a pleasing Flame? Dryd. Virg.
 Such were his Looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That were I not resolv'd against the Yoke
 Of hapless Marriage; never to be curs'd
 With second Love; so fatal was my first!
 To this one Error I might yield again,
 And, to confess my Frailty, to my Shame,
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
 Too like the Sparkles of my former Flame.
 But first let yawning Earth a Passage rend;
 And let me thro' the dark Abyss descend:
 First let avenging Jove, with Flames from high,
 Drive down this Body to the nether Sky,
 Condemn'd with Ghosts in endless Night to lie;
 Before I break the plighted Faith I gave:
 No; he, who had my Vows, shall ever have: (Dr. Virg.
 For, whom I lov'd on Earth, I worship in the Grave.
 Youth, Health, and Ease, and most an am'rous Mind,
 To second Nuptials had inclin'd her Mind;
 And former Joys had left a secret String behind.

Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

—— The first Election thine,
 That Bond dissolv'd, the second Choice is mine:
 Had Parents Pow'r, which yet I must deny,
 Had Parents Pow'r ev'n second Vows to tie,
 Thy little Care to mend my widow'd Nights,
 Has forc'd me to Recourse of Marriage Rites,
 To fill an empty Side, and follow known Delights.
 What have I done in this, deserving Blame?
 State-Laws may alter: Nature's are the same:
 Those are usurp'd on helpless Womankind,
 Made without our Consent, and wanting Pow'r to bind.
 Ev'n as thy Father gave thee Flesh and Blood,
 So gav'st thou me; not from the Quarry hew'd;
 But of a softer Mould with Sense endu'd;
 Ev'n softer than thy own; of suppler Kind,
 More exquisite of Taste, and more than Man refin'd:

Nor need'st thou by thy Daughter to be told,
 Tho' now thy spritely Blood with Age be cold,
 Thou hast been young; and can'st remember still,
 That, when thou had'st the Pow'r, thou had'st the Will:
 And, from the past Experience of thy Fires,
 Can'st tell with what a Tide our strong Desires
 Come rushing on in Youth, and what their Rage requires. }
 If still those Appetites continue strong,
 Thou may'st consider I am yet but young:
 Consider too, that, having been a Wife,
 I must have tasted of a better Life;
 And am not to be blam'd, if I renew,
 By lawful Means, the Joys which then I knew:
 Where was the Crime, if Pleasure I procur'd,
 Young, and a Woman, and to Bliss inur'd?
 I pleas'd my self; I shunn'd Incontinence;
 And, urg'd by strong Desires, indulg'd my Sense.

Dryd. Booc. Sig. 8. & Gnisc.

Description of a poor Widow and her Cottage.

There liv'd, as Authors tell, in Days of Yore,
 A Widow somewhat old, and very poor:
 Deep in a Cell her Cottage lonely stood,
 Well thatch'd, and under Covert of a Wood.
 This Dowager, on whom my Tale I found,
 Since last she laid her Husband in the Ground,
 A simple, sober Life, in Patience led,
 And had but just enough to buy her Bread:
 But, huswifing the Little Heav'n had lent,
 She duly paid a Groat for Quarter-Rent;
 And pinch'd her Belly with her Daughters two,
 To bring the World about with much ado.
 The Cattel in her Homestead were three Sows,
 An Ewe call'd Mally, and three brindled Cows.
 Her Parlour-Window stuck with Herbs around,
 Of sav'ry Smell, and Rushes strew'd the Ground.
 A Maple-Dresser in her Hall she had,
 On which full many a slender Meal she made:
 For no delicious Morsel pass'd her Throat;
 According to her Cloth she cut her Coat:
 No poynant Sawce she knew, no costly Treat;
 Her Hunger gave a Relish to her Meat:
 A sparing Diet did her Health assure;
 Or sick, a Pepper-Poffet was her Cure.
 Before the Day was done, her Work she sped,
 And never went by Candle-light to Bed:

With

With Exercise she sweat ill Humours out;
 Her Dancing was not hinder'd by the Gout:
 Her Poverty was glad; her Heart content;
 Nor knew she what the Spleen or Vapours meant.
 Of Wine she never tasted thro' the Year;
 But White and Black was all her homely Chear:
 Brown Bread and Milk, (but first she skim'd the Bowls)
 And Rashers of findg'd Bacon, on the Coals:
 On Holy-Days an Egg, or two at most;
 But her Ambition never reach'd to Roast.
 A Yard she had with Pales inclos'd about,
 Some high, some low, with a dry Ditch about.
 Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

W I F E.

Be, as becomes a Wife, obedient still; (Hom.
 Tho' griev'd, yet subject to her Husband's Will. Dryd.
 I'll ever live your most obedient Wife,
 Nor ever any Privilege pretend
 Beyond your Will; for that shall be my Law. Orw. Orph.
 No nuptial Quarrel shall disturb your Ease;
 The Business of my Life shall be to please. Dryd. Chauc.
 (The Wife of Bath's Tale)

If I am old and ugly, well for you;
 No lewd Adult'rer will my Love pursue:
 Nor Jealousy, the Bane of marry'd Life,
 Shall haunt you, for a wither'd homely Wife:
 For Age, and Uglinefs, as all agree,
 Are the best Guards of female Chastity.
 Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
 Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold;
 On this Condition, to remain for Life,
 A careful, tender, and obedient Wife,
 In all I can, contribute to your Ease,
 And not in Deed, or Word, or Thought, displease?
 Or would you rather have me young, and fair,
 And take the Chance that happens to your Share?
 Temptations are in Beauty and in Youth;
 And how can you depend upon my Truth:
 Now weigh the Danger with the doubtful Blifs,
 And thank your self, if ought should fall amifs.

Dryd. Chauc. The Wife of Bath's Tale.
 Nor is it from the Gods, or Cupid's Dart,
 That many a homely Woman takes the Heart:

But Wives, well-humour'd, dutiful and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wand'ring Husbands fast :
Such are the Links of Love, and such a Love will last. }

— Besides, long Habitude and Use
Will Kindness in domestick Bands produce. Dryd. Lucr.

A Wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first Woman was before her Fall ;
Made for the Man, of whom she was a Part ;
Made to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart.
A second Eve, but by no Crime accurs'd ;
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first :
Had she been first, still Paradise had been ;
And Death had found no Entrance by her Sin.
Love and Obedience to her Lord she bore :
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more :
Not aw'd to Duty by superior Sway,
But taught by his Indulgence to obey :
Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd ;
In equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd ; (mourn'd. }
One Joy possess'd them both, and in one Grief they }
His Passion still improv'd : he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each Day would be her last. Dryd.

— Here I kneel ;
If e'er my Will did trespass 'gainst his Love,
Either in Discourse, or Thought, or actual Deed,
Or that my Eyes, my Ears, or any Sense,
Delighted them, or any other Form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, tho' he do shake me off
To beggarly Divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me : Unkindness may do much :
And his Unkindness may defeat my Life,
But cannot taint my Love. — Shak. Othello.

Then art thou true ? Is such a Thing in Nature,
As a true Wife ? No, Bellamira, no :
Thou would'st be monstrous then, ev'n to Derision :
For the whole Flock of common Wives would hoot thee,
And drive thee, like a Bird, without one Feather
Of thy own Kind. — Lee. Cæs. Bor.

Our wise Creator, for his Choirs divine.
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all masculine :
Ah ! why must Man from Woman take his Birth ?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth ?
This fair Defect, this helpless Aid call'd Wife ;
The bending Crutch of a decrepit Life ? Dryd. St. of Inn.
If I but hear Wife nam'd, I'm sick that Day :
The Sound is mortal, and frights Life away. Dryd. Aur.

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T t

I look

I look on Wives as on good dull Companions,
For elder Brothers to sleep out their Time with :
All we can hope for in the Marriage Bed,
Is but to take our Rest ; and what care I
Who lays my Pillow for me. ——— Dryd. Riv. Lad.

Better with Brutes my humble Lot had gone,
Of Reason void, accountable to none :
Th' unhappiest of Creation is a Wife ;
Made lowest, in the highest Rank of Life :
Her Fellow's Slave ; to know, and not to chuse ; (Inn.
Curst with that Reason she must never use. Dryd. St. of
My Household Curse ; my lawful Plague ; the Spy
Of Jove's Designs : his other squinting Eye :
Why this vain Prying, and for what Avail ?
Jove will be Master still, and Juno fail :
Should thy suspicious Thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'st more odious to my Sight,
For this Attempt : uneasy Life to me,
Still watch'd and importun'd, but worse for thee. Dr. Hom.
(Spoken to Juno by Jupiter.
Fools, that consult their Avarice or Pride :
To chuse a Wife, Love is our noblest Guide. Wall.

W I N D.

So when th' assuming God, whom Storms obey,
To all the warring Winds at once gave Way ;
The frantick Brethren ravag'd all around,
And Rocks, and Woods, and Shores, their Rage resound :
Incumbent o'er the Main, at length they sweep
The liquid Plains, and raise the peaceful Deep :
But when superior Neptune leaves his Bed,
His Trident shakes, and shews his awful Head ;
The madding Winds are hush'd ; the Tempests cease ;
And ev'ry rousing Surge resides in Peace. Cong.

As when two Winds with rival Force contend,
This way and that the wav'ring Sails they bend ;
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling Vessel throw. Pope. Stat.

So Thracian Winds insult th' Aegean Floods,
Roul Waves below, and drive away the Clouds. Laud. Virg.

But e'er the Winds extend their threaring Voice,
From lofty Mountains comes a rushing Noise :
The Ocean works, and swells, and beats the Shore ;
From far the Forests send a murmur'ing Roar. Laud. Virg.

So the rude Boreas, where he lifts to blow,
Makes Clouds above, and Billows fly below;
Bearing the Shore, and, with a boist'rous Rage,
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea, ingage. Wall.

—— Ye blust'ring Brethren of the Skies,
Whose Breath has ruffled all the war'ry Plain,
Retire to hollow Rocks, your stormy Seat, (K. Arth.
There swell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat. Dryd.

The sluggish Auster to his Den with wet
And flabby Wings does heavily retreat. Blac. P. Arth.

—— The Winds oft lab'ring bear
Vast Mountain-Clouds, and whirl them thro' the Air:
The lab'ring Winds then move but slowly on,
And, as oppress'd with Burdens, sigh and groan. Cr. Lucr.

The Wind is nothing else but troubled Air. Cr. Lucr.

Whoe'er throws Dust against the Wind, describes,
He throws it in Effect but in his Eyes. Garth.

As wanton as the Breath of western Winds,
Whose spicy Breath thro' all these flow'ry Plains,
Maintains eternal Spring. —— Den. Rin. & Arm.

Seas are the Fields of Combat for the Winds;
But, when they sweep along some flow'ry Coast, (Lad.
Their Wings move mildly, and their Rage is lost. Dr. Riv.

—— So Winds, that Tempests brew,
When thro' Arabian Groves they take their Flight,
Made wanton with rich Odours, lose their Spight. Dryd.

W I N D S O R.

Windfor the next, where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with Strength, above the Valley swells,
With such an easy and unforc'd Ascent,
That no stupendous Precipice denies
Access, no Horror turns away our Eyes:
But such a Rise, as does at once invite
A Pleasure, and a Rev'rence from the Sight.
Thy mighty Master's Emblem, in whose Face
Sate Meekness, heighten'd with majestick Grace:
Such seems thy gentle Height, made only proud
To be the Basis of that pompous Load,
Than which a nobler Weight no Mountain bears,
Save Atlas only, which supports the Spheres. Denh.

W I N E.

Assist almighty Wine; for thou alone hast Pow'r,
Assist, while with just Praise I thee adore.

T t 2

Thou

Thou art the World's great Soul, that heav'nly Fire,
 Which do'st our dull half-kindled Mass inspire.
 We nothing gallant, and above our selves produce,
 'Till thou do'st finish Man, and reinfuse:
 Thou art the only Source of all the World calls great;
 Thou did'st the Poets first, and they the Gods, create:
 To thee their Rage, their Heat, their Flame they owe;
 Thou must half share with Art and Nature too:
 They owe their Glory and Renown to thee;
 Thou giv'st their Verse and them Eternity.
 Great Alexander, that big'st Word of Fame,
 That fills her Throat, and almost rends it too;
 Whose Valour found the World too strait a Stage
 For his wide Victories, and boundless Rage,
 Got not Repute by War alone, but thee:
 He knew, he ne'er could conquer by Sobriety,
 And drank, as well as fought, for universal Monarchy. Oldh.
 Come fill it up, and fill it high;
 The barren Earth is always dry:
 But, well steep'd in kindly Show'rs,
 It laughs in Dew, and smiles in Flow'rs:
 The gen'rous Gods did sure design,
 By the immortal Gift of Wine,
 To drown our Sighs, and ease our Care,
 And make's content to revel here:
 To revel and to reign in Love,
 And be throughout like those above. ———

Wine magnifies the Heart, and makes the Spirits dance;
 It drowns all Thoughts, adulterate and sad; (Italian.
 Inspires the Prophet, makes the Poet glad. D'Aven. Just.

——— In Wine
 The Paphian Goddess still her Ambush lays;
 And Love betwixt the Horns of Bacchus plays:
 Desires increase at ev'ry swilling Draught;
 Brisk Vapours add new Vigour to the Thought:
 There Cupid's purple Wings no Flight afford;
 But, wet with Wine, he flutters on the Board:
 He shakes his Pinions; but he cannot move;
 Fix'd he remains, and turns a Maudlin Love:
 Wine warms the Blood, and makes the Spirits flow;
 Care flies; and Wrinkles from the Forehead go;
 Exalts the Poor; invigorates the Weak;
 Gives Mirth and Laughter, and a rosy Cheek:
 Bold Truths it speaks; and, spoken, dares maintain;
 And brings our old Simplicity again:
 Love sparkles in the Cup, and fills it high'r:
 Wine feeds the Flame, and Fuel adds to Fire. Dryd. Ovid. Such

Such Juice our Priests in golden Goblets pour
To Gods; the Givers of the chearful Hour;
Then when the bloated Thuscan blows his Horn,
And reeking Entrails are in Chargers born. Dryd. Virg.

——— This noble Juice (Virg.)
Will stamm'ring Tongues and stagg'ring Feet produce. Dr.

——— Beware the fummy Joys
Of Wine, attended with eternal Noise:
Wine urg'd to lawless Lust the Centaurs Train; (Virg.)
Thro' Wine they quarrel'd, and thro' Wine were slain. Dr.

W I N T E R.

The rising Winds urge the tempestuous Air,
And on their Wings deformed Winter bear. Dr. St. of Inn.
Since thy Retreat, O Sun, from our cold Isle,

She never wore one lovely Smile:

No Joy her wither'd Brow adorn'd;

In dark unlovely Days, and in long Nights she mourn'd:

The poor dejected Beasts hung down their Heads,

And trembled on their naked Beds;

No Footsteps of green Life remain,

But dying Fields and Woods, and a bare bleak Plain:

The drooping Birds were silent in the Groves,

They quite forgot their Songs and Loves:

Their feeble Mates sate sullen by; (die. —

We thought the feather'd World resolv'd their Kind should

At length, forsaken by the solar Rays,

See, drooping Nature sickens and decays,

While Winter all his snowy Stores displays;

In hoary Triumph unmolested reigns

O'er barren Hills, and bleak untrodden Plains;

Hardens the Glebe, the shady Grove deforms,

Fetters the Floods, and shakes the Air with Storms.

Now active Spirits are restrain'd with Cold,

And Prisons, cramp'd with Ice, the genial Captives hold:

The Meads, their flow'ry Pride no longer wear,

And Trees extend their naked Arms in Air:

The frozen Furrow, and the fallow Field,

Nor to the Spade, nor to the Harrow, yield. Blac.

From frozen Climes, and endless Tracts of Snow,

From Streams that Northern Winds forbid to flow,

What Present shall the Muse to Dorset bring;

Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?

All pleasing Objects, that to Verse invite,

The hoary Winter here conceals from Sight:

The Hills and Dales, und the delightful Woods,
 The flow'ry Plains, and silver streaming Floods,
 By Snow disguis'd, in bright Confusion lie;
 And with one dazling Waite fatigue the Eye.
 No gentle breathing Breeze prepares the Spring;
 No Birds within the desert Region sing;
 The Ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous Winds defie;
 While rattling Chariots o'er the Ocean fly:
 The vast Leviathan wants Room to play,
 And spout his Waters in the Face of Day.
 The starving Wolves along the main Sea prowl,
 And to the Moon in icy Valleys howl:
 For many a shining League the level Main
 Here spreads it self into a glassy Plain:
 There solid Billows of enormous Size,
 Alps of green Ice, in wild Disorder rise.
 And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
 The Winter in a lovely Dress appear;
 Ere yet the Clouds let fall the treasur'd Snow,
 Or Winds began thro' hazy Skies to blow:
 At Ev'ning a keen Eastern Breeze arose,
 And the descending Rain unsully'd froze.
 Soon as the silent Shades of Night withdrew,
 The ruddy Morn disclos'd at once to View
 The Face of Nature in a rich Disguise,
 And brighten'd ev'ry Object to my Eyes.
 For ev'ry Shrub, and ev'ry Blade of Grass,
 And ev'ry pointed Thorn, seem'd wrought in Glass:
 In Pearls and Rubies rich the Hawthorns show,
 While thro' the Ice the crimson Berries glow:
 The thick sprung Reeds, the war'ry Marshes yield,
 Seem polish'd Lances in a hostile Field:
 The Stag in limpid Currents with Surprise
 Sees cristall Branches on his Forehead rise.
 The spreading Oak, the Beech, and tow'ring Pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing Æther shine:
 The frighted Birds the rattling Branches shun,
 That move and glitter in the distant Sun.
 When if a sudden Gust of Wind arise,
 The brittle Forest into Atomes flies:
 The crackling Wood beneath the Tempest bends,
 And in a spangled Show'r the Prospect ends.
 Or if a Southern Gale the Region warm,
 And by degrees unbind the wint'ry Charm;
 The Traveller a miry Countrey sees,
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping Trees.

Like

Like some deluded Peasant, Merlin leads
 Thro' fragrant Bow'rs, and thro' delicious Meads;
 While here enchanted Gardens to him rise,
 And airy Fabricks there attract his Eyes;
 His wand'ring Feet the magick Paths pursue;
 And while he thinks the fair Illusion true,
 The trackless Scenes disperse in fluid Air,
 And Woods and Wilds, and thorny Ways, appear:
 A tedious Road the weary Wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient Vision mourns. Phil.

W I S H.

Wishes, like painted Landships, best delight,
 Whilst Distance recommends them to the Sight:
 Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear,
 But, shew their coarse and nauseous Colours, near. Yald.

Our restless Wishes cannot be confin'd;
 Like boist'rous Waves, no settled Bounds they know,
 Fix at no Point, but always ebb or flow. Yald.

For Wishes often are extravagant,
 They are not bounded with Things possible:
 Desire's the vast Extent of human Mind:
 It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind. Dr. Auren.
 With how much Ease believe we what we wish! Dryd.

(All for Love.

Where Hope is wanting, Wishes are in vain. Dryd. Ovid.
 And multiplying Wishes is a Curse,
 That keeps the Mind still painfully awake. Dryd. Sec. Love.

Against our Peace we arm our Will;
 Amidst our Plenty something still,
 For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Painting,
 To thee, to me, to him, is wanting:
 That cruel Something, unpossess'd,
 Corrodes and leavens all the rest:
 That Something if we could obtain,
 Would soon create a future Pain. Prior.

W I T.

'Tis not a Flash of Fausy, which, sometimes
 Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes;
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done:
 True Wit is everlasting as the Sun:
 Who, tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd. Normanby.

And Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art. —

In Wit, as Nature, what affects the Hearts,
Is not th' Exactness of peculiar Parts:
'Tis not a Lip, or Eye, we Beauty call,
But one joint Force and full Result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd Dome,
The World's just Wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome,
No single Parts unequally surprize;
All comes united to th'admiring Eyes:
No monstrous Height, no Breadth, or Length, appear:
The Whole at once is bold and regular. Pope.

Wit, like Religion, once divine was thought,
And the dull Crowd believ'd as they were taught:
Now each fanatick Fool presumes t' explain
The Text, and does the sacred Writ prophane. Scrope.

Thus Wit, like Faith, by each Man is apply'd
To one small Sect, and all are damn'd beside:
Meanly they seek the Blessing to confine;
And force that Sun but on a Part to shine;
Which not alone the Southern Wit sublimes,
But ripens Spirits in cold Northern Climes:
Which from the first has shone on Ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel Encreases and Decays,
And see now clearer and now darker Days.

Regard not then if Wit be old or new;
But blame the false, and value still the true. Pope.

Once School-Divines this zealous Isle o'erspread;
Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read:
Faith, Gospel, All, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had Sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and Thomists, now, in Peace remain,
Amidst their Kindred Cobwebs in Duck-Lane:
If Faith it self has diff'rent Dresses worn,
What Wonder Modes in Wit should take their Turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current Folly proves our ready Wit:
And Authors think their Reputation safe,
Which lives as long as Fools are pleas'd to laugh. Pope.

Too much does Wit from Ign'rance undergo:
Ah! let not Learning too commence its Foe:
Of old, those met Rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd as but endeavour'd well:
Tho' Triumphs were to Gen'als only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the Soldiers too.

Now,

Now, they, who reach Parnassus' lofty Crown;
Employ their Pains to spurn some others down:
And, while Self-Love each jealous Writer rules,
Contending Wits become the Sport of Fools.
But still the Worst with most Regret commend;
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend. Pope.

True Wit is Nature to Advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd:
Something, whose Truth convinc'd at Sight we find,
That gives us back the Image of our Mind:
As Shades more sweetly recommend the Light,
So modest Plainness sets off sprightly Wit:
For Works may have more Wit than does them good;
As Bodies perish thro' Excess of Blood. Pope.

In Search of Wisdom far from Wit I fly:
Wit is a Harlot, beauteous to the Eye;
In whose bewitching Arms our early Time
We waste, and Vigour of our youthful Prime:
But, when Reflection comes with riper Years;
And Manhood with a thoughtful Brow appears;
We cast the Mistress off, to take a Wife;
And, wed to Wisdom, lead a happy Life. —

Nature this Comfort has to none deny'd, (Love..
That all are Wits and Beauties to themselves. Lansd. Her..

Wit lives by Beauty: Beauty reigns by Wit. Dryd. 2

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken Things,
Attunes not for the Envy which it brings:
In Youth alone its empty Praise we boast;
But soon the short-liv'd Vanity is lost:
Like some fair Flow'r, that in the Spring does rise,
And gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which does our Cares employ?
The Owner's Wife, that other Men enjoy:
'Tis most our Trouble, when 'tis most admir'd,
The more we give, the more is still requir'd:
The Fame with Pains we gain, but lose with Ease;
Sure some to vex; but never all to please:
'Tis what the Vicious fear, the Virtuous shun;
By Fools 'tis hated, and by Knaves undone. Pope.

W I T C H

—— Mycale was known

Down from her Sphere to draw the lab'ring Moon. Dr. Ovid.

She was a Witch, and one so strong,
She would controul the Moon, make Ebbs and Flows;
And deal in her Command without her Pow'r. Dryd. Temp.
T. 3. She:

She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The Thoughts of People. ——— Shak. Othello.

——— These Midnight Hags,
By Force of potent Spells, of bloody Characters,
And Conjurations horrible to hear,
Call Fiends and Spectres from the yawning Deep,
And set the Ministers of Hell at work. Rowe. J. Shore.

Meeris himself these Herbs from Pontus brought;
Pontus, for ev'ry noble Poison sought:

Aided by these, he now a Wolf becomes;
Now draws the Bury'd, stalking from their Tombs:

By these transports the Corn from Field to Field.

Such is the Force of Charms! ——— Staff. Virg.

We'll mutter sacred Magick, 'till it warms
My icy Swain: 'tis Verse we want and Charms:

By Charms compell'd, the trembling Moon descends:

And Circe chang'd by Charms Ulysses' Friends:

By Charms the Serpent burst. ——— Staff. Virg.

Thus Lapland Saints, when they on Broomsticks fly,
By Help of magick Unctions mount the Sky. Old.

'Tis said, the Scythian Wives, believe who will,

Transform themselves to Birds by magick Skill:

Smea'd over with an Oil of wond'rous Might,

That adds new Pinions to their airy Flight. Dryd. Ovid,

So Witches hide in Clouds their hideous Forms,

Lay Plots in Whirlwinds, and cabal in Storms. Trapp.

Oftimes, to win us to our Harms,

These Instruments of Darkness tell us Truths;

Win us with honest Trifles to betray us

On deepest Consequence. ——— Shak. Macb.

WITNESSES.

Is not the Winding up Witnesses

A Nicking more than half the Business?

For Witnesses, like Watches, go,

Just as they're set, too fast or slow;

And when in Conscience they're strait lac'd,

'Tis ten to one that Side is cast. Hud.

And you can want no Witnesses

To swear to any Thing you please,

That hardly get their meer Expences

By th' Labour of their Consciences,

Or letting out to Hire their Ears

To Affidavit Customers:

They expose to sail all Sorts of Oaths,

According to their Ears and Cloaths,

Their only necessary Tools,
 Besides the Gospel and their Souls. Hud.
 And you may swear at any Rate
 Things not in Nature for the State :
 For in all Courts of Justice here
 A Witness is not said to swear;
 But make Oath, that is, in plain Terms,
 To forge whatever he affirms. Hud.

W O L F.

So hungry Wolves, tho' greedy of their Prey,
 Stop, when they find a Lion in their Way. Wall.

So runs a Wolf, smear'd with some Shepherd's Blood;
 And strives to gain the Shelter of a Wood,
 Before the Darts his panting Side assail,
 And claps between his Legs his shiv'ring Tail,
 Conscious of the audacious bloody Deed. Staff. Virg.

As when by Night, expos'd to Wind and Rain,
 A hungry Wolf invades a Fold in vain,
 And grins for Anger : while the tender Lambs
 Securely lie beneath their bleating Dams :
 His yawning Stomach gnaws for want of Food :
 He yearns to drench his famish'd Jaws in Blood. Land. Virg.

So Wolves, the faithful Mastiffs gone, grow bold,
 And fiercely leap into th' unguarded Fold :
 The trembling Flock they seize with eager Claws,
 And tear their mangled Limbs with rav'ning Jaws :
 'Till they stand panting with th' uneasy Load, (P. Arth.
 O'erclay'd with Carnage, and oppress'd with Blood. Blac.

So when fierce Wolves have seiz'd a panting Deer,
 But newly wounded by the Huntsman's Spear;
 With reeking Blood they feast their hungry Jaws ; (Arth.
 And the warm Entrails pant beneath their Paws. Blac. K.

W O M A N.

Woman's a various and a changeful Thing. Dr. Virg.

Who can describe

Women's Hypocrisies, their subtle Wiles,
 Betraying Smiles, feign'd Tears, Inconstancies,
 Their painted Outsides, and corrupted Minds,
 The Sum of all their Follies, and their Falsehoods? Or. Orph.

What Faith can be in Woman?

The very Fragments of the whole Creation,
 Whose sever'd Souls, like many parted Mirrours,

Reflect

Reflect the Face of all Mankind at once :
 Who, with their weeping Smiles and laughing Tears,
 Were they allow'd a Heav'n, as sure they are not,
 Would tempt the Angels to a second Fall. Lee. Mass. of Par.

————— O Woman! Woman!

Dear, damn'd, inconstant Sex! ——— Dryd. All for Love.

Man scarce had seen the first resplendent Light,
 Ere Woman brought forth everlasting Night:

Damn'd Pride invited her at first to sin;

Ambition then the Devil usher'd in:

Those for ten thousand more have Inlets made,

And now she's Mistress of the Devil's Trade!

She'll tempt, lie, cozen, swear, betray, and cheat;

Hell's blackest Arts ten thousand times repeat:

Nor Laws, nor Goodness could her Thoughts deter,

And Satan was forestal'd in seeing her:

Such is the Rage of her infected Mind,

She damns the Race and Stock of poor Mankind. Roch.

For since the Conquest Satan made on Eve,

'T has been the Sexes Bus'ness to deceive. South. Disap.

————— I've made

A Study of the Sex, and found it frail:

The black, the brown, the fair, the old, the young,

Are earthly-minded all: There's not a She,

The coldest Constitution of her Sex,

Nay, at the Altar, telling o'er her Beads,

But some one rises on her heav'nly Thoughts,

That drives her down the Wind of strong Desire,

And makes her taste Mortality again. South. Disap.

How poor a Thing is he, how worthy Scorn,

Who leaves the Guidance of imperial Manhood,

To such a pantry Piece of Stuff as this is!

A Mopet made of Prettiness and Pride;

That oft'ner does her giddy Fancies change,

Than glitt'ring Dew-drops in the Sun do Colours:

Now Shame upon it; was our Reason giv'n

For such a Use, to be thus puff'd about,

Like a dry Leaf, an idle Straw, a Feather,

The Sport of ev'ry whistling Wind that blows?

Beshrew my Heart, but it is wond'rous strange:

Sure there is something more than Witchcraft in them,

That masters ev'n the wisest of us all. Rowe. J. Shore.

————— O Woman, Woman!

Whence comes your Empire o'er us? Sure we at first

Were meant the Masters; but by some strange Turn,

Some most prodigious Whirl of unfix'd Fate,

The subtle Sex has chang'd the Laws of Heav'n:

Heav'n,

Heav'n, when it made them, meant them to obey,
 Design'd them Slaves, who now have learnt to sway;
 To them the Heros of the Earth fall down,
 Pleas'd when they smile; but dying if they frown:
 To them we offer up our frequent Pray'rs:
 They move above our Heads in higher Spheres,
 And the large Rule of all the World is theirs. Hopk. Ov. }
 O Sex for Subtlety and Mischief fram'd! Sm. P. of Parma.

——— O Woman! Woman!

What can I call thee more? if less, 'twere Devil!
 Sure thine's a Race was never got by Adam,
 But Eve play'd false, engend'ring with the Serpent;
 Her own Part worse than his. ——— Dryd. Duke of Guise.

Who trusts his Heart with Woman's surely lost:
 You were made fair on purpose to undo us;
 Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring Bait,
 And ne'er distrust the Poison that it hides. Otw. Orph.

For Women have fantastick Constitutions,
 Inconstant as their Wishes, ever wavering,
 And never fix'd. ——— Otw. Ven. Pref.

Their Humours are not to be won;
 But when they are impos'd upon:
 For Love approves of all they do,
 Who stand for Candidates and woo. Hud.

——— Nature made

Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair. Dryd. Temp.

Pity so fair a Frame so foul was made. Dr. State of Inn.

Shun them, Massina, as thou would'st thy Fate;
 As things which by Antipathy we hate:
 Not all the Horror of a bloody War,
 Not Lions, Tigers, such hid Fury bear:
 They are all Grief, when they appear all Joy;
 Like Lightning, while they glitter, they destroy. Lee. Soph.

Mankind from Adam have been Woman's Fools:

Women from Eve have been the Devil's Tools:

Heav'n might have spar'd one Torment when we fell;

Not left us Woman, or not threaten'd Hell. Lanfd. She Gal.

Our Serpents, tho' new-born, are pois'nous still;

And Women, ne'er so young, have Craft and Guile. Sedl.

(Ant. & Cleop.

Thou hast in Camps and fighting Fields been bred,

Unknowing in the Subtleties of Women:

It is the constant Couz'nage of their Sex,

One of the common Arts they practise on us,

To sigh and weep, then when their Hearts beat high

With Expectation of the coming Joy. Rowe. Fair Pen.

Prophet, take Notice I disclaim thy Paradise;

Thy

Thy fragrant Bow'rs, and everlasting Shades :
Thou hast plac'd Woman there, and all thy Joys are tainted.
(Rowe, Tamer) Spoken by Bajazer.

And yet this tough, impracticable Heart
Is govern'd by a dainty finger'd Girl :
Such Flaws are found in the most worthy Natures ;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whim'ring She
Shall make him amble on a Gossip's Message,
And take the Distaff with a Hand as patient.
As e'er did Hercules. — Rowe. J. Shore.

Who to a Woman trusts his Peace of Mind,
Trusts a frail Bark with a tempestuous Wind :
Of all the Plagues with which the World is curst,
Of ev'ry Ill a Woman is the worst :
Trust not a Woman. —

Enticing Crocodiles, whose Tears are Death ;
Sirens, that murder with enchanting Breath ;
Like Egypts Temples, dazzling to the Sight,
Pompously deck'd, all gawdy, gay, and bright,
With glitt'ring Gold, and sparkling Gems they shine ;
But Apes and Monkeys are the Gods within. Lanf.Br.Ench.

What lasting Pleasures can from Woman spring ?
Woman, that various and that changeful Thing !
Fleeting and anxious are the Joys we gain ;
But strong and lasting, as the Cause, the Pain :
All show themselves, only by Show they're won ;
And, to their Ruin, Truth they're sure to shun,
And hug Deceit, by which they are undone. Brown. }

The Bard, who charm'd the Shades, made Furies weep,
And lull'd the Damn'd, amidst their Pains, to Sleep ;
Who Panthers could reclaim, or Beasts more fell,
Could not the Rage of furious Woman quell :
Her wilder Heart no Pow'r of Sound could tame,
While the Creation melted with his Flame. Hig.Gen.Conq.

—— — The Brave
Should scorn the Snares of that deluding Sex ;
Nor sacrifice, to such a Toy as Woman,
Their Interest, their Happiness and Fame :
With Women always they most Favour find,
Who have the least of Merit. — Hig. Gen. Conq;

For Women, with a Mischief to their Kind,
Pervert with bad Advice, our better Mind ;
A Woman's Counsel brought us first to Woe,
And made her Man his Paradise forego ;
Where at Heart's Ease he liv'd, and might have been
As free from Sorrow, as he was from Sin :
For, what the Devil had their Sex to do,

That,

That, born to Folly, they presum'd to know,
 And could not see the Serpent in the Grass?
 But I my self presume, and let it pass.
 Silence in Times of Suffering is the best:
 'Tis dang'rous to disturb a Hornet's Nest.
 In other Authors you may find enough;
 But all they say of Dames is idle Stuff;
 Legends of lying Wits, together bound;
 The Wife of Bath would throw them to the Ground:
 These are the Words of Chanticleer, not mine;
 I honour Dames; and think their Sex divine. Dr. Chauc.
 (The Cock and the Fox.

Hear this, Prophaners of the Sex divine,
 Who fanfy, Women without Souls were born;
 And call the Glory of the whole Creation,
 A dazzling Clay, a Lump of shining Earth,
 Excluded from the Prospect of Futurities;
 Or Idols of a Day, who die for ever,
 And to their Nothing, with the Brutes return.

Women

Were form'd to bless, and stamp Perfection on us.
 Man was, at first, a rude, unpolish Mass,
 'Till Nature fram'd that charming Creature, Woman:
 All kind and soft, all tender and divine,
 To mend our Faults, to mould us into Virtue;
 And, by the Sweets of her refining Goodness,
 Prepare our Taste for never-ending Joys. Smith.P. of Parm.

Woman is soft, and of a tender Heart;
 Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart:
 Man has a Breast robust, and more secure;
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure. Cong. Ovid.

Curst Vassalage of Womankind!
 First idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fit be o'er;
 Then Slaves to those, who courted us before. Dr. St. of Inn.

How fierce a Friend is Passion! with what Wildness,
 What Tyranny untam'd it reigns in Woman!
 Unhappy Sex, whose yielding easy Temper
 Gives way to ev'ry Appetite alike;
 Each Gust of Inclination, uncontroll'd,
 Sweeps thro' their Souls, and sets them in an Up roar:
 Each Motion of the Heart rises to Fury;
 And Love in their weak Bosoms is a Rage,
 As terrible as Hate, and as destructive:
 So the Wind roars o'er the wide senseless Ocean,
 And heaves the Billows of the boiling Deep;
 Alike from North, from South, from East and West,
 With equal Force the Tempest blows by Turns,

From

From ev'ry Corner of the Seaman's Compass. Rowe. J. Sho.

When Love once pleads Admission to our Hearts,
In spite of all the Virtue we can boast,
The Woman, that deliberates, is lost. Add. Cato.

Mark, by what partial Justice we are judg'd :

Such is the Fate unhappy Women find ;

And such the Curse intail'd upon our Kind ;

That Man, the lawless Libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd, thro' the Wilds of Love :

While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,

If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule ;

If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny Way,

And in the swifter Charms of Pleasure stray ;

Ruin ensues ; Reproach and endless Shame,

And one false Step intirely damns her Fame :

In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore ;

In vain look back to what she was before ;

She sets, like Stars that fall, to rise no more. Rowe. J. Sho. }

He knew the stormy Souls of Womankind :

What secret Springs their eager Passions move,

How capable of Death for injur'd Love. Dryd. Virg.

What will not Women do, when Need inspires

Their Wit ; or Love their Inclination fires ! Dryd. Bocc.
(Sig. & Guift.

For to a Woman of her Hopes beguil'd,

A Viper, trod on, or an Aspick's mild. Beaum. Span. Cur.

Too much your Sex is by set Forms confin'd,

Severe to all, but most to Womankind :

Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your Guide,

Your Pleasure is a Vice, but not your Pride :

By Nature yielding, stubborn but for Fame ;

Made Slaves by Honour, and made Fools by Shame :

Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,

But sets up one, a greater, in their Place :

Well might you wish for Change, by those accurst,

But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst :

Still in Constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,

Or bound in formal, or in real, Chains :

Whole Years neglected, for some Months ador'd,

The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord :

Ah ! Quit not the free Innocence of Life ;

For the dull Glory of a virtuous Wife ;

Nor let false Shows, or empty Titles please ;

Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease. Pope.

The wittiest Men are all but Womens Tools,

'Tis our Prerogative to make them Fools :

For

For one sweet Look, the Rich, the Beaux, the Braves,
 And all Mankind, run headlong to be Slaves :
 Ours is the Harvest, which those Indians mow ;
 They plough the Deep, but we reap what they sow. Dryd.
 (Love Triumph.)

Womankind more Joy discovers,
 Making Fools, than keeping Lovers. Roch.

——— Inspire me, Woman!

That, what my Soul desires above the World,
 May seem impos'd and forc'd on my Affection. Lee.Theod.

These Women are such cunning Purveyors !
 Mark, where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,
 The same Resemblance in a younger Lover,
 Lies brooding in their Fancies the same Pleasures,
 And urges their Remembrance to Desire. Dryd. OEdip.

Tho' Hearts for Hearts uncertainly prevail,
 Riches and Pow'r are Baits that never fail :
 He makes most Progress in a Woman's Breast,
 Who proffers highest, not who loves her best. Lansd. H. Love.

So many Shapes have Women for Deceit, (of Ven.
 That ev'ry Man's a Fool, when we think fit. Lansd. Jew

Women are like Tricks by slight of Hand,
 Which to admire we should not understand. Con.L. for Lo.

The Question, whose Solution I require,
 Is, what the Sex of Women most desire :

One was for Wealth, another was for Place ;
 Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better Face :

The Widow's Wish was oftentimes to wed ;
 The wanton Maids were all for Sport a-bed :

Some said, the Sex were pleas'd with handsome Lies ;
 And some gross Flatt'ry lov'd without Disguise :

Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win,
 Who flatters well : for that's our darling Sin :

But long Attendance, and a duteous Mind,
 Will work ev'n with the wisest of the Kind.

One thought the Sexes prime Felicity
 Was from the Bonds of Wedlock to be free ;

Their Pleasures, Hours, and Actions, all their own,
 And, uncontroul'd, to give Account to none.

And some Men say, that great Delight have we,
 To be for Truth extol'd, and Secretly ;

And constant to one Purpose still to dwell ;
 And not our Husband's Counsel to reveal :

But that's a Fable : for our Sex is frail,
 Inventing, rather than not tell, a Tale :

Like leaky Sieves, no Secret we can hold.

What

What all your Sex desire is Sovereignty.
 The Wife affects her Husband to command :
 All must be hers ; both Money, House and Land :
 The Maids are Mistresses ev'n in their Name ;
 And of their Servants full Dominion claim.
 A blunt plain Truth the Sex aspires to sway ;
 You, to rule all ; while we, like Slaves, obey. Dr. Chauc.
 (The Wife of Bath's Tale.

W O O D S T O C K .

From Fields of Death to Woodstock's peaceful Glooms,
 The Poets Haunt, Britannia's Hero comes :
 Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the String :
 Here Henry lov'd, and Chaucer learn'd to sing.
 Hail fabled Grotto ! Hail Elysian Soil :
 Thou fairest Spot of fair Britannia's Isle !
 Where Kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the Throne ;
 And Beauty was content to shine unknown :
 Where Love and War by Turns Pavilions rear,
 And Henry's Bow's near Blenheim's Dome appear :
 The weary'd Champion lull in soft Alcoves ;
 The noblest Boast of thy Romantick Groves :
 Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen
 By Rosamunda, fleeting o'er the Green ;
 In Dreams be hail'd by Heroe's mighty Shades ;
 Or hear old Chaucer warble thro' the Glades ;
 O'er the fam'd echoing Vaults his Name shall bound,
 And Hill to Hill reflect the fav'rite Sound.
 Here, here at least thy Love for Arms give o'er,
 Nor, one World conquer'd, fondly wish for more :
 Vice of great Souls alone, O Thirst of Fame !
 The Muse admires it, while she strives to blame :
 Thy Toils be now to chace the bounding Deer ;
 Or view the Coursers stretch in wild Career :
 This lovely Scene shall sooth thy Soul to Rest.
 And wear each dreadful Image from thy Breast :
 No Cares henceforth shall thy Repose destroy ;
 But, what thou giv'st the World, thy self enjoy.
 When Strangers from far distant Climes shall come,
 To view the Pomp of this triumphant Dome ;
 Where, rear'd aloft, dissembled Trophies stand,
 And breathing Labours of the Sculptor's Hand ;
 Where Kneller's Art shall paint the flying Gaul,
 And Bourbon's Woes shall fill the story'd Wall ;
 Heirs of thy Blood shall, o'er their bounteous Board,
 Fix Europe's Guard, thy monumental Sword ;

Banners, that oft have wav'd on conquer'd Walls;
 And Trumps, that drown'd the Groans of gasping Gauls:
 Of Churchill's Race perhaps some lovely Boy
 Shall mark the burnish'd Steel that hangs on high;
 Shall gaze, transported, on its glitt'ring Charms,
 And reach it struggling with unequal Arms:
 By Signs the Drum's tumultuous Sound request;
 Then seek, in Starts, the hushing Mother's Breast.
 So, in the Painter's animated Frame,
 Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian Dame;
 The little Loves in Sport his Fauchion wield;
 Or join their Strength to heave his pond'rous Shield:
 One strokes the Plume in Tityus' Gore imbru'd;
 And one the Spear, that reeks with Typhon's Blood:
 Another's Infant-Brows the Helm sustain:
 He nods his Crest, and frights the shrieking Train. Tickell.

W O O I N G.

I am unpractis'd in the Art of Courtship,
 And know not how to deal Love out with Art:
 Onsets in Love seem best, like those in War,
 Fierce, resolute, and done with all the Force;
 So I would open my whole Heart at once,
 And pour out the Abundance of my Soul. Orw. Orph.
 O Beauteous Maid! — — —
 O thou, to whom my Vows were ever paid,
 And with such modest, chaste, and pure Affection,
 The coldest Nymph might read them without blushing.
 (Lec. OEdip.)

For you I'd quit my Crown, and stoop beneath
 The happy Bondage of an humble Wife:
 With thee I'd climb the steepy Ida's Summer,
 And in the scorching Heat, and chilly Dews,
 O'er Hills, o'er Vales, pursue the shaggy Lion,
 Careless of Danger, and of wasting Toil,
 Of pinching Hunger, and impatient Thirst,
 I'd find all Joys in thee. — Smith. Phæd. & Hip.
 Did you but know what 'tis to love like me;
 Without a Dawn of Bliss to dream all Day,
 To pass the Night in broken Sleeps away,
 Toss'd in the restless Tides of Hopes and Fears,
 With Eyes for ever running o'er with Tears;
 To leave my Couch, and fly to Beds of Flow'rs,
 To invoke the Stars, to curse the dragging Hours,
 To talk, like Madmen, to the Groves and Bow'rs:
 Could you know this, yet blame my tortur'd Love,

If

If thus it throws my Body at your Feet:

Oh! fly not hence: —

Vouchsafe but just to view me in Despair,

I ask not Love, but Pity from the Fair. Lee. P. of Cleve.

—— O let me kneel, and swear,

And on thy Hand seal my religious Vow:

Strait let the Breath of Gods blow me from Earth,

Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,

If I prefer thee not, O Athenais,

To all the Persian Greatness. —

—— I will do ev'ry Thing,

Which Athenais bids: If there be more

In Nature to convince her of my Love,

Whisper it, O some God, into my Ear;

And on her Breasts thus to her list'ning Soul

I'll breathe the Inspiration. — Lee. Theod.

O Athenais, what shall I do, or say,

To gain the Thing I wish? —

Thus to approach thee still, thus to behold thee! Lee. Theod.

And thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt raise thy Thought

To greatness next to Empire; shall be brought;

With solemn Pomp, to my paternal Seat,

Where Peace and Plenty on thy Word shall wait:

Musick and Song shall wake the Marriage-Day,

And, while the Priests accuse the Bride's Delay,

Myrtles and Roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy ev'ning Feasts adorn,

And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy Morn:

Succeeding Years their happy Race shall run;

And Age, unheeded by Delight, come on:

While yet superiour Love shall mock his Pow'r,

And when old Time shall turn the fated Hour;

Which only can our well-ty'd Knot unfold,

What rests of both one Sepulchre should hold:

Hence then for ever from my Emma's Breast,

That Heav'n of Softness, and that Seat of Rest,

Ye Doubts and Fears, and all that knew to move

Tormenting Grief, and all that trouble Love;

Scatter'd by Winds recede, and wild in Forests rove. Prior.

Friendship's great Laws, and Love's superiour Pow'r,

Must mark the Colour of my future Hour:

From the Events which thy Commands create,

I must my Blessings or my Sorrows date,

And Henry's Will must dictate Emma's Fate.

Yet while with close Delight and inward Pride,

Which from the World my careful Soul shall hide,

I see thee, Lord and End of my Desire,
 Exalted high as Virtue can require ;
 With Pow'r invested, and with Pleasure chear'd,
 Sought by the Good, and by th' Oppressour fear'd ;
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent Store,
 Which human Vows at smoking Shrines implore ;
 Grateful and humble grant me to employ
 My Life, subservient only to thy Joy ;
 And at my Death to blest thy Kindness shewn
 To her, who of Mankind, could love but thee alone. Prior.

— — — — — O Armida,

Why wert thou form'd so exquisitely fair,
 The Angel stamp'd upon that beauteous Face,
 Without a Mind proportion'd to thy Form ?
 Bright as a Star, why wilt thou not pour down
 Propitious Influence to preserve Mankind ?
 But, like a Comet, with portentous Blaze
 Of threat'ning Beauty shine ; and, arm'd with Fate,
 Prefage Destruction ; and the Fall of Kings ? Hig.Gen.Con.

— — — — — O I will woo thee

With Sighs so moving, with so warm a Transport,
 That thou shalt catch the gentle Flame from me,
 And kindle into Joy. — Rowe. Fair Pen.

O I behold thee as my Pledge of Happiness,
 And know none fair, none excellent beside thee :
 I still will love thee with unwear'd Constancy,
 Thro' ev'ry Season, ev'ry Change of Life ; (Pen.
 Thro' wrinkled Age, thro' Sicknefs and Misfortune. Ro.Fa.

Can I behold thee, and not speak of Love ?
 Ev'n now, thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
 Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
 Thy Softness steals upon my yielding Senses,
 Till my Soul faints, and sickens with Desire :
 How canst thou give this Motion to my Heart,
 And bid my Tongue be still ? — Rowe. J. Shore.

To thee my secret Soul more lowly bends,
 Than Forms of outward Worship can express. Rowe. Tam.

If it were possible my Heart could stray,
 One Look from thee would call it back again,
 And fix the Wanderer for ever thine. Rowe. Tamerl.

My fond Eyes gaze with Joy and Rapture on thee ;
 Angels and Light it self are not so fair. Rowe. Tamerl.

Which Way, Lucina, hope you to escape
 The Censure both of tyrannous and proud,
 While your Admirers languish by your Eyes,
 And at your Feet an Emperor despairs :
 Gods ! Why was I mark'd out of all your Brood

To

To suffer tamely under mortal Hate?
 Is it not I that do protect your Shrines?
 Am Author of your Sacrifice and Pray'rs?
 Forc'd by whose great Commands the knowing World
 Submits to own your Beings and your Pow'r;
 And must I feel the Torments of Neglect,
 Betray'd by Love to be the Slave of Scorn?
 But 'tis not you, poor harmless Deities,
 That can make Valentinian sigh and mourn:
 Alas! all Power is in Lucina's Eyes!

How soon could I shake off this heavy Earth,
 Which makes me little lower than your selves,
 And sit in Heav'n an Equal with the first!
 But Love bids me pursue a nobler Aim,
 Continue mortal, and Lucina's Slave,
 From whose fair Eyes, would Pity take my Part,
 And bend her Will to save a bleeding Heart,
 I in her Arms such Blessings should obtain,
 For which th'unenvy'd Gods might wish in vain.

Let me, from tedious Toils of Empire free,
 The servile Pride of Government despise;
 Find Peace, and Joy, and Love, and Heav'n in thee,
 And seek for all my Glory in these Eyes. Roch. Valent.

You, like the Sun, great Sir, are plac'd above,
 I, a low Myrtle in the humble Vale,
 May flourish by your distant Influence:
 But should you bend your Glories nearer me,
 Such fatal Favour withers me to Dust:
 Or I in foolish Gratitude aspire

To kiss your Feet, by whom I live and grow,
 To such a Height, I should in vain aspire,
 Who am already rooted here below:
 Fixt in my Maximus's Breast I lie;

Torn from that Bed, like gather'd Flow'rs, I die.

Cease to oppress me with ten thousand Charms;

There needs no Succour to prevailing Arms:

Your Beauty had subdu'd my Heart before,

Such Virtue could alone enslave me more.

I burn, Lucina, like a Field of Corn,

By flowing Streams of kindled Flames o'erborn,

When North Winds drive the Torrent with a Storm.

Those Fires into my Bosom you have thrown,

And must in Pity quench them in your own. Roch. Valent.

—— I'm fill'd with such Amaze,

So far transported with Desire and Love,

My slipp'ry Soul flows to you while I speak. Roch. Valent.

O I could talk to you for ever: thus

Eternally admiring, fix, and gaze

On

On those dear Eyes, for ev'ry Glance they send,
Dart thro' my Soul, and almost gives Enjoyment. Ot. Orph.

My Care shall be to pay Devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
And raise Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph now are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore:

For, ling'ring there, in long Suspense she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands:

Unus'd to wait, I broke thro' her Delay;
Fix'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day:

Now late I find, that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court:

Fickle in Fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled Sway in Zara's Eyes. Cong. M. Bride.

Exquisite Charmer! Now by Orosmales
I swear, thy each soft Accent melts my Soul:

The Joy of Conquest, and immortal Triumph,
Honour and Greatness, all that fires the Hero

To high Exploits and everlasting Fame,
Grows vile in Sight of thee. My haughty Soul,

By Nature fierce, and panting after Glory,
Could be content to live obscure with thee,

Forgotten and unknown of all but my Amestris.

No, Son of Great Arfaces, tho' my Soul
Shares in my Sexes Weakness, and would fly

From Noise and Faction, and from fatal Greatness:
Yet for thy Sake, thou Idol of my Heart,

For thy lov'd Sake, spight of my boding Fears,
I'll meet the Danger which Ambition brings,

And tread one Path with thee. ———
Forbear to argue, with that Angel Face,

Against the Passion thou wert form'd to raise:
Alas! thy frozen Heart has only known

Love in Reverse, not tasted of its Joys;
The Wishes, soft Desires, and pleasing Pains,

That centre all in most ecstasick Bliss:
O lovely Maid, mispend no more that Treasure

Of Youth and Charms, which lavish Nature gives:
The Paphian Goddess frowns at thy Delay;

By her fair self, and by her Son, she swears,
Thy Beauties are devoted to her Service.

Now! now she shoots her Fires into my Breast,
She urges my Desires, and bids me seize thee,

And bear thee, as a Victim, to her Altar,
Then offer up ten thousand thousand Joys,

As an Amends for all thy former Coldness. Rowe. Am. Step.

To ev'ry Pow'r divine I will appeal,
 Nor shall thy Beauty bribe them to be partial;
 Their Altars now expect us. Come, fair Saint,
 And if thou wilt abide their righteous Doom,
 Their Justice must decree my Happiness,
 Reward my Suff'rings, and my Flame approve; Stepm.
 For they themselves have felt the Pow'r of Love. Row. Amb.

I am all Love, and thou all over Charms,
 Thou hast no Equal: a superiour Ray,
 Unrival'd as the Light that rules the Day. Lanfd. Br. Ench.
 I have a Kind of Self resides in you. Dr. Troil. & Cref.

— Thou art the Blood of Heav'n,
 The kindest Influence of the teeming Stars;
 A God thy Father was, a Goddess was his Wife;
 The Wood-Nymphs found thee on a Bed of Roses,
 Lapt in the Sweets and Beauties of the Spring;
 Diana foster'd thee with Nectar Dews,
 Thus tender, blooming, chaste, she gave me thee,
 To build a Temple sacred to her Name. Lee. L. J. Brut.

Know then, Eudofia! Ah! rather let me call thee
 By the lov'd Name of Athenais still:
 That Name, which I so often have invok'd!
 And which was once auspicious to my Vows:
 So oft at Midnight sigh'd among the Groves!
 The River's Murmur, and the Echo's Burthen,
 Which ev'ry Bird could sing, and Wind did bear!
 By that dear Name I make this Protestation:
 By all that's good on Earth, or blest in Heav'n,
 I swear I love thee more, far more than ever. Lee. Theod.

O how, Semanthe, how shall I convince thee?
 What shall I say, or how shall I protest,
 To conquer thy Belief? —
 Could'st thou discern the Workings of my Soul,
 Pass thro' this Bosom to my throbbing Heart;
 O, there thou would'st behold thy heav'nly Form
 Deep writ, and never to be raz'd away.
 Why dost thou take thy Beauties from my Eyes?
 Like the Sun-Flow'r, my folded Glories fade
 Perish and die unless thou shine upon me. South. Loy. Broth.

For what you are I'm fill'd with such Amaze,
 My slipp'ry Soul flows to you while I speak. Roch. Valent.
 Pleasure flows streaming from those lovely Eyes,
 And with its Sweetness overcomes my Soul. Den. Rin. & Ar.
 Why wert thou form'd with that surpassing Beauty,
 That might transport an Angel from his Sphere,
 And fix him by divine Resemblance here? Den. Rin. & Arm.

O,

O, were the World return'd to antient Chaos,
Thy Looks would force the warring Elements
Into a sacred Order, and beget
A Harmony like this they now enjoy. D'Aven. Albovine.

What Queens are those, of most celestial Form,
Whose Charms can drive thy Image from my Breast,
O, were they cast in Nature's fairest Mould,
Brighter than Cynthia's shining Train of Stars,
Kind as the softest She that ever clasp'd
Her Lover, when the bridal Night was past,
I swear, I would prefer thee, O Cleone,
With all thy Scorn and cold Indifference,
Would chuse to languish and to die for thee,
Much rather than be blest, and live for them. Rowe. Amb.

O, thou disturb'st me with such charming Pleasure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angel's View. Dr. D. of Guise.

What says my Fair? Drive Athenais from me!
Start me not into frenzy, lest I rail
At all Religion, and fall out with Heav'n:
And what is she, alas! that should supplant thee?
Were she the Mistress of the World, as fair
As Winter Stars, or Summer setting Suns,
And thou set by in Nature's plainest Dress,
With that chaste modest Look when first I saw thee,
The Heiress of a poor Philosopher;
I swear by all I wish, by all I love,
Glory and thee, I would not lose a Thought,
Nor cast an Eye that way, but rush to thee,
To these lov'd Arms, and lose my self for ever. Lee. Theod.

O stop not here! for ever bless my Ears
With the delightful Story of thy Love:
My Heart is ravish'd with Excess of Joy,
Leaps in my Breast, ———

And dances to the Musick of thy Voice:
O my Semanthe, let me die with Rapture;
Thus sigh my Soul out on thy Virgin Bosom,
Thus press thee still, for ever hold thee to me,
Emptying the hoarded Treasure of my Love,
Till Life be spent, and I fall pale before thee:

What shall I say to speak thy wond'rous Virtue?
My Tongue forsakes me when I would go on,
Uncapable to form my dazling Thoughts;
And I can only gaze, and still admire thee, Sou. Loy. Bro.

O speak again! The Breath that tells you love,
Approaches like the gentle Winds, that move
Over the Tops of fragrant Flow'rs, and bring
To the blest Sense their Souls upon the Wing. How. V. Virg.

O name not Love, the worst of all Misfortunes;
 The common Ruin of my easy Sex;
 Which I have sworn for ever to avoid,
 In Memory of all those hapless Maids, (Stepm.
 That Love has plung'd in unexampled Woes. Rowe. Amb.

—— O 'tis most true, that while
 I stand in view of thee, thy Eyes will wound me;
 Thy Tongue will make me wanton as thy Wishes,
 And, while I feel thy Hand, my Body glows. Lee. Alex.

—— All Words want Sense in Love:
 But Love and I bring such a perfect Passion,
 So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her Eyes,
 Which, without Blushing, she may justly prize. Lee. Alex.
 These Praises, breath'd from any Lips but yours,
 Lord of my Life, and Idol of my Love,
 Would make me sink with Shame, or scorn the Flatterer:
 But, as they come from you, from that lov'd Mouth,
 The tender Offsprings of your fond Desires,
 I take them all, and die upon the Sound:
 To the driv'n Air my flying Soul is fasten'd;
 Each Word, each Syllable you speak, is mine:
 Yes, I am fair! a Queen! a Goddess! any thing
 That my lov'd Lord is pleas'd to have me be! Lee. Mithr.

Where is my boasted Resolution now?
 Oh, yes! thou art the same: my Heart joins with thee,
 And, to betray me, will believe thee still:
 It dances to the Sounds that mov'd it first;
 And owns at once the Weakness of my Soul:
 So when some skilful Artist strikes the Strings,
 The magick Numbers rowze our sleeping Passions,
 And force us to confess our Grief and Pleasure. Rowe. Tam.

In vain all Arts a Love-sick Virgin tries,
 Affects to frown, and seems severely wise;
 In hopes to cheat the wary Lover's Eyes: }
 If the dear Youth her Pity strives to move,
 And pleads, with Tenderness, the Cause of Love,
 Nature asserts her Empire in her Heart,
 And kindly takes the faithful Lover's Part:
 By Love, her self, and Nature thus betray'd,
 No more she trusts in Pride's fantastick Aid, }
 But bids her Eyes confess the yielding Maid. Rowe. Tam.

—— Behold where gentle Altamont,
 Kind as the softest Virgin of our Sex,
 And faithful as the simple Village Swain,
 Sighs at your Feet, and woos you to be happy. Row. F. Pen.
 He sigh'd his Passion in such soft Complaints,
 Courted with such a winning Modesty,

Ev'n

Ev'n in his Silence eloquent: his Words
So artfully disordered, as might move
Vestals, devoted to a living Grave. Tate. Loy. Gen.

—— First, he began to look;
And then he sigh'd, and then he look'd again;
At length, he said my Eyes wounded his Heart:
And, after that, he talk'd of Flames and Fires;
And such strange Words, that I believe he conjur'd. Dryd.
(Mar. A-la-moder

—— Into these Ears of mine,
These cred'lous Ears, he pour'd the sweetest Words
That Art or Love could frame.—— Beaum. Maid. Trag.

—— I know that she deserves a Crown:
Yet 'tis to Reason much, tho' not to Love.—— Lec. Theod.

To fix her on a Throne, to me seems little:
Were I a God, yet wou'd I raise her higher:
But oh! I'm dar'd with this gigantick Honour.
Glory forbids her Prospect to a Crown,
Nor must she gaze that way: my haughty Soul,
That Day when she ascends the Throne of Cyrus,
Will leave my Body pale, and to the Stars
Retire in Blushes, lost! quite lost for ever!
But see, she comes! The Glory of my Arms!
The only Bus'ness of my instant Thought!
My Souls best Joy, and all my true Depose! Lec. Theod.

He answers not my Glances, stupid Man!
My tender Looks, my languishing Regards,
Are, like mis-aiming Arrows, lost in Air,
And miss the flying Prey.——

Perhaps he dares not think I would be lov'd:
Then must I make th' Advance? And making lose
The vast Prerogative our Sex enjoys
Of being courted first? Courtied! To what?

To our own Wishes: There's the Point; but still,
To speak our Wishes first! forbid it, Pride,
Forbid it, Modesty: True, they forbid it,
But Nature does not: When we are a-thirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay?
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay?
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on? Dryd. Cleom.

I would, but cannot speak;
The Shame, that shou'd to Woman-kind belong,
Flown from my Bosom, hovers on my Tongue. Dr. Cleom.

W O R D S.

Men ever had, and ever will have, Leave
To coin new Words, well suited to the Age:

Words are like Leaves; some wither ev'ry Year,
 And ev'ry Year a younger Race succeeds.
 And why shou'd Words challenge Eternity,
 When greatest Men, and greatest Actions die?
 Use may revive the obsoletest Words,
 And banish those that now are most in Vogue:
 Use is the Judge, the Law, and Rule of Speech. *Rosc. Hor.*
 Words, in one Language elegantly us'd,
 Will hardly in another be excus'd:

And some, that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's Time,
 May neither suit our Genius, nor our Clime. *Rosc.*

Some by old Words to Fame have made Pretence;
 Antients in Phrase; meer Moderns in their Sense:

Such labour'd Nothings, in so strange a Style,
 Amaze th' Unlearn'd, and make the Learned smile:

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play,
 These Sparks with awkward Vanity display

What the fine Gentleman wore yesterday;
 And but so mimick antient Wits at best,

As Apes our Grandfires, in their Doublers drest.

In Words, as Fashions, the same Rule will hold;

Alike fantastick, if too new, or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are try'd;

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. *Pope.*

Our Sons their Fathers falling Language see;

And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be. *Pope.*

My Ears will not be charm'd with sounding Words,
 Or pompous Phrase, the Pageantry of Souls! *Cong. M. Bride.*

Words may be counterfeit,

False-coin'd, and current only from the Tongue;

Without the Mind: but Passion's in the Soul,

And always speaks the Heart. — *South. Fat. Marr.*

His Words were rough and rugged as his Fortune. *Roch.*
(Valent.)

These Words like Daggers enter in my Ears. *Shak. Haml.*

Oh! I am struck: thy Words are Bolts of Ice,

Which, shot into my Breast, now chill and freeze me;

I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears. *Cong.*
(Mourn. Bride.)

Your boding Words have quite o'erwhelm'd my Mind.
(Dryd. Auren.)

How much distracted are your Thoughts, and how
 Disjointed all your Words! —

The Sybils Leaves more orderly were laid. *Dr. M. Queen*

Disorder'd Words shew a distemper'd Mind. *Dr. Ind. Emp.*

Words to charm an Angel from his Orb! *Dr. Spa. Fry.*

Your

Your Words are like the Notes of dying Swans,
Too sweet to last. — Dryd. All for Love.

O I will tell my News in Terms so mild,
So tender, and so fearful to offend,
As Mothers use to sooth their froward Babes. Dr. Tro. & Cres.

— I'll speak the kindest Words, (Ind. Emp.
That Tongue e'er utter'd, or that Heart e'er thought: Dr.

Go tell it all; but in such artful Words,
Such tender Accents, and such melting Sounds,
As may appease his Rage, and move his Pity. Sm. Phæd. & Hipp.

— He, his wonted Pride
Soon recollecting, with high Words, that bore
Semblance of Truth, not Substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting Courage, and dispell'd their Fears. Milr.

(Par. Lost.

W O R L D.

Is it a Pride, alas! to please the World,
Where honest Thoughts are a Reproach to Man,
Where Knaves look great, and groaning Virtue starves,
A World of Madness, Falshood, and Injustice? Smith. P.
(of Parma.

I hold the World but as a Stage, Gratiano,
Where ev'ry Man must play some certain part. Shak. and
(Lanfd. Jew. of Ven.

Come; the tumultuous World we'll visit now:
There, to successful Vice the Virtuous bow:
The Pious quarrel; Ignorance is loud:
All is amiss: in Schools the Wise are proud:
At Court, they patient Modesty despise;
Only the Impudent are sure to rise. D'Aven. Circe.

W O U N D S.

His horrid Beard, and knotted Tresses stood
Stiff with his Gore, and all his Wounds ran Blood. Den. Virg.

— They rais'd him from the Ground,
With clotted Locks; and Blood, that well'd from out the
(Wound. Dryd. Virg.

They saw, from gaping Wounds, the gushing Blood
Enrich the Pavement with a noble Flood. Blac. P. Arth.

Struggling he lay, and wallow'd on the Ground
In the warm Streams, that rush'd from out his Wound.
(Blac. P. Arth.

He struck his Head off with a single Wound;
It stand, and gasp'd, and bounded on the Ground:.

Thro' the Neck Veins, cut by the fatal Blade,
 The lab'ring Heart warm leaping Life convey'd,
 And all its Works of Blood the vital Engine play'd. Bl. El. }
 I've seen him when he has been all o'er Blood;
 And hack'd with Wounds that seem'd to mouthe his Praises.
 (Lee. Theod.
 They jest at Scars, that never felt a Wound. Shak.
 (Rom. & Jul.

Those Wounds heal ill, that Men have giv'n themselves,
 Because they give them deepest. — Dr. Troil. & Cref.
 You know I ought to have a Care,
 To keep my Wounds from taking Air;
 For Wounds, in those that are all Heart,
 Are dangerous in ev'ry Part. Hud.

W R E T C H.

Down from the Woods upon a suddain ran
 And unknown Shape, which seem'd more Ghost than Man:
 Meagre his Looks, down hung his dangling Beard,
 And loathsom Filth his frightful Body smear'd: (Laud. Virg.
 Leaves, stitch'd with Thorns, a coarse Attire, he wore.

— One, whom Heav'n forsakes;
 One, who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing:
 One, driv'n about the World, like blasted Leaves
 And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds; till late,
 At Length imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock,
 Or Earth, its rests, and rots to silent Dust. Cong. M. Bride.
 Oh that my Head were laid; my sad Eyes clos'd;
 And my cold Corse wound in my Shroud to Rest:
 My painful Heart will never cease to beat,
 Will never know a Moment's Peace till then. Rowe J. Shore.

I fear you're on a Rock will wreck your Quier,
 And drown your Soul in Wretchedness for ever. Orw. Orph.

Think you, this Solitude I now had chosen,
 Left Joys just op'ning to my Sense, sought here
 A Place to curse my Fate in, measur'd out
 My Grave at length, wish'd to have grown one Piece
 With this cold Clay, and all without a Cause? Orw. Orph.

My Soul is pierc'd: I'm tortur'd ev'ry where:
 Behold me as a Wretch forlorn and poor:
 Imagine ev'ry Form of Misery, (Alcibiad.
 And when you've sum'd up all, then look on me. Orw.

How curst is my Condition! tost and jostled
 From ev'ry Corner: Fortune's common Fool!
 The jest of Rogues, and instrumental As,

For Villains to lay Loads of Shame upon, (Pref.
And drive about just for their Ease and Scorn! Orw. Ven.

I am the Centre of all Miseries. (Thyest.

What wander from me leave their proper Course. Crown.

My Loss is such as cannot be repair'd, (A-la-mode.

And to the wretched Life can be no Mercy. Dryd. Mar.

To live, and live a Torment to my self!

What Dog would bear't, that knew but his Condition?

We've little Knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,

Because it cannot tell us what's to come. Orw. Orph.

Ye Gods! we're taught; that all your Works are Justice;

You're painted merciful, and Friends to Innocence:

If so, then why these Plagues upon my Head? Orw. Orph.

What means all this? Why all this Stir to plague

A single Wretch? If but your Word can shake

This World to Atoms, why so much ado (Orph.

With me? Think me but dead, and lay me so. Orw.

Where, where is this most wretched of Mankind,

This stately Image of imperial Sorrow,

Whose Story told, whose very Name but mentioned,

Will cool the Rage of Fevers, and unlock

The Hand of Lust from the pale Virgin's Hair,

And throw the Ravisher before her Feet? Lee. OEdip.

O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!

Two Worlds of Woe! ——— Lee. OEdip.

Haste then, let's join our well-met Hands together,

Unite for ever, and defie the Gods

To shew a Pair so eminently wretched. Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

The Wretched, whatsoe'er the Fates divine,

Expound all Omens to their own Design. Stonestreet. Ovid.

Th' intirely wretched need no Danger fear. Den. Lib. Ass.

Happy the Wretch foreknows his greatest Woe. Laud. Virg.

Y.

Y E A R.

First, Spring, and Venus' kindest Pow'rs inspire,

Soft Wishes, melting Thoughts, and gay Desire;

And warm Favonius fans th' amorous Fire.

Then Mother Flora, to prepare the Way,

Makes all the Field look glorious, green and gay,

And freely scatters, with a bounteous Hand,

Her sweetest, fairest Flowers o'er the Land:

Next, Heat and dusty Harvest take the Place,

And lost Etefias fan the Sun-burnt Face:

Then

Then sweaty Autumn treads the noble Vine,
 And flowing Bunches give immortal Wine :
 Next roars the strong-lung'd southern Blast, and brings
 The infant Thunder on his dreadful Wings:
 Then Cold pursues, the North severely blows,
 And drives before it chilling Frosts and Snows:
 And next, deep Winter creeps, grey, wrinkled, old ;
 His Teeth all shatter, Limbs all shake with Cold. Creech. Luc.

Y O U T H.

—— In the Heat of Youth,
 When my Blood boil'd, and Nature work'd me high. Lee. Al.
 For then the gay and bloomy Fire of Youth
 Smil'd in his Face, and wanton'd in his Eyes. Broome. Hom.

—— When youthful Grace,
 And the first Down began to shade his Face. Dryd. Auren.
 There was a Time in the gay Spring of Life,
 When ev'ry Note was, as the mourning Lark's,
 Merry and chearful, to salute the Morn ;
 When all the Day was made of Melody. South. Fate of Cap.
 Then Heat new bends thy slacken'd Nerves again ;
 And a short Youth runs warm in ev'ry Vein. Dr. C. of Gran.
 Now thy young Cheeks fresh rosie Beauty dyes ;
 And dancing Spirits sparkle in thy Eyes ;
 While, from th' impulsive Heart, the sprightly Blood,
 Exploded, leaps, and bounds along the Road ;
 Piercing thy Sight, and exquisite thy Taste ;
 Thy Joints all pliant, and thy Sinews brac'd :
 While these fair Hours extend their am'rous Arms,
 Dance laughing by, and proffer all their Charms ;
 Eager advance, and catch the willing Joy :
 With Feasts renew'd thy eager Senses cloy. ———

Ev'n now, in Bloom of Youth, and Beauties Prime,
 Beware of coming Age, nor waste your Time :
 Now, while you may, and rip'ning Years invite,
 Enjoy the seasonable, sweet Delight :
 For rouling Years, like stealing Waters, glide :
 Hope not to stop their ever-ebbing Tide :
 Think not, Hereafter will the Loïs repay :
 For ev'ry Morrow will the Taste decay,
 And leave less Relish of the former Day. }
 I've seen the Time, when, on that wither'd Thorn,
 The blooming Rose vy'd with the blushing Morn :
 With fragrant Wreaths I thence have deck'd my Head :
 And see, how leafless now, and how decay'd ! Cong. Ovid.

The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns, may cast,
 And both renew their Youth and Vigour past:
 But no Receipt can human Kind relieve,
 Doom'd to decrepit Age without Reprieve:
 Then crop the Flow'r, which yet invites your Eye,
 And which, ungather'd, on its Stalk must die. Cong. Ovid.

In Youth, the boiling Blood gives Fury Vent,
 But Men in Years more calmly Wrongs resent:
 As Wood, when green, or as a Torch, when wet,
 They slowly burn, but long retain their Heat;
 More bright is youthful Flame, but sooner dies:
 Then swiftly seize the Joy, that swiftly flies. Cong. Ovid.

My full-blown Youth already fades apace;
 Of our short Being 'tis the shortest Space:
 While melting Pleasures in our Arms are found,
 While Lovers smile, and while the Bowl goes round;
 While in surprizing Joys intranc'd we lie,
 Old Age creeps on us, ere we think it nigh. Harv. Juv.

Let doating Age debate of Law and Right,
 And bravely state the Bounds of Just and Fit;
 Whose Wisdom's but their Envy, to destroy
 And bar those Pleasures, which they can't enjoy:
 Our blooming Years, more sprightly, and more gay,
 By Nature were design'd for Love and Play:
 Youth knows no Check, but leaps weak Virtue's Fence,
 And briskly hunts the noble Chase of Sense:

Without dull Thinking we Enjoyment trace,
 And call that lawful, whatsoe'er does please. Oldh. Ovid.

Beauty and Youth are frail: their Charms will soon de-
 Their Lustre fades as rouling Years increase; (cay,
 And Age still triumphs o'er the ruin'd Face:
 This Truth the fair, but short-liv'd, Lilly shows,
 And Prickles, that survive the faded Rose:
 Learn, lovely Boy; be with Instruction wise;
 Beauty and Youth mispent are past Advice:
 Then cultivate thy Mind with Wit and Fame:
 Those lasting Charms survive the fun'ral Flame. Dryd. Ovid.

Z.

Z I M R I.

A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome:
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the Wrong;
 Was ev'ry Thing by Starts, and nothing long:

But,

But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Fiddler, Chymist, Statesman and Buffoon:
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.
 Bless'd Madman, who cou'd ev'ry Hour employ
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
 Praising and railing were his usual Themes,
 And both, to shew his Judgment, in Extreame:
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That ev'ry Man, with him, was God or Devil:
 In squand'ring Wealth was his peculiar Art;
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert:
 Begger'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
 He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
 He laugh'd himself from Court, then sought Relief
 By forming Parties, but cou'd ne'er be Chief:
 Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
 He left not Faction, but of that was left. Dr. Abs. & Adr.



F I N I S.